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ARE THE COLLEGES KILLING EDUCATION?

by OSCAR HANDLIN

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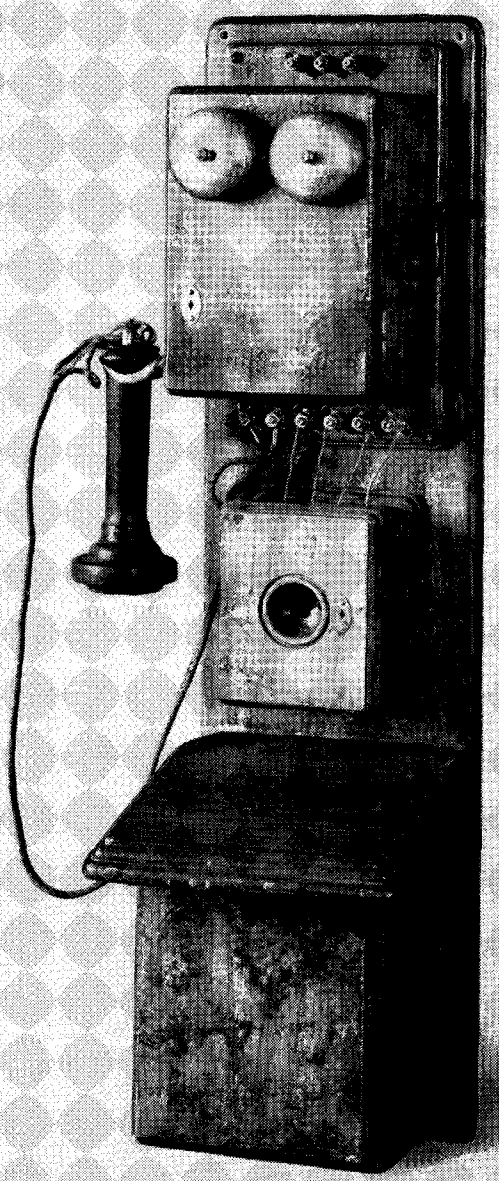

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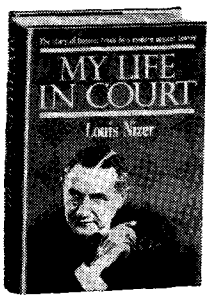

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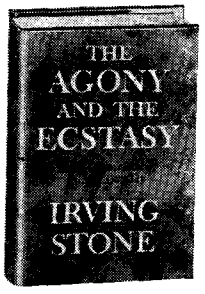

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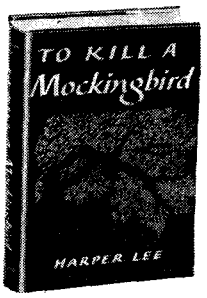

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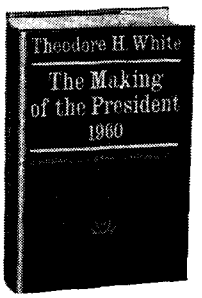

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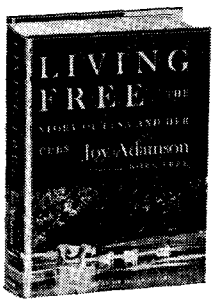

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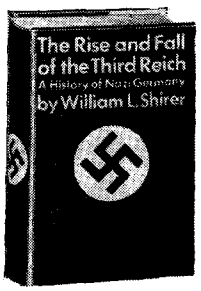

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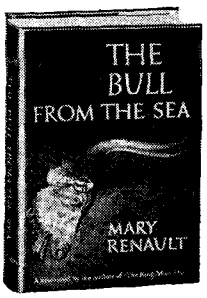

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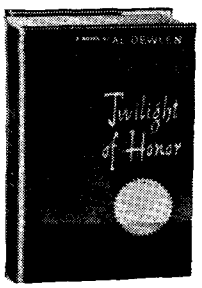

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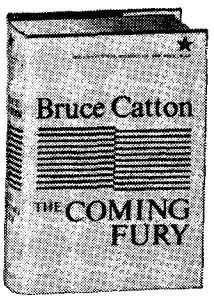

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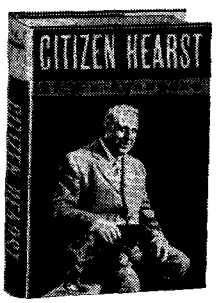

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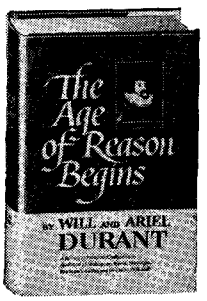

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

LAOS

THE fourteen-nation Geneva Conference on Laos has been notable for its spirit of cooperation and compromise. From the outset the Russians insisted that they wanted nothing more than the creation of a truly neutral, sovereign, and independent kingdom of Laos. Even the Chinese Communists did not allow their attacks on the United States to prejudice the prospects of a settlement.

It is true that the Thais, who had disapproved of the conference, found none of their fears allayed by its deliberations; but the British, French, and Americans, delighted with the progress achieved, spoke in terms which suggested that their negotiations could lead to something even more important than a fruitful peace for a neutral Laos.

Only one significant element was lacking in this accord — Laos itself. For months, progress at Geneva and regress in Laos were approximately equal. To diplomats anxious to extricate their countries from a complicated and dangerous mess, what seemed in Geneva an admirable solution was regarded in Vientiane as no solution at all.

Delay in agreement

The three Lao Princes, Souvanna Phouma, the neutralist; Souphanouvong, his half-brother and leader of the Communist Pathet Lao; and reluctant Boun Oum, the rightist, conducted their own complementary and mostly unfruitful negotiations. In nearly a year they reached full agreement on only one point: that Prince Souvanna Phouma should be named Prime Minister designate. On the composition of the government and the distribution of ministerial portfolios they disagreed violently. Geneva waited patiently, but seemingly in vain, for the arrival of the unified Lao delegation which was to put the seal of national approval on its international efforts.

Communist opportunism was the first cause for delay. The Pathet Lao wanted a cease-fire only when it had seized all the territory it could safely acquire without provoking the timid Southeast Asia Treaty Organization into face-saving action. Later, when Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong had reached accord and all but minor, sporadic military operations had ended, the right wing stubbornly resisted Western pressure to agree to a coalition government in which the rightists would have been an equal minority party with the Communists.

Left to himself, Prince Boun Oum, Prime Minister of the Royal Lao Government, might have acquiesced. He is affable, indolent, and apolitical, the figurehead for the anti-Communist forces. Real power and authority rest, however, with General Phoumi Nosavan, Minister of National Defense, who controls the 55,000-man Royal Lao Army. Unlike the Princes, forty-year-old Phoumi is the Lao equivalent of a self-made man. He was once a river pirate and rose through the ranks of the French colonial army. Lacking any popular or family following, he sees no future either for himself or for the forces of the right if he is divorced from the army in a coalition government.

Under the firmest diplomatic pressure from the combined Western embassies in Vientiane, and several times threatened with the temporary withholding of the U.S. paycheck on which both the Royal Lao Government and Army are dependent, Boun Oum and Phoumi consented reluctantly to meetings with Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong. To get them to the trough was not to make them drink, however. Their minimum demands were that they should hold the defense and interior portfolios, and they wanted to blend Souvanna Phouma's left-inclined neutralists with some of their own.

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Information is concise. Maps and photos show locations of the universities and what they look like. It is a hard-cover book, about to go into its 3rd edition in convenient pocket size, with 526 fact-packed pages.

The Authors

There are many, including: Dr. James B. Conant, former President of Harvard; Thomas C. Mendenhall, President of Smith College; Dr. Kenneth Holland, President of the Institute of International Education; and Senator J. W. Fulbright.

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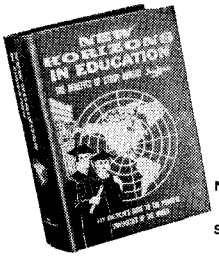

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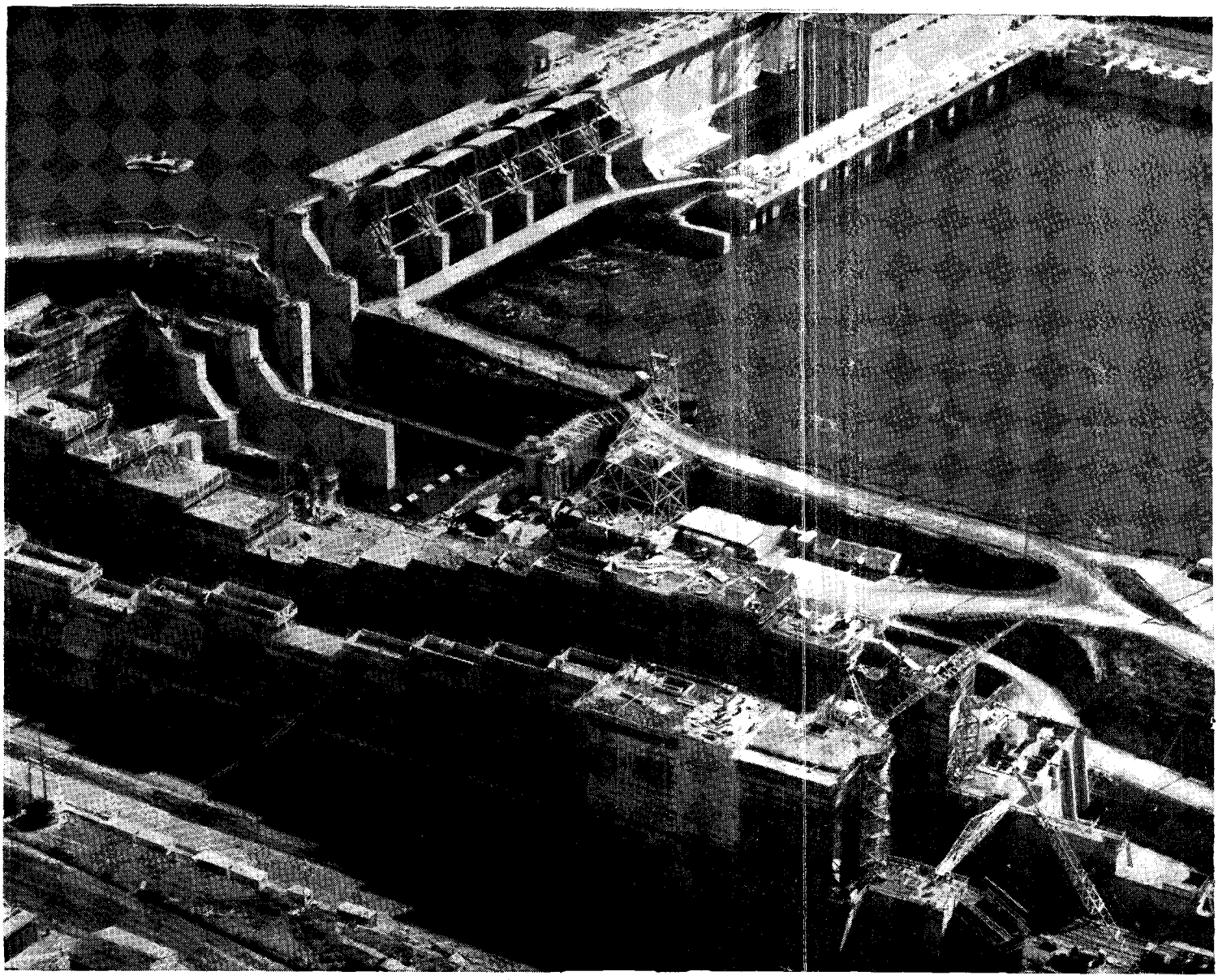

The Corps of Engineers builds for America's peacetime ... and concrete plays a major

The achievements of the United States Army Corps of Engineers in wartime and in defense construction are justly famous. Less is known about their second big job —contributing to the peacetime development of the nation's vital water resources.

Civil Works have always been a function of the Corps. They mapped and helped open uncharted areas of our young nation . . . built some of the West's earliest roads, bridges and railroads . . . the Panama Canal . . . most of the country's lighthouses.

Today, they are engaged in a tremendous modern Civil Works program that includes river and harbor improvement, flood control, water conservation and hydroelectric power development. The active authorized program involves more than 3,400 projects with an estimated cost of 18.8 billion dollars, of which over 10 billion dollars have been appropriated.

Concrete is playing a vital role in this important work. The Corps of Engineers, in civil works alone, uses millions of barrels of portland cement every year.

To meet the growing need for cement in civil works, as well as for highways and urban renewal programs, and booming private construction, the 79 progressive (and competing) member companies of the Portland Cement

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete

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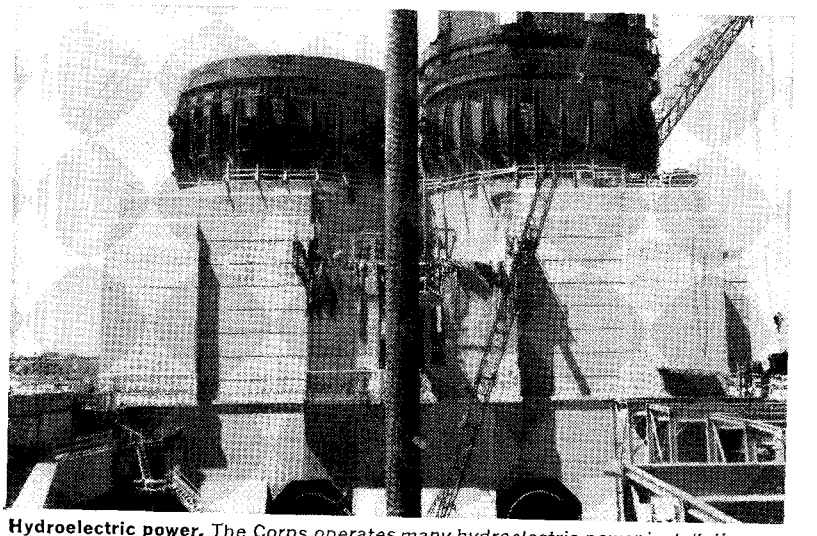
Navigation. Over 22,000 miles of inland and intracoastal waterways have been improved by the Corps of Engineers. Photo shows construction on navigation lock at Ice Harbor Lock and Dam on Washington's Snake River.

Flood control. Projects completed to operable status have already saved more than 10 billion dollars in flood damage. Hinged concrete mattresses, as shown above, were designed by the Corps to protect the banks of the Mississippi.



Hydroelectric power. The Corps operates many hydroelectric power installations —a by-product of navigation and flood control programs. Above: new power plant at Fort Peck Dam in northeastern Montana.

Water conservation. 1.5 million acre-feet of water storage for municipal, industrial, and agricultural use is provided in reservoirs built by the Corps of Engineers. Below: the Hartwell Dam in the Corps' Savannah District.

progress role

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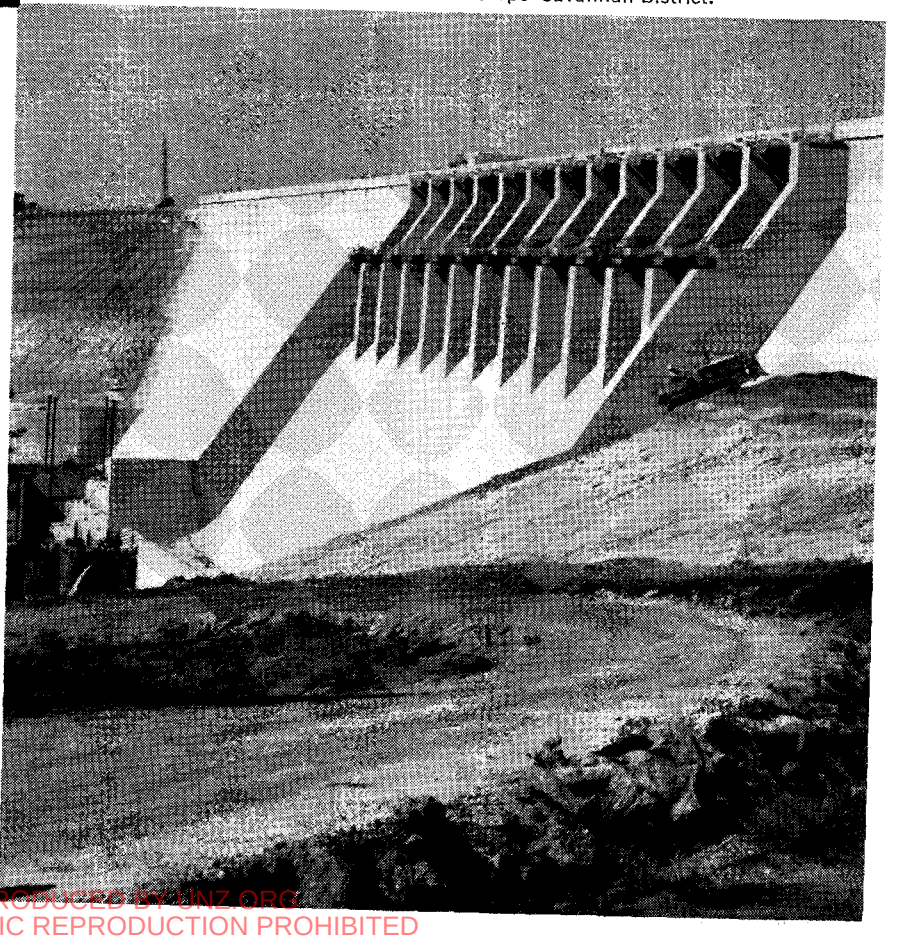

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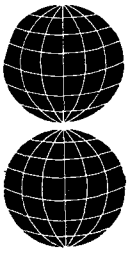
Report on Laos



One meeting in Vientiane late in December collapsed almost before it began, when the Pathet Lao troops who had escorted Souphanouvong were found to be distributing leaflets urging the Royal Lao forces to revolt. The following month, combined Pathet Lao and neutralist forces in considerable strength attacked the rightist stronghold in the village of Nam Tha, 230 miles northwest of Vientiane.

Fact and fiction are always difficult to separate in Laos, and Phoumi has made a career out of crying wolf. That an attack on Nam Tha took place is established, but whether it was an outright and unprovoked violation of the cease-fire agreement, as Phoumi claimed, or whether it was in retaliation for his own probing actions beyond Nam Tha, as the Communists and neutralists maintained, is unclear.

Ensuing developments followed the long-familiar and inconclusive Lao pattern. Phoumi called for a cease-fire at Nam Tha. Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong replied that they would stop only if Phoumi's forces discontinued their attacks elsewhere. Eventually, diplomatic pressures, this time principally through the Russian and British ambassadors working in tandem, brought Souvanna Phouma to Vientiane for yet another series of talks. He left again with the door still slightly open — a typical Lao situation, which the right wing regarded as about the best it could hope for.

U.S. alternatives

Others observed the situation differently. Early in 1961 the alternatives for the United States had seemed clear-cut. It had the choice of direct intervention to save the right wing from the proliferating Communist forces or of negotiating at the Geneva Conference with its Western allies, the Soviet Union, Communist China, and Laos' interested neighbors. With the Russians actively supplying weapons to both the Communist and neutralist forces, the Communist regime in North Vietnam helping out with "technicians," and Communist China ready to exploit the situation, the military prospects were unfavorable.

Landlocked, without railways, and with the poorest road system in Southeast Asia, Laos posed the most awkward logistical problems. About two thirds of the country, and perhaps half of the population of about two million, had already passed out of the control of the Royal Lao Army, which at no time had exhibited any real interest in fighting. Pathet Lao guerrillas and their political agents were active almost everywhere. The right wing was divided politically. Morale was low. And both Britain and France, the two major allies of the United States involved in SEATO, counseled strongly against a military solution, arguing that it would lead inevitably to the escalation of the war in a region and on terms which offered every advantage to the Communist forces.

Superficially, the alternative seemed more hopeful. The Russians had implied in private talks that a settlement was desirable, if only to keep out the Chinese. Souvanna Phouma was more or less acceptable to all sides. Neither the right wing nor many Americans believed that all his associates were truly neutral, but of the Prince himself the only doubt was that he might not prove tough enough to do the job.

The Communist wing

This view of the situation neglected several important factors. With the right wing divided and Souvanna Phouma just beginning to form the nucleus of a neutralist party, the only significant political force in the country was the Pathet Lao movement and its political wing, the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party, led by Prince Souphanouvong, who takes equal pride in his Greek scholarship and his toughness. Sixteen years ago a French fighter plane raked the boat in which he was crossing the Mekong after Lao nationalist forces had been driven from the river town of Thakhek. Twenty-nine of Souphanouvong's companions in the boat were killed.

Souphanouvong, with a bullet through his lungs, survived to create the Pathet Lao and to throw in his lot with North Vietnam's Communist leader Ho Chi-minh, who is still recognized as the Party leader not merely in North Vietnam but in all the three former Associated States of French Indochina — Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

Now aged fifty, Souphanouvong is in robust health. He shares an austere sitting room with Souvanna Phouma in barracks in the hills beyond the Plain of Jars. His guerrillas are spread through the entire country. And since by agreement with Souvanna Phouma he knows he can count on an election within twelve months of the formation of any coalition government, he feels reasonably sure that time will give him power. He is also aware, as is Souvanna Phouma, that he has powerful friends across the northern borders, in North Vietnam and China.

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Overlooking the harbor at Las Croabas, Puerto Rico, a salty spot to savor a Daiquiri on-the-rocks. John Stewart photograph.

Bold new Daiquiri idea: on-the-rocks with today's light, light Puerto Rican rum

GREAT THING about a Daiquiri on-the-rocks: It's *big*, it's *cold*, it *lasts* longer.

It's a manly drink, too, with Puerto Rican rum. This rum stands up to ice—never loses a whit of its robust flavor.

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THE RECIPE: Juice half lime (½ oz.); scant tsp. sugar; 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum (for more zip, add extra shot). Shake with ice. Where available, use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix, and just add rum.

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"Crusader's Scallop." Contemporary engraving in crystal. ▸

Why a Scallop Shell inspired a world-famous trademark

In the early nineteenth century, seafaring men returning to London from the Orient brought bags full of seashells from faraway shores. Many of these shells were bought by one Marcus Samuel, who, in turn, offered them for sale in his curio shop.

The shells found quick favor with Victorian ladies as ornamentation, and the house of Marcus Samuel prospered. Soon it was importing shells from the East by the shipload.

Later, Marcus Samuel's sons broadened this trade with the Far East. In their ships . . . all bearing seashell names . . . the first bulk cargo of kerosene moved through the Suez Canal. And when a company was formed to engage in the oil business, a scallop shell was chosen as its trademark.

Marcus Samuel's sons had no way of knowing that the enterprise they founded would one day form the nucleus of the Shell Companies. But even if they *had* known, they could hardly have picked a more suitable symbol than the scallop shell.

Since antiquity the shell has symbolized the sea, the voyage and the quest. Venus, born of the sea, was identified with the shell. It was the badge of pilgrims to the shrine of apostle, St. James—and of Crusaders in their quest to the Holy Land.

In our day, as name and trademark of the Shell Companies, the shell continues to be the sign of the quest. Under this symbol, Shell men explore the most difficult places on earth to enrich the world's oil supplies. They drill in arctic wastes, deserts, even under the floors of the seas.

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We hope the sign of Shell reminds you of the men and women who never stop asking why, who never give up the search for excellence, for new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*

SHELL

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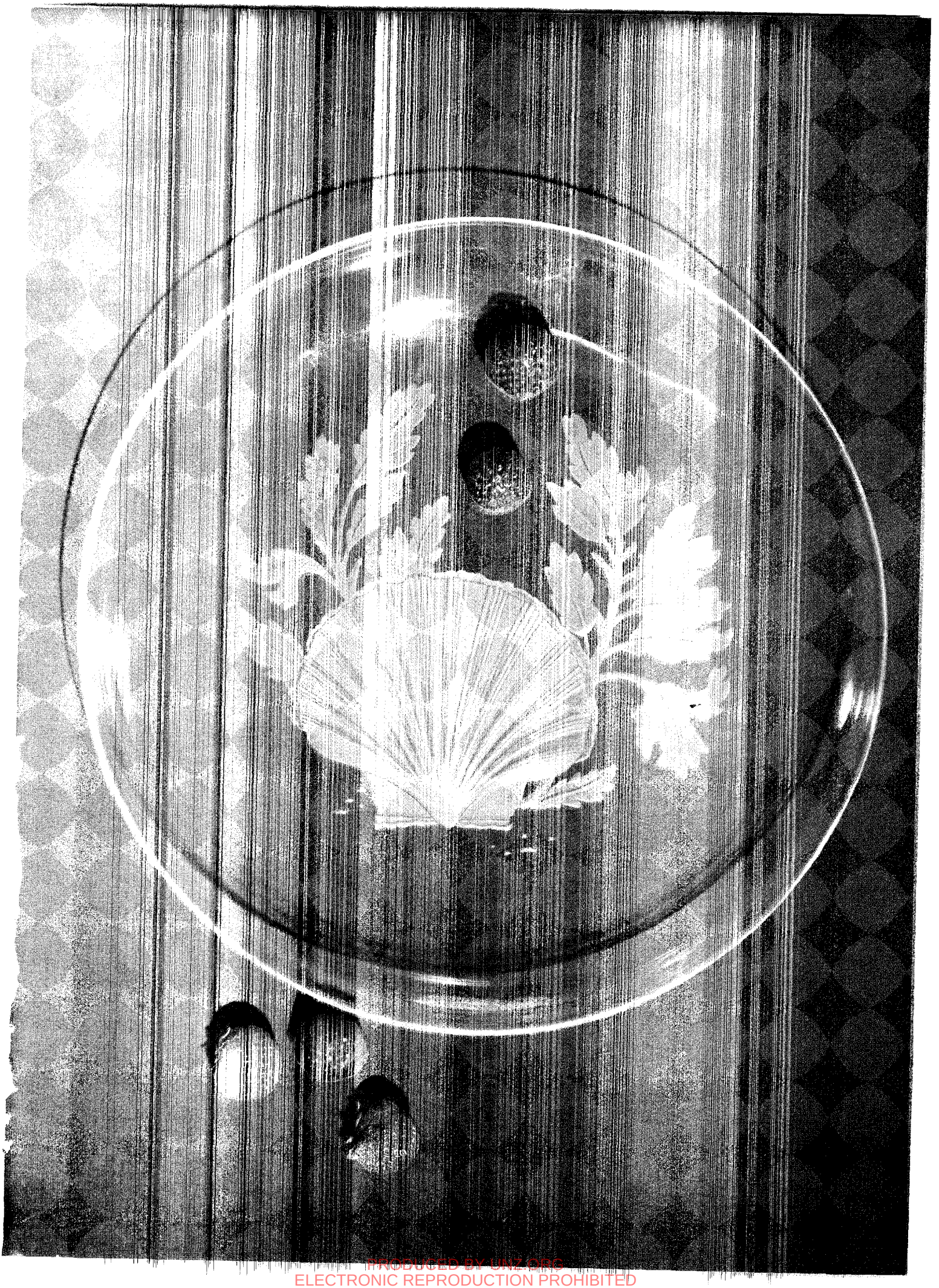

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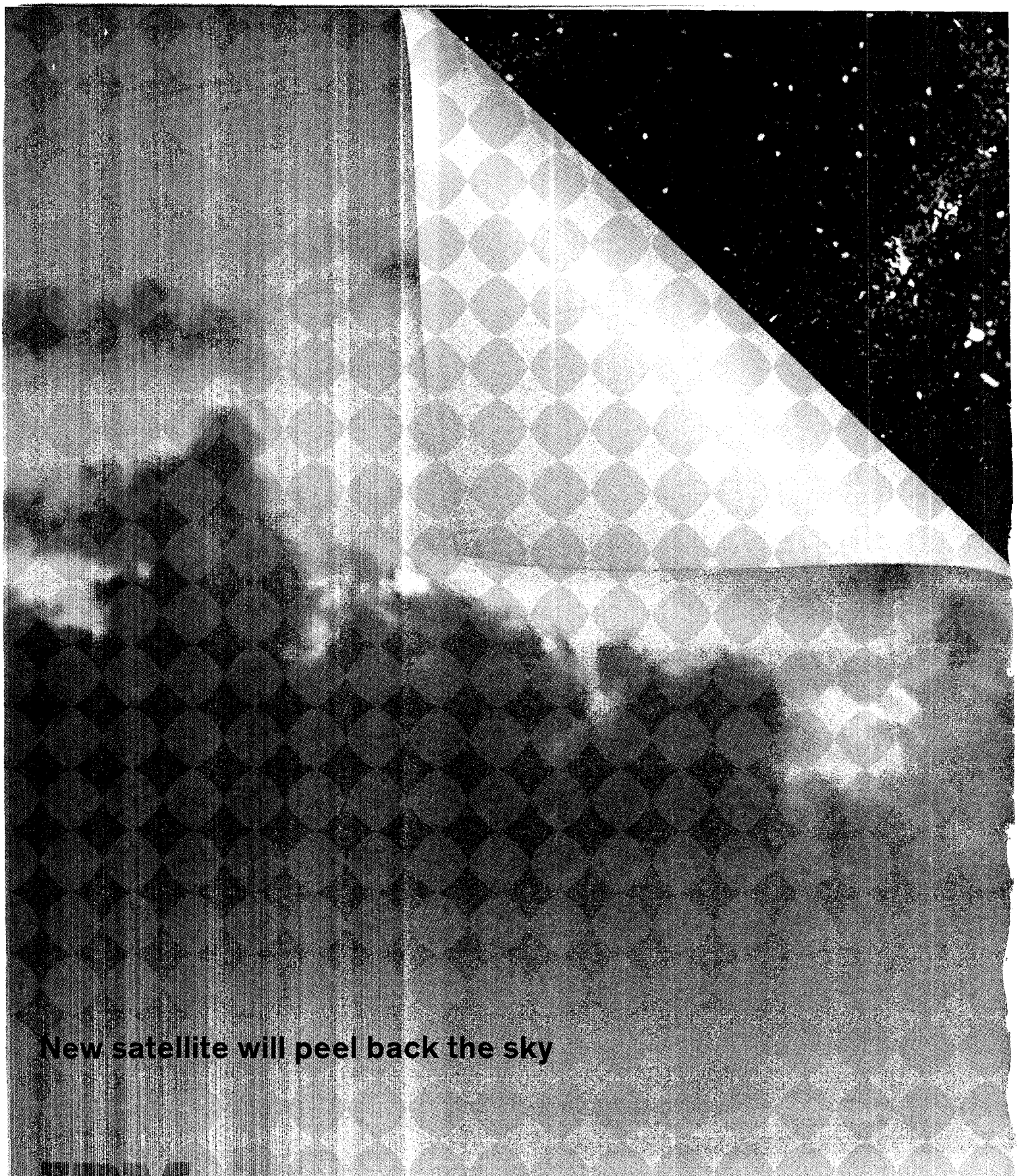

New satellite will peel back the sky

IBM® scientists are now developing an electronic memory system for a satellite that will study the stars from high above the Earth's atmosphere.

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The orbiting observatory is planned for launching in 1963 by the NASA—Goddard Space Flight Center. It will contain a compact, highly reliable IBM system for processing and storing data. This system will receive radio commands from Earth, store them, and tell the observatory where to point its instruments. It will then collect the observations for periodic relay back to Earth.

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Report on Laos

As the situation has developed, it is now clear that the West, in deciding what to do in Laos, had no alternatives, but only Hobson's choice, between the wrong war in the wrong place and the self-deception that a coalition government would result in enduring Lao neutrality.

Circumstances have forced Prince Souvanna Phouma into much closer association with his Communist brother than he would have wished a year ago. He likes to talk with Western correspondents and others who get permission to make the journey from Vientiane by International Control Commission planes to the Plain of Jars, and these days he gives the impression of being almost ready to wash his hands of the whole business and to return to France, where his daughter has announced her engagement to a French nobleman.

Russian aid

Russian planes have continued to land military supplies on the Plain of Jars and to drop other supplies along the Ho Chi-minh trail, from North Vietnam to South Vietnam, which leads through Communist-held areas of South Vietnam.

Worse still, the Chinese have used the many months of delay to establish themselves in northern Laos. All along their southern borders they are burrowing and bridging their way into South and Southeast Asia. The vast chain of roads they have built through some of the world's worst terrain includes a main highway running from Tibet into India and through, or along, the boundaries of the Himalayan states of Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkim. This road will be crossed by another, linking Katmandu, the Nepalese capital, with Lhasa, the capital of Tibet.

Further east, the Chinese are building a 236-mile stretch of highway in the Wa states of northeastern Burma. This will link up through southern China with yet another road, connecting the town of Mongla in Yunnan province with Phong Saly in northern Laos. In addition to accepting this road as a Chinese gift, the neutralist-Communist groups in Laos agreed on October 7 last year to exchange consulates general with Communist China. These have been established at Phong Saly and Kunming, the capital of Yunnan province.

The Chinese Communist consul general is also a major general, formerly commander of Chinese military forces in the Kunming area and one of Peiping's leading authorities on the border areas. In addition to his entourage, there is a Chinese economic and cultural delegation. Headed by the Chinese ambassador to North Vietnam, it includes a former assistant to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Peiping and a high-ranking Party official.

Defeat for the West

Such faint prospect as may have once existed of an enduring and genuine neutrality for Laos has vanished, and none of the platitudinous protestations of Western statesmen at Geneva can alter this uncomfortable fact. Furthermore, because it bowed to the pressure from its allies, who have been consistently and vehemently opposed to General Phoumi Nosavan, Washington finds itself in disrepute with its own former friends in Laos. To some extent it has repaired its relations with Prince Souvanna Phouma, but it has made no progress with Souphanouvong, the man who really counts.

To the average Laotian, accustomed now to a permanent state of semiwar, none of these developments has involved great change. *Bau pinh yanh* — "It doesn't matter" — is a favorite Lao expression. It sums up the normal Lao attitude toward such matters as the appalling incidence of disease, malnutrition (50 percent of the children in Vientiane die before they are ten years old), and Communism.

However, among the neighboring Thais, who wonder whether they are going to be left sticking out like a sore anti-Communist thumb in Southeast Asia, and the South Vietnamese, who have proof that Laos is being used as a Communist corridor to supply the Viet Cong rebels, such developments are a cause for real concern. The problems of the Thais and the South Vietnamese have been gravely aggravated by what is fundamentally a major Western defeat in Laos.

SEMANTICS

Some days we think English is a language of infinite variety and flexibility. And then again we wonder why one five-letter word, *stock*, has so many meanings—not obscure meanings but everyday meanings. Consider.

Stock can mean a store's inventory or a sweet-smelling night-blooming plant. In the plural, it's a synonym for the pillory. Then, too, there are livestock and rolling stock and summer stock and even laughing stock.

Most people could define all those kinds of stock without much trouble. What bothers us is that we're much less certain about their ability to define common stock, which is, so to speak, our stock in trade. Common stock is, of course, simply a share of ownership in a business enterprise—and a way of participating in the company's fortunes.

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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

In the less than five years since the first Soviet sputnik orbited the earth to inaugurate the space age, two major factors have emerged in Washington's consideration of what lies ahead. One is the sheer cost, which in turn relates to the problem of how far to go in sharing space exploration with the Russians, should they translate their willingness into practical terms. The other is the uneasy relationship within the American government between the civilian and military efforts in space.

A year ago, when President Kennedy put the question to Congress whether the United States should spend the billions necessary to put a man on the moon, there was considerable grumbling from many Americans struggling to find the money for such problems as public education. But Congress voted to open the Treasury doors nonetheless.

As is the habit with new ventures, first cost estimates have proved to be far too conservative. New funds authorized, a better measure of expenditures than actual cash outlays, rose from $964 million in fiscal 1961 to $1828 million in 1962 to a proposed $3787 million for the fiscal year beginning this July 1. But even this rapidly rising line on the chart is only a foretaste.

The cost of the moon-landing project, the major expenditure, originally estimated at $20 to $30 billion, now is put as high as $50 billion by some experts. This would be the cost of putting a man on the moon and returning him to earth before the end of the decade, the official goal. But because this is likely to be a race with the Soviets, it is probable that a couple of years can be shaved off the time estimate if we are willing to spend the extra money. There is talk now of a lunar landing in 1967, or even, according to the optimists, in 1966. Some of these hurry-up proponents argue that the Soviets probably are aiming at a lunar landing in 1967, the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

At any rate, the costs are soaring. One writer notes that the 1964 budget for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is likely to be half the current budget for the entire U.S. Army. Since a lunar landing, like the first crude sputniks, will be only the beginning of space exploration, it is not hard to see that American space costs will swallow a huge share of the federal budget by the end of the century. Beyond the moon are Mars and Venus, the investigation of which is already under way. And man will surely want to know what lies beyond — and beyond.

Billions spent on space are not spent just on research. The money goes for ever-increasing payrolls and to feed sprouting new American industries. Today an enormous Manned Spacecraft Center is arising outside Houston, Texas, with which the successful Project Mercury will be merged. Do Americans approve of such tremendous expenditures for space? Whatever doubts there were before Colonel John Glenn's orbital flight seem to have vanished since. The national exhilaration was taken in the Capital as a clear "go" for the space program, whatever the cost.

A run for the money

It was after Glenn's flight that Nikita Khrushchev said for the first time that the Soviets would be willing to join in space projects. In reply, President Kennedy proposed a significant but rather limited set of projects. To come to an agreement even on these, however, is likely to be a difficult diplomatic problem. Most of the American officials involved doubt Khrushchev's willingness to join in the major moon program. In fact, a lot of these officials really do not want a joint program; they would prefer the race Khrushchev began because they now believe the United States has a good chance of being first with a man on the moon. Furthermore, as one high official put it, "We can spend the hell out of them."

It is true that the American economy can stand the cost more easily than the Soviet economy. It is no secret on either side of the Iron Curtain that Soviet concentration on big boosters is the key element to the current Soviet space lead and that, having to make do with much smaller boost-

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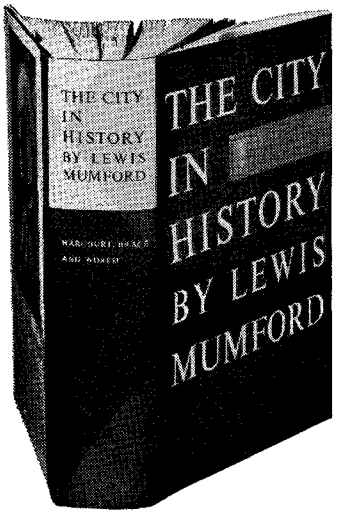

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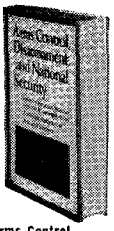

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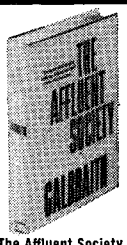

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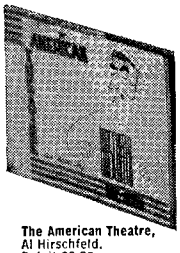

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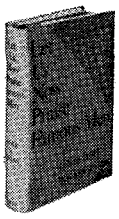

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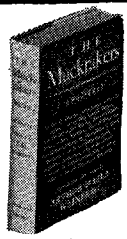

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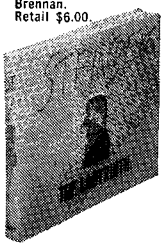

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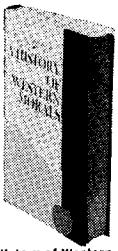

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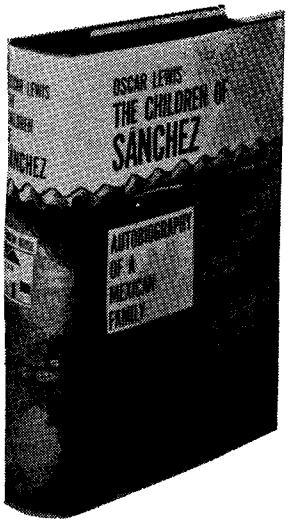

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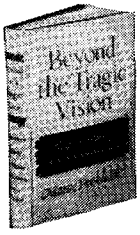

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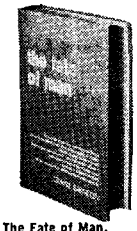

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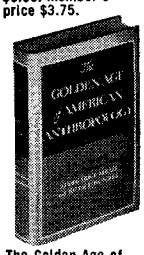

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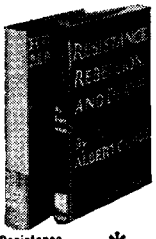

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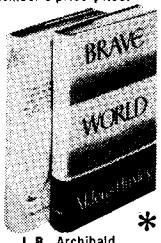

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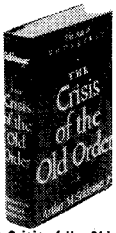

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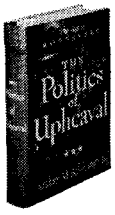

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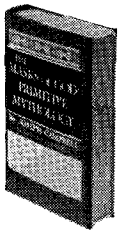

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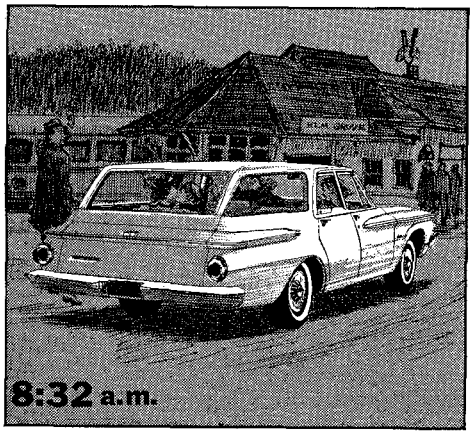
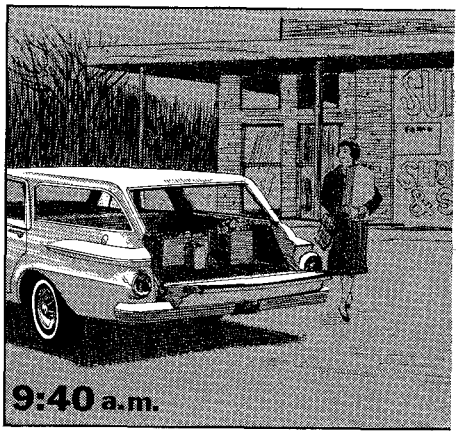
If your wife does a lot of driving,





If you think your wife is interested only in the color and finish of the upholstery, or how well the rear-view mirror works when she wants to put on her lipstick, she's already laughing at you as she reads this over your shoulder.

Why don't both of you read on and see why the 1962 cars from Chrysler Corporation make so much sense for both sexes.

Wait till you see how they park

For 1962, Chrysler Corporation has re-engineered its cars so that a 98-lb. woman can park them in close quarters without the usual fret and fuss.

The secret is what our engineers call fat-free performance. Virtually every pound of these cars is *live weight*. There's less weight on the front wheels and less resistance to turns. This, plus a shorter turning radius, gives you a lot more turn for a lot less effort.

Chrysler Corporation's full-time power steering (often referred to as the best in the business) is one option you'll both like. In addition, Plymouth and Dodge have a new low-friction steering gear as standard equipment that gives you the easiest tur you can get this side of power steering

You know who's boss when you're driving them

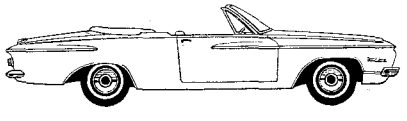
These new cars respond with a sure footed "snap" that makes 'em a joy t drive, especially in traffic.

Acceleration is up as much as 10%, an that makes quite a difference when you'r pulling away from a stop sign or tryin to pass a slow truck on a busy street.

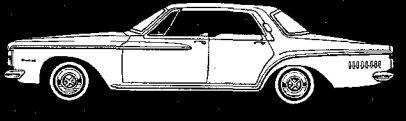
And the surprising thing is that whil acceleration is up, gas consumption i down. Gas mileage is improved as muc as 7%. The reason, again, is live weight No excess tonnage for the engines to lu around, and no power waste.

Practical things that appeal to women

Your wife really will like the upholstery but not just because it's handsome. The fabrics are unusually easy to care for and remarkably tough. There's an extra overlap at the seams, and a woman will tell you that this is a good way of preserving



PLYMOUTH — "Greatest Plymouth ever built," and the '62 Plymouth owners agree. You get a lot more action on a lot less gas. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, convertibles, wagons, bucket seats.



DODGE DART — Now sized in the middle of the big and little, Dart gives you Dodge dependability with a new dash of daring. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, convertibles, wagons, bucket seats.

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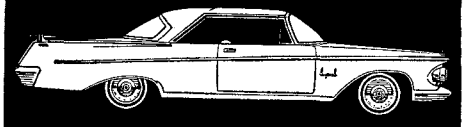
you ought to read this ad

he shape and fit without the seams oming apart.

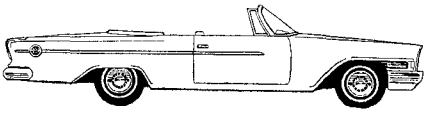
We think she'll also like the automatic ransmission with the pushbuttons at he *left* of the wheel—away from the hildren's reach.

And of course she'll like the snug, quiet ide. Fewer squeaks and rattles. The rea- on is Unibody Construction—body and rame welded together into one solid unit.

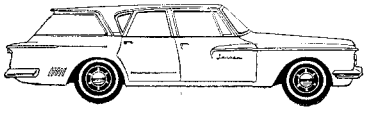
And now it's time to visit your Chrysler, Dodge or Plymouth dealer and *look* at he cars. Both of you.



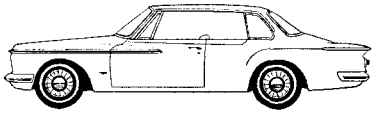
IMPERIAL—This is the most luxurious car we make, and no one in the country makes one plushier. The hand-finished leathers and broadcloths are expensive and they look it. It is America's most carefully built car. 2- and 4-dr. hardtops, convertible.



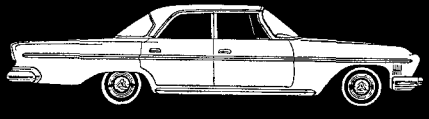
CHRYSLER—This is the big car that first made Chrysler engineering famous. This year, the Chrysler 300 (above) is available in a new series priced just above the Newport. 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, convertibles, wagons, bucket seats.



LANCER—A lively compact that can cruise at turnpike speeds, but uses gas sparingly, as a compact should. Exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride irons out the bumps. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2-door hardtop, wagons, bucket seats.



VALIANT—This is the compact that won a styling award from the Society of Illustrators. Nobody beats Valiant for looks, or value. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2-door hardtop, wagons, bucket seats.



DODGE CUSTOM 880—Custom-made for the big car man. Its long wheelbase and perfectly balanced suspension give you a remarkably smooth ride. 4-door sedan, 2- and 4-door hardtops, convertible, wagons.

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ers, the Americans have created a considerably more sophisticated instrumentation.

Furthermore, our plans for two huge booster systems are well under way, and an orbital rendezvous system may cut a year from the time for a lunar landing. If Khrushchev wants to compete, in short, it is going to cost him a big price; specifically, it could put a dent in his Twenty-Year Plan to catch up with the American standard of living. And only a short time ago, Khrushchev was complaining publicly that the Soviet agricultural system was so inefficient, despite its vast use of manpower, that "We simply do not have enough meat."

In essence, these American officials take the position that Khrushchev has asked for competitive coexistence, and why should we not give him and his country the competition of a lifetime? There is a lot to be said for this thesis if one assumes such competition is essentially peaceful, in the same sense that internal economic competition over standards of living is. But is it? This is where the uneasy relationship between NASA, the civilian space agency, and the Pentagon enters the picture.

NASA versus the Pentagon

In the first years after sputnik, the Pentagon took a dim view of space and could see no military requirement. The American satellite program, by President Eisenhower's order, was strictly a civilian effort related to the International Geophysical Year. But as space technology developed, it became evident enough that there could be a military requirement.

Last year the new Administration ordered another look at the problem. This year, just as Americans were turning out in parades for Colonel Glenn, the Air Force made public a little-noticed space-policy report, an unclassified version of a document whose details remain shrouded in secrecy. The report, which looks ahead into the next ten years, foresees military applications in space for offensive and defensive weapons, for logistics and space transport. In presenting the report to Congress,

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the Air Force's chief of staff for research and technology, Lieutenant General James Ferguson, said, "We have concluded that a manned military test station in space provides the only reasonable solution to the problems of testing equipment designed for use in space. We are convinced that a manned, military test space station program should be undertaken as early as possible."

The Air Force wants both manned and unmanned spacecraft which could rendezvous with hostile craft. Such military craft, Ferguson said, require a "high degree of maneuverability not essential to scientific operation." This, he added, would mean in-space engines of higher power. Furthermore, said Ferguson, "Space systems may provide a breakthrough in the area of defense against ballistic missile attack."

It is evident enough from this that the military intend to fight for a big role in space. Ferguson said that a manned space station might be a cooperative effort with NASA, using the two-man Gemini capsule now being developed. But the past years' history of military-civilian relationship in space work has led to grumbling on both sides. It is next to impossible to draw a line between the two fields of endeavor; in fact, the American failure to be first in orbit can be traced in considerable measure to President Eisenhower's demand that the two roles be kept separate.

Somehow a new relationship will have to be established on a long-term basis both for commonsense and military reasons, not to mention cost factors. But it is not going to be easy, and there is not yet any real indication of when such decisions are likely to be reached.

The military view of space, even though tardy, is certain to increase the sense of caution on any cooperative efforts with the Soviet Union. It is widely believed in the West that the Soviets soon will orbit a two-man vehicle (their last single-man vehicle was big enough for two) and that they are concentrating on putting a man on the moon, probably by using the rendezvous-in-space method. Hence, Khrushchev's talk of space cooperation is taken with a grain of salt in Washington.

It is also evident that ever since the dawn of the atomic age the scientists have been racing ahead of the statesmen. Nuclear war so far has been avoided; but it is the task of statesmen, both Kennedy and Khrushchev, to peer over the scientists' shoulders and begin now to cope with the problems just dawning far out in space.

The lost art of discussion

Only two of the one hundred senators now in office took their seats before Franklin Roosevelt was sworn in the first time, in 1933. Gone are all the twentieth-century orators of the pre-radio and television age, such men as Borah and Hiram Johnson, the elder LaFollette and Reed of Missouri, Vandenburg and Connally.

Today there are, indeed, some men with passion in their speech, convincing passion too, whether it stems from the liberalism of Hubert Humphrey or from the conservatism of Robert Kerr. But there is no debate on Capitol Hill worth recording. Great issues are supposed to produce great debates, but probably not since the American entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has any debate lived up to its advance billing.

One reason is that strong Presidents take the play away from Congress. Eisenhower offered the Senate the opportunity to have its say; it rarely did in terms of a real discussion and dissection of the issues. The symbol of today's senator is the pipe-smoking, professional type with a low boiling point, epitomized by Senate Majority Leader Mansfield. Most Washington observers lay the blame on television. For radio, the political orator had to stand still in front of the microphone or lose most of his audience; for television he must look right as well as stay in front of the camera. Flowing hair and frock coats are gone, and so is anyone who cannot fit his words neatly into the time between commercials.

Some of the discussion programs achieve a sense of dialogue between opposing points of view, but such

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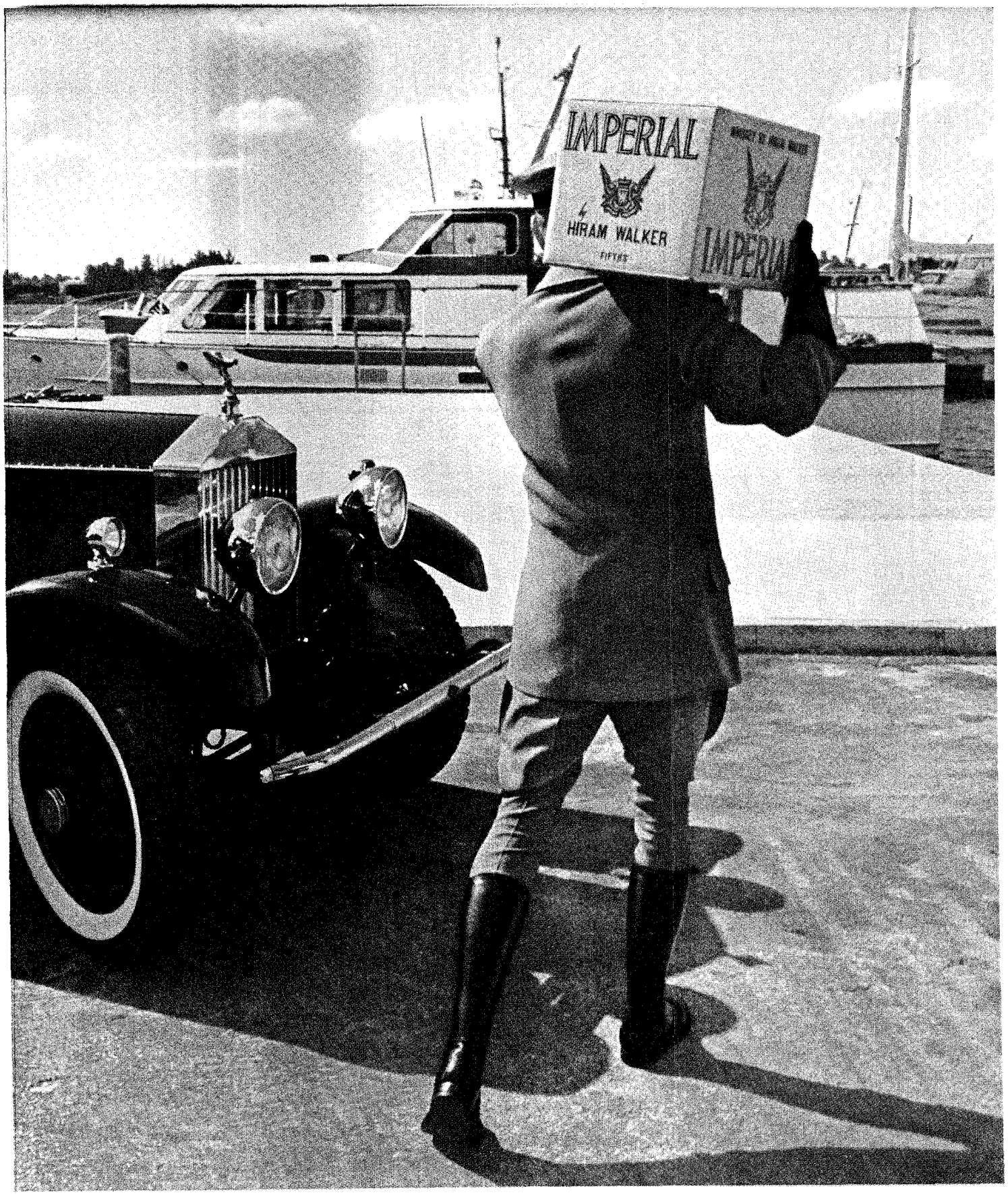

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dialogue seems to have all but disappeared from the Senate floor. The five-minute limitation long ago robbed House members of an opportunity to do more than speak for the record; seldom does a House speech alter votes.

Perhaps the answer is to let television into the Senate gallery, just as it is in the United Nations gallery. An educational channel could give full coverage, with other stations picking and choosing at will. It has been said that all members of Congress would turn into TV hams if the cameras were focused on them. It might be worth putting up with a few hams, to restore the art of discussion. There was hardly any debate on Kennedy's momentous decision to resume nuclear tests unless the Soviets agreed to a test-ban treaty. There may be discussions when his trade-expansion act, certainly worthy of the most serious consideration, reaches the Senate floor. But it is doubtful. Most senators and congressmen seem resigned to putting into the Congressional Record an editorial or two on the subject and then hurrying off to TV or radio to do a spot report for the people back home.

Fowler Hamilton and foreign aid

Of all the thankless jobs in Washington, that of foreign-aid boss certainly rates as number one. The glamour of the days when such men as Paul Hoffman and Averell Harriman ran the aid program long since has disappeared. Congress over the years has been increasingly fretful. This year the focus in the international economic field has been on the President's trade-expansion program. Yet foreign aid remains a key instrument of our foreign policy, and its management is of vast importance.

The latest of a long series of new bosses is Wall Street lawyer Fowler Hamilton, a Rhodes scholar with considerable international economic experience. Hamilton is adept with facts and figures and is willing to admit ignorance when that is the case. But he has been off to a slow start, tangled in reorganization and personnel problems, and his press relations have hardly been memorable. He has recruited his top aides largely from the business world, a cause of grumbling from the entrenched bureaucracy, however able the new men may turn out to be.

The result is that instead of getting the revamped agency off to a new start this year, as the President last year promised the Congress would be the case, Hamilton is talking of needing another year to get things shipshape. Perhaps he will in time, but his agency has some 17,000 employees, half of them foreign nationals scattered around the globe and 6200 of them Americans overseas.

Hamilton is one of those bustling executives who like to pick up the phone and tell an aide to fly home for consultation and then send him back to the job in a couple of days. He is asking Congress for three quarters of a million dollars extra for travel, a request which is an invitation to trouble on the Hill, whatever its management virtues.

Mood of the Capital

It was something more than spring which seemed to lift the Capital's spirits this year. Despite all the headaches, foreign and domestic, a sense of increased self-confidence has been apparent. It may have been the result of the success of Colonel Glenn's orbital flight, something which, as Kennedy put it, gave the United States "more chips on the table" of international power and prestige. Even a new Soviet space triumph will not cancel that burst of exultation.

The economy at home is not as satisfactory as Kennedy would like; Southeast Asia is a soft spot, yet American determination to beat back the Communists in Vietnam is evident both here and in Moscow and Peiping; Berlin is still in crisis, but the U.S. decision not to be driven out seems to have become accepted to a great degree. On top of all these factors, the Sino-Soviet troubles appear to multiply rather than decrease, whereas the tendency in the Atlantic community is certainly toward further cohesion, despite the many problems which afflict the allies.

A turning of direction is always hard to spot in a nation's mood. It is still too early to say it has occurred, but at least spring brought new glimmers of hope.

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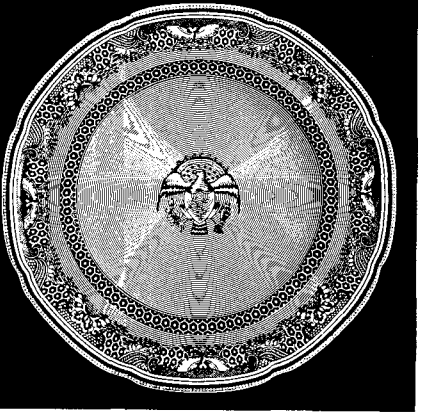

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The Atlantic Report EAST AFRICA

JOMO KENYATTA, leader of the Mau Mau rebellion in Kenya and symbol of African nationalism, was given his freedom last August after seven years of imprisonment and two years of confinement. At an elaborate reception for him late in October, most of the leaders of east and central Africa turned up to greet him, and hopes were revived that 1962 might see the launching of a new nation of 22 million people on the east flank of the continent, balancing Nigeria on the west.

In such a federation, 10 percent of the population of Africa, living in Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda, would emerge as a unit of significant size in African and world affairs. When he announced his invitation to Kenyatta to come to Dar es Salaam, then Prime Minister of Tanganyika Julius Nyerere declared: "We want people, both here and abroad, to know that East Africa is one country, and if Jomo comes, we shall receive him as the leader of East Africa, not as a Kikuyu."

According to Gordon Lewanika, a relative of the Barotse royal house and a federal MP in Rhodesia, the white settlers should recognize that a tribe is a nation-state in embryo. But most nationalist leaders reject this doctrine. There are 120 tribes in Tanganyika alone, and it would be hopeless to base a modern political society on such fragmentation.

At the other extreme, Dr. Nkrumah's notion of one African state spanning the whole continent appears equally unpromising. Yet at present there is nothing in between except the artificial boundaries established by European diplomats in last century's big carve-up of Africa. The Tanganyika-Kenya boundary is simply a diagonal line running from the Indian Ocean to Lake Victoria, with a nodule in the middle to include all of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanganyika. It separated the British from the German zones of East Africa; what now appears to Africans as a humiliatingly cool performance by imperialists was, and in a sense still is, regarded in Europe as a set piece in civilized diplomacy and the enlightened removal of cause of war.

As for Kenya, it was originally treated by the British as important less for its own sake than as the route to Uganda, whose temperate climate (astonishing for a country lying on the equator), heavy and even rainfall, and sophisticated political structure offered the most hopeful prospects of colonial development. Indeed, when the protectorate was first proclaimed, Uganda included the whole of the western part of Kenya; the boundary was shifted later for administrative convenience.

Ethnic conflicts

These boundaries take no account of ethnic limits. The Masai wander about nomadically over large stretches of land on both sides of the Kenya-Tanganyika line; the Samia, one of the Baluhya group of tribes, spread over from Uganda into Kenya and, with federalism in the air, are busy negotiating their own merger, paying respect no longer to the white man's frontier. Since the end of World War I, when Tanganyika was confiscated from Germany and transferred to Britain as a mandate, all three territories have had the same colonial overlord, and at a time when a Common Market is a fashionable prelude to political federation, they enjoy the advantage of having had one for the last fourteen years.

East Africa must now go forward toward nationhood or backward into separatism. The administrative union which bound its three territories together, deriving as it did from a common subordination to Whitehall, could not long survive the emergence of three independent governments pulling in different directions. Some of the changes that were made were negotiated to take into account Tanganyika's independence, which was celebrated on December 9. Political triumvirs — the Prime Minister of Tanganyika and the senior elected ministers of Kenya and Uganda — have replaced the governors at the top, and subordinate triumvirates of ministers control the High Commission's various departments. But this is obvious patchwork to cover a transition.

As far as the small elite of educated Africans is concerned, the frontiers within East Africa scarcely

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exist. This is partly because of the very shortage of local educational opportunities. A high percentage of the bright young politicians in all three territories went to Makerere University, in Kampala, Uganda; they know one another well, are fellow members of the small aristocracy of intellect, and feel one another to be in no sense foreigners. However, at the other end of the scale, the first reaction of most tribesmen in the reserves at the news of coming release from British rule is that this will be the occasion for chasing out members of other tribes from their territory.

Even in peaceful Tanganyika, there is evidence of this instinct stirring. Whenever members of the more vigorous and Westernized tribes have come into areas where the ethnic majority is more backward, there is a desire to eject the alien African. This is most pronounced in Kenya, where Bantu, Nilotic, and Nilo-Hamitic tribes are uncomfortably bunched together. Masai elders assembled at Ngong have called for the deportation of "Kikuyus and members of other undesirable tribes" from their reserve; the Kipsigis of Kericho make everyone nervous by holding practice rallies with their spears, drums, and bows and arrows to persuade the Luo workers on the big tea estates to go away.

The religious issue

In Uganda, by contrast, the threat to civil order is more of a feudal nature. The nineteenth-century Western explorers and missionaries, beginning with Stanley, uncovered in Baganda and Bunyoro a remarkable pair of intricate medieval state systems. In a bewildering series of moves at the end of the century, the odd assortment of European and Arab missionaries and gunrunners who had broken the seal of these mysterious kingdoms participated in a three-sided religious war inside Baganda, involving Catholic, Protestant, and Muslim parties, while the British also helped the Baganda conquer territory from Bunyoro.

The recession of British colonialism is uncovering these sixty-year-old fissures. Further, the legacy of the missionary wars has been a persistent and tiresome involvement of religion in Uganda politics, which is unusual in Africa. The Democratic Party, whose chairman, Benedicto Kiwanuka, became Uganda's first Prime Minister in March, is almost entirely based on Catholic support. The Uganda National Congress, on the other hand, is largely Protestant. The religious issue has therefore played a prominent part in elections.

The attitude of the British colonial administration toward nationalist political parties has lacked consistency over the years. Until the recent speedup of the trend toward independence, the administrative instinct has been to harass if not actually to suppress the party system. This is understandable, since oppositional politics, being by its nature agitative and irreverent, does not go well with paternalism.

The new orthodoxy is that, since African colonies are heading speedily toward what is still, rather faintly, expected to be a Westminster-style democracy, it is high time that political parties were formed to operate it. The political party, which was such a short time ago so unrespectable, is now expected by policy makers, both African and British, to carry an exceedingly portentous load — to be the conscious instrument of social realignment, without which political independence might land East Africa in Congolike anarchy. Only the party, it is held, can cut across tribal limits and bind people's emotions to national leaders and objectives.

Tanganyika's mass party

In some ways, Tanganyika has come up with the ideal solution for, at any rate, the early days of independence. TANU (Tanganyika African National Union), Julius Nyerere's creation, is organized nontribally; while it was growing up it had to compete against other parties, which were then given a chance, but at the elections it captured all the seats. This does not preclude lively debating in the Assembly.

Nyerere's essentially democratic, though somewhat schoolmasterly, temperament and personal modesty are reassuring. When his policy of offering Tanganyika citizenship to Commonwealth citizens with five years' residence was sharply attacked

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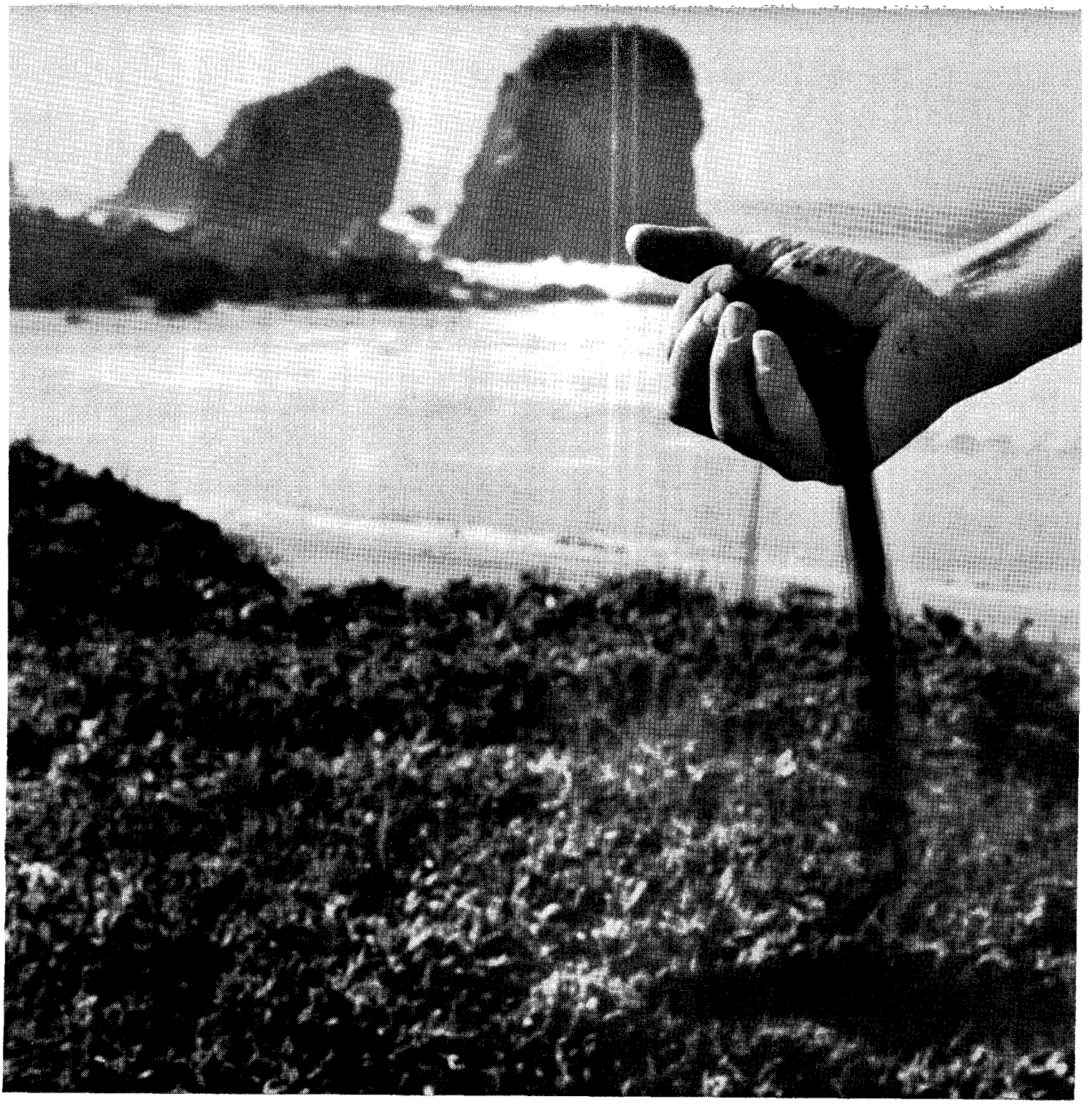

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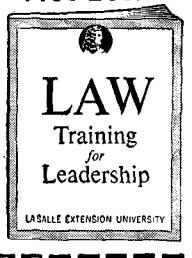

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as too liberal, he invited the Assembly to take a free vote without party discipline and offered to resign if defeated. The administration has a tendency to treat members of the rather pathetic opposition party, the African National Congress, distantly, as ignorant nobodies; and, given TANU's monopoly on elected office, it might seem a little superfluous for Rashidi Kawawa, who succeeded Nyerere as Prime Minister in January, to threaten to ban any political party that attempts to build itself up on a religious basis.

In principle, the British favor the two-party system, but TANU's performance displays the merits of the well-organized mass party as a nation builder without the awful embarrassment to the Commonwealth in general of Nkrumah's authoritarian style of leadership. Tanganyika is now planning to become a republic by the end of the year, but is expected to hold a general election before changing its status. Nyerere meanwhile is devoting himself to work as a national political leader.

Two-party system in Uganda

Uganda has been singularly bereft of party politicians until recently, a condition which most colonial administrators would consider blessed but which the Uganda administration has been trying desperately to remedy. The Baganda, the most prominent tribe, have remained obstinately monarchist in this democratic age, responsive for the most part to their sovereign's distaste for the formation of political parties and his objection to remaining part of a Uganda state, let alone an East African federation, once the British depart.

Since independence for the feudal kingdom of Baganda would reproduce the Katanga situation by cutting out of the territory as a whole its principal national assets, including the cities of Kampala and Entebbe, the British problem has been to find some way of integrating this kingdom and three other less obstreperous monarchies with the rest of Uganda.

The British first tried the direct approach by deporting the Kabaka (King) of Baganda and telling his people to get moving with democratic elections. But the Baganda dug their toes in, the Kabaka returned (whereupon everyone in sight groveled on his belly, as is the custom), and Mr. Macleod played the game differently by nurturing the fragile flame of politics in the rest of Uganda, so that in future there would be nationalist leaders with an electoral mandate behind them to take on the monarchists.

Party politics has done the trick. The holding of an election last year, even though it was boycotted by the Kabaka, with the result that only 3 percent of the electorate voted in the Bagandan constituencies, produced two parties of approximately even strength, led by men who entered politics only in the last three or four years, expressly to fill the vacuum in leadership.

What will Kenya do?

Is Kenya going to follow the one-party pattern of Tanganyika, the two-party pattern of Uganda, or some variant of its own? Colony-wide political parties were, for the first time since the Mau Mau emergency, permitted at the beginning of 1960. There was very little of substance dividing KANU (Kenya African National Union) from KADU (Kenya African Democratic Union). But they were divided on ways and means: whether there should be two parties or one; or, if unity was indispensable for independence, whether this should take the form of a party merger or a coalition in which both parties retained their separate structures.

KANU was intended from the outset to be Kenya's equivalent of Nyerere's TANU. It was to be a mass party, establishing a sense of Kenyan nationhood, declaring war on tribalism as much as on colonialism. Even references to tribal designations were discouraged.

The party so far has been quite appallingly badly organized. This looks like a paradox when one sees that throughout this period the general secretary has been the most dynamic, hard-working, and efficient man in Kenyan politics — Tom Mboya. But, unfortunately, this has been just the trouble. Mboya, a Luo, had already, before taking this office,

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succeeded in antagonizing both the leading Kikuyu politicians and the most prominent politician of his own tribe, Oginga Odinga, by the very forcefulness and ingenuity of his youthful ambition and his habit of making decisions and announcing them without consulting his colleagues.

Tom Mboya's role

The confusion within the party at the time of the last election was deplorable, several seats being lost because of the multiplicity of KANU candidates competing against each other. Mboya, the general secretary of the party and its official candidate, was opposed in his own constituency by the party's branch chairman and by its vice president, and every effort has been made then and since to head off any move Mboya might make, however legitimately within the proper sphere of his party office, to get a grasp on the machinery of the party.

The result has been that Mboya has devoted himself to his many other jobs, such as running the Kenya Federation of Labor, managing the student airlift to America, attending a fantastic number of international conferences, which keeps him out of Kenya a good bit of the time, leading the parliamentary opposition to the present government, handling the constitutional negotiations, and issuing press statements. Now that KANU has Kenyatta as President, it may itself project an effectively nontribalistic image.

Provided Kenya can get through the next few months without disaster, there is no good reason why it should not catch up with Uganda, which will attain complete independence in October.

If Zanzibar and Somalia could be added as founder members, this would be the happiest way to resolve two other obstacles to Kenya's progress — Zanzibar's reversionary claim to the ten-mile-wide British protectorate along Kenya's coastline (including the port of Mombasa, which is the only outlet for Uganda's exports, as well as being the gateway to Kenya), and the wish of the nomadic inhabitants of Kenya's vast, barren Northern Province to be united with their ethnic brothers in the Somali republic.

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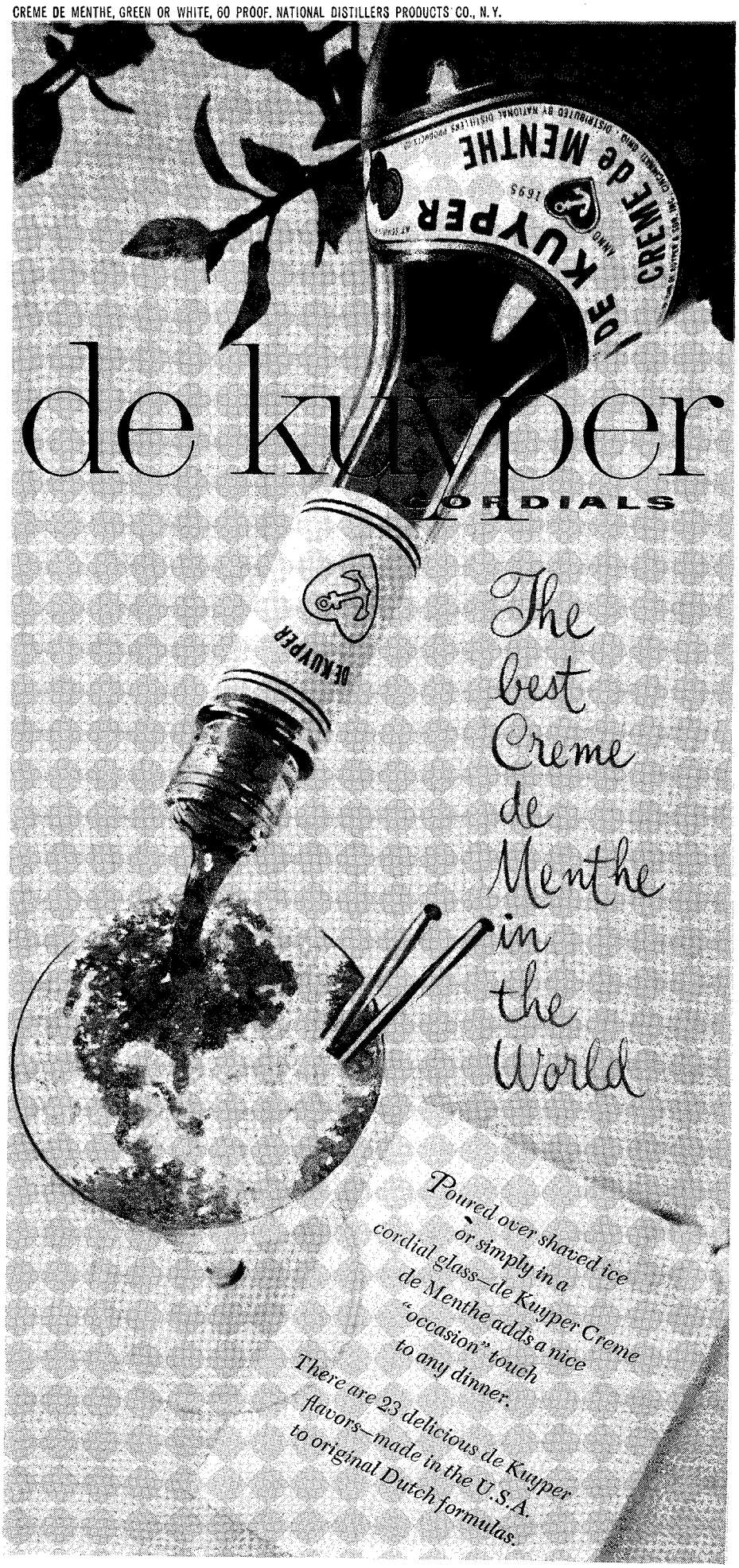

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The Atlantic Report LATIN AMERICA

EVER since World War II thoughtful Latin Americans have implored Washington to undertake a long-range policy toward their region. Instead, U.S. policy in Latin America — if policy it can be called — has been a succession of hastily improvised responses to various local crises. The main aim has seemed to be the maintenance of the status quo. The advent of the Kennedy Administration brought high hopes to liberal democratic leaders in Latin America who had long advocated a broad, positive approach to the economic and social dislocations that are the underlying cause of the area's political instability.

Kennedy and his advisers established close contact with such prominent liberal figures as Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico and President Romulo Betancourt of Venezuela, rejected the old policy of supporting dictators, and went firmly on record as favoring reform as the most effective answer to Communism.

Barely two months after he took office, President Kennedy, on March 13, 1961, announced an ambitious ten-year program to be known as the Alliance for Progress. He described it as "a vast effort, unparalleled in magnitude and nobility of purpose, to satisfy the basic needs of the American people for homes, work and land, health and schools." When the hemisphere's finance ministers met the following August to begin implementation of the program, three disturbing questions quickly came into focus.

First, is Congress willing to support the President's request for the vast funds to finance the Alliance? The Administration is asking Capitol Hill to authorize $3 billion in Alliance aid for the next five years, despite considerable opposition to expanded foreign-aid spending. Many legislators think that aid should be withheld until Latin America makes a more determined effort at tax and land reforms, and some object to helping countries which oppose U.S. policy on Cuba.

Second, will the United States and Latin America be able to revamp their bureaucracies, which for years have delayed the formulation and execution of new policies to cope with mounting revolutionary pressures? Men who possess not only high technical competence but also dedication, ideological preparation, and superior intelligence will be needed both in North and South America to implement the ambitious goals of the Alliance.

Third, can Latin American leaders press ahead with social and economic reforms against the resistance of powerful vested interests that still exercise considerable political and financial influence? In Argentina, for example, supporters of Dictator Juan D. Perón, who was deposed in 1955, won a surprise victory in the elections held last March. Perónistas, with the backing of Communists, claimed that President Frondizi had sold out to "Yankee imperialism," and Perón himself accused the United States of meddling in Argentine affairs.

Actually, the election results and the crisis that followed can be seen in an ironic way as vindicating Frondizi's insistence that concessions to the left had to be made in order to win over the substantial number of workers who still yearned for the autocratic Perón regime. His failure can largely be traced to the unyielding attitude of the powerful right-wing coalition of landed interests and army leaders. Not content with Frondizi's conservative economic policy, the army forced him to break relations with Cuba a few weeks before the election.

The ultimate success of the new U.S. Latin American policy hinges on the answers given, in time, to these questions. It would be unrealistic and misleading to expect conclusive results immediately. Two decades of neglect, misunderstandings, and halfhearted efforts represent a legacy that cannot easily be overcome.

A hollow victory

When, less than four months after launching the Alliance, the Kennedy Administration came out in favor of a conference of foreign ministers to discuss Cuba, it seemed that the old pattern of

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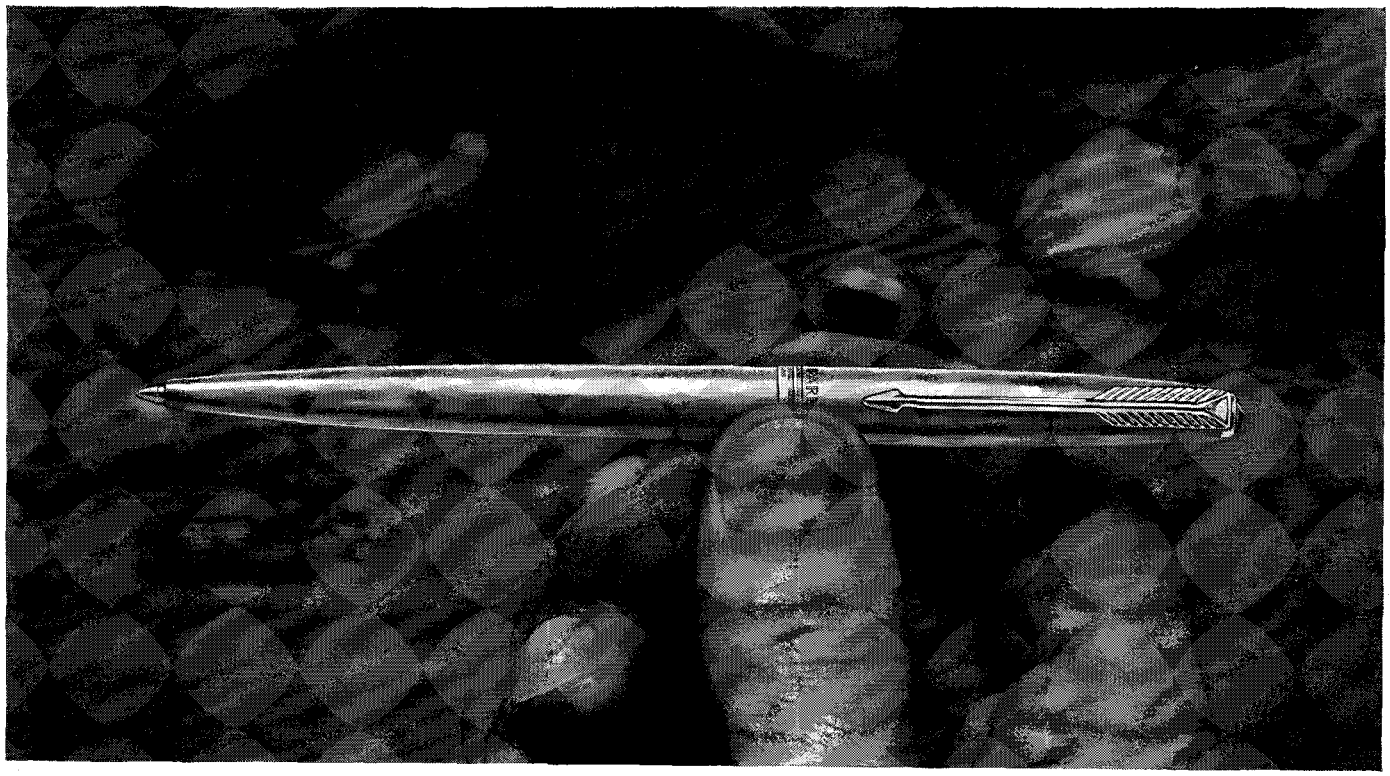

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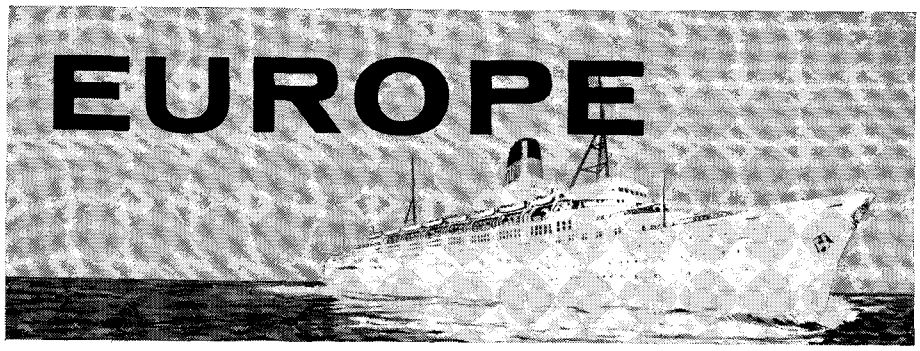

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jeopardizing a positive long-range program for quick political expedients was reasserting itself.

For many Latin Americans, the logic of the Punta del Este conference could be found only in the pressures the U.S. Congress was exerting on the eve of consideration of the budget. With military intervention against the Cuban regime ruled out as a violation of the Charter of the Organization of American States, and with the firm opposition of six of the larger nations to diplomatic sanctions, there seemed little to be gained from another high-level diplomatic meeting.

But Castro's own inadequate understanding of the nuances of hemisphere politics helped save the situation from being a total failure for the United States. His continued threats to promote unrest elsewhere in Latin America caused Colombia and Venezuela to line up with Peru and the Central American countries that were demanding stiff action against the Cuban regime.

These factors, combined with the skillful and patient negotiations conducted by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, brought a unanimous declaration by the foreign ministers that Cuba's Marxism-Leninism was incompatible with the principles of the inter-American system. Yet the substantive resolution to exclude the Castro regime from the OAS received only the minimum two-thirds majority of fourteen countries, with Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Bolivia, and Ecuador abstaining.

Secretary Rusk's claim that this kind of dissent was a "vivid demonstration of the democratic process of a vigorous community of nations" sounded hollow to Latin American diplomats aware of the strenuous efforts by the Kennedy Administration to achieve unanimity.

Secretary Rusk's performance

Perhaps one of the most positive results the United States achieved at the conference came in the unpredictable field of human relations — the esteem and respect engendered by Secretary Rusk and his team. The eloquence and progressive tone of

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Children Deserve Better Treatment From Us

Our Oftentimes Flagrant Disregard For Teaching Good Eating Habits Costs Dearly

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Repeated studies of the nutritional status of the American people have pointed out that many of us simply have not learned how to eat sanely and sensibly to help maintain good health. Obesity is estimated to be a problem for one out of every five of us. Among our children, teen-age girls frequently are very badly nourished because of false ideas and fads they follow instead of learning sound health habits which could help them achieve their goals.

While many parents spend frustrating hours teaching their children proper table manners, often we completely overlook the fact that the lack of good eating habits among our children is one of the key factors which contributes to the generally low state of physical fitness among us. Physical exercise and adequate rest are also very important to fitness, of course, but the young person's body must be built and it must be maintained with the right kinds and amounts of food.

Basic Eating Patterns Are Learned At Home

Parents cannot shun their responsibility in teaching their children how to eat properly — in terms of selecting the kinds and quantities of food that are needed. Most of our basic life-long eating patterns are established in our earliest years at the family dinner table. Our children learn much from our example. If parents eat sensibly, then it is much more likely that our children will eat sensibly.

Also, we should not overlook any early tendency toward using food to help alleviate the pains of psychological distress. The child who turns to stuffing food into his stomach whenever problems overwhelm him is learning a pattern that will be extremely difficult to change in later years. Obesity is likely to add to the child's distress and become a problem throughout his life. Parents have an obligation to try to avoid this very unhappy situation in which food substitutes for psychological needs.

Children, as parents so rapidly learn, do go through stages, especially when they reach the teen years and when they are girls. Appearance is usually tremendously important. Having "vitality" and energy enough to keep up with the crowd are also urgent needs. It is very unfortunate that we adults have done such a poor job in teaching our children that good health habits will give them the maximum amount of help in achieving exactly what they want — good appearance, vitality, energy.

The Youngsters Too Often Turn To Harmful Fad Ideas

Teen-age girls, especially, will turn to many diferent fads, unaware that sound nutrition through sane eating habits, adequate exercise, and sufficient rest will do more to help their appearance and to give them vim and vigor than any other things they might do. As a matter of fact, these unfortunate youngsters too frequently learn much later than they should that the fad diets and other "easy" approaches to beauty and vitality work against achieving their goals.

Nutrition scientists have done a highly competent job thus far in determining the kinds and amounts of foods we need for adequate nutrition. Daily Food Guides — based on servings from four major food groups: (1) milk and other dairy products; (2) meats, poultry, and fish; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) cereals and grains — are readily available to all families who certainly ought to be using these guides as regularly as any other aid to building and maintaining the family's health and happiness. The guides suggest simple yet tasty eating patterns. We dairy farmers will be happy to send one to you if you don't have one at present.

Following sensible eating patterns — which vary by age and amount of physical activity — is not difficult. Eating a well balanced diet can be just as interesting and enjoyable as eating meals that contribute to obesity or other illness or lack of vigor. There is an abundance of highly nutritious and tasty foods available to the American people. Now we must concentrate on teaching ourselves and our children how to select from these foods the kind of diets that will keep us healthy.

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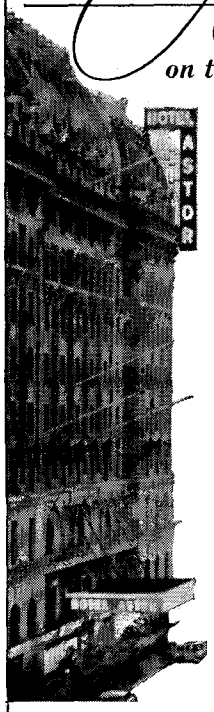

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By a Wall Street Journal Subscriber

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Rusk's speeches, as well as the tact and patience he displayed during two weeks of difficult negotiations, served to emphasize to the Latin American delegations a new style and content in U.S. foreign policy.

Until quite recently, hemispheric support for Washington's policies on basic East-West issues had been taken for granted. U.S. spokesmen generally addressed inter-American conferences with sophomoric warnings about the dangers of "atheistic Communism" that Latin American statesmen regarded as an insult to their intelligence.

By contrast, Mr. Rusk's principal speech was an articulate blend of affirmations of Jeffersonian democracy with a careful analysis of the discrepancies between Communist rhetoric and achievements. He deflated Cuba's angry claims that the "monopoly-controlled U.S. government" was opposed to the Castro regime purely because of the economic losses suffered by private U.S. interests, when he asserted that "Many of us . . . would have had no quarrel with changes in the economic organization of Cuba instituted with the consent of the Cuban people. Our hemisphere has room for a diversity of economic systems."

This recognition of Latin America's economic autonomy was coupled with a scrupulous understanding of its mood of nationalism and independence. Accordingly, despite strong pressures from important congressional spokesmen, the Secretary at no time invoked the threat of curbing economic aid to countries refusing to endorse the expulsion of Cuba. In turn, Rusk found that, notwithstanding the impressive catalogue of errors compiled by Washington's Latin American policy, there continues to exist a vast reservoir of goodwill toward the United States, every bit of which will be needed to wage the long and difficult fight to achieve progress with a minimum of turbulence.

Strengthening the OAS

The overriding lesson of the foreign ministers' meeting is that the Kennedy Administration, while it reflects a carefully prepared, well-balanced policy in the economic field, has not yet shed the habit of improvising when it faces complex political issues in Latin America.

There were some farsighted officials who hoped that the United States would take the leadership in strengthening the faltering political machinery of the OAS. They believe that by more thorough and imaginative legal planning the U.S. delegation could have proposed a structural revision of the inter-American system that would have excluded all dictatorships from its membership and not limited the conference to the immediate issue of Cuba. Although the OAS charter is dedicated to the principles of democracy and human freedom, for years the organization included representatives of brutal dictatorships, on the grounds that to reject them would have jeopardized the doctrine of nonintervention. The same arguments that prevented an effective censure of the Trujillo regime in the Dominican Republic were invoked by Cuba to explain the paradox of how it could become a Marxist-Leninist dictatorship and still stay in the OAS.

It is not surprising, then, that the organization's insistence on civil liberties and democracy rings false to millions of Latin Americans, even though in Washington the OAS acquired the reputation of being an extraordinary political institution and the pioneer of all other Western regional security arrangements.

The Kennedy Administration is fully aware of the deficiencies of OAS and looks to Felipe Herrera, the energetic Chilean director of the Inter-American Development Bank, for effective leadership in the vital economic plans now being formulated under the Alliance for Progress. The shaping of U.S. economic policy in Latin America has been more the work of high White House aides and of Teodoro Moscoso, the coordinator of the Alliance program, than of the State Department professionals.

Pay on performance?

The Alliance is a cooperative undertaking, divided between Latin American measures of self-help and domestic reforms and the supply of U.S. capital and technical knowledge. From the outset it was plain

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that the ambitious program would antagonize certain traditional economic groups both in Latin America and in the United States. But U.S. insistence on reform has created a favorable impact among the rising class of young, energetic technicians and professionals who may soon be governing the hemisphere.

The start of the self-help approach has been, admittedly, slow in many countries. Moscoso is nevertheless opposed to setting rigid criteria of rapid performance as a condition of aid, on the grounds that it may lead to dangerous political situations. At the same time, he seeks to encourage individual countries to adopt far-reaching tax and land reforms and to take vigorous steps toward low-cost housing through public building institutes, savings and loan associations, and educational and health assistance.

In many cases, the financing of these social projects has run into difficulties. The most stubborn obstacle, perhaps, was Latin America's chronic problem of budgetary deficits, arising from heavy government commitments to nonproductive public expenditures and subsidies for public services, which required the diversion of U.S. aid to prevent serious fiscal repercussions.

Neither the Administration nor Congress liked the idea of using Alliance funds for supporting internal budgets, but it was acknowledged that development projects could not be carried out to full advantage in the midst of chaotic economies threatened by social strife.

There is some hope that as the younger economists and professionals begin to exert a stronger influence on the Latin American elite, more enlightened policies will follow, and the vast funds — estimated to be as much as $100 billion — now in Swiss banks or U.S. securities will gradually be restored to their rightful place in the national economies.

For the time being, the Administration is inclined to follow a flexible policy in its aid program. It believes in Moscoso's contention that the Latin American leaders themselves must be persuaded that they hold the greatest stake in the successful outcome of the Alliance.

Upward and Onward to Bourbon & Branch

How do people *become* drinkers of bourbon—as against imported whiskies, for example. There seem to be various ways:

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2 *They work their way up.* This is a development similar to that of food tastes—or from pablum to paté. When such men and women begin to drink socially, they start with blandness. Then as they and their tastes mature...it's straight bourbon for them.

3 *They see the light.* They see their friends taking to bourbon. They discover that it tastes better...and that it tastes *best* undisguised, unchanged, with what country folk call "branch"—plain, pure water. This is the fashionable course to bourbon.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Death and forever

SIR:

Dr. Sanford Gifford's article "Death and Forever" (March *Atlantic*) is the finest formulation of our present dilemma which I have come across. It deserves wide recognition. Thank you for bringing us such an enlightening article.

MRS. MARIAN HERZOG
West Englewood, N. J.

SIR:

Dr. Gifford is assuming, and naïvely so, that if the United States succeeded in convincing Russia that nuclear weapons will not be used against the Communist state, Russia would respond with relief and would renounce all, or a large part, of its hostility toward the United States. I do not know of a single instance in history in which, when one of two enemies weakened itself before the other, the second proved itself grateful by willingly reducing its own strength. Such an act would serve only to convince the second of its supremacy and would lead to an unrelenting assault upon the self-weakened first.

JOHN H. SUCKE, III
Austin, Tex.

SIR:

In "Death and Forever" Dr. Sanford Gifford presents a number of challenging and useful concepts.

Is man, supposedly the "ultimate" in the evolutionary process to date, doomed to meet the fate of other extinct species because of his inability to adjust to the realities of progress?

Is he so obsessed by the need to prove his power that he is unable to accept the fact that in so doing he may well lose it?

And can he, before it is too late and the point of no return has been reached, learn to coexist?

Let all copyrights be waived so that the last sentences of the article can be reprinted in your magazine, and printed in all other publications that are like-minded:

"An unwavering decision to renounce all nuclear weapons, unilaterally if necessary, seems more appropriate than high-minded rhetoric about democratic ideals, which sounds as alien to Soviet ears as their catchphrases sound to ours. Carrying out such a decision is a supremely difficult and complex undertaking, but the aim is simple, requiring only Eliot's 'condition of complete simplicity costing not less than everything.' " A few peace groups accept this idea. The rest of us had better get on the bandwagon — while there is still one around.

MRS. JANET N. NEUMAN
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

Although I number among my friends two of the leading psychoanalysts, internationally known, I never had the life-death instinct made so clear to me as by Dr. Sanford Gifford's contribution.

MRS. LELA HIRSCH
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR:

Many magazines are running routine articles on the nuclear question and related subjects these days. They are all worth reading for the information they contain and for the convictions about life that they express. But this article by Dr. Gifford had a superior stamp.

It is interesting to me to see how men in the field of psychiatry again and again seem to be opposed to nuclear warfare, even to the point of unilateral disarmament. Our national behavior is so similar to that of mentally sick patients. Would that our leaders in the nation would listen to the psychiatrists!

EBEN T. CHAPMAN
Goshen, Conn.

The hesitant Senate

SIR:

Most senators must have read Joe Clark's article "The Hesitant Senate" (March *Atlantic*) with the same interest that I did, and I imagine various opinions could be found amongst the membership. What Senator Clark expresses throughout this article is a desire to streamline the deliberative processes of the Senate so that the Majority can ignore the Minority and ram through any measures it wants. What he fails to recognize is that the Majority in committee can always prevail over the Minority by merely moving the approval of a bill. For example, at any one of the extremely numerous sessions of the education subcommittee held last year, Senator Clark, or any other member of the Majority, could have reported out the bills in question. That they didn't make this move indicated to me that they weren't quite sure of the value of that legislation.

In the opinion of many of us, it was the plan of the founding fathers that the Senate be the slow deliberative body. Speed was not of the essence because it was felt that the House would be more prone to hasty action and might need correcting by the senior body.

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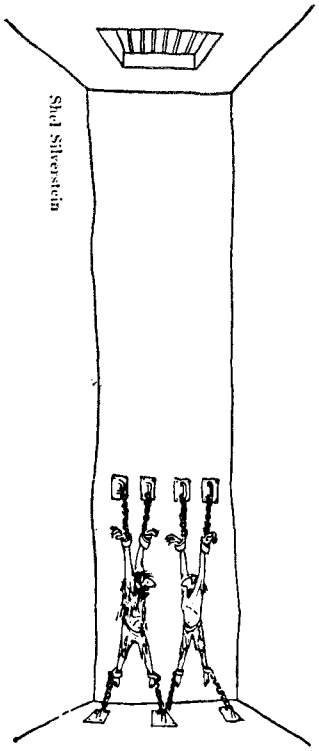

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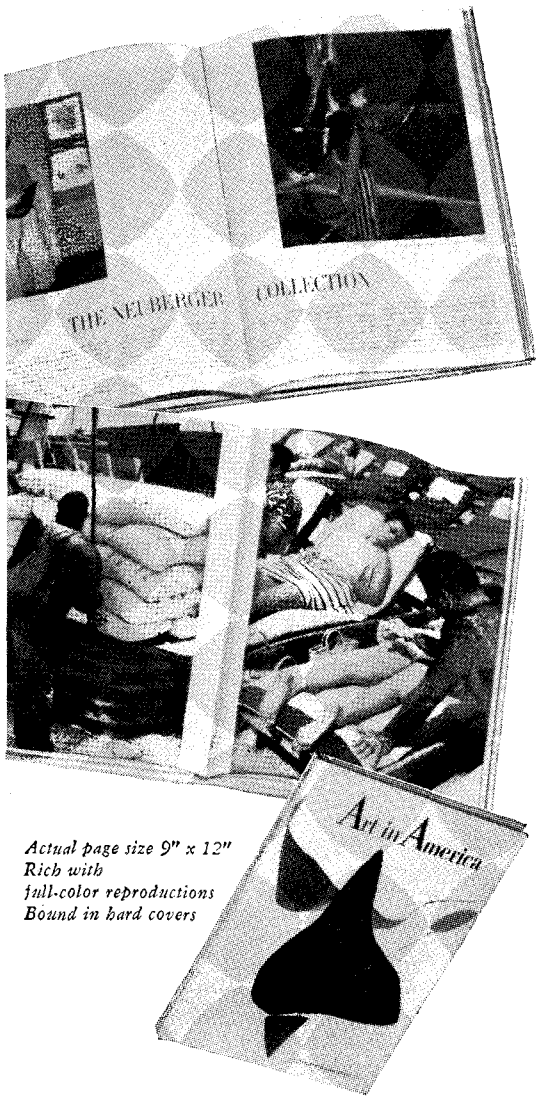

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I am sure that whenever rule changes are needed in the Senate, they can be accomplished by the Majority desiring them; but so far there has been a lot of talk by the Majority, but when the chips are down, they hew to the accepted concept of the Senate.

BARRY GOLDWATER
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

"Ordeal of a Ship" by Farley Mowat (March *Atlantic*) gave life and excitement to a difficult salvage operation, which was only matter-of-factly reported in the newspapers. Once more, Mowat has enlightened *Atlantic* readers with an account of the hazardous work these Foundation tugs perform as daily routine.

Readers might like to know that there is a dramatic sequel to this story, in which the credit goes to an American flag tug. For, after the *Leicester* had been brought safely into Murray's Anchorage, another hurricane zeroed in on this luckless freighter and put it on the beach. As if this wasn't bad enough, the *Foundation Josephine* was also driven aground, with serious damage to its hull. The tug *Kevin Moran* came to the rescue of both vessels. After freeing them, the *Kevin* towed the *Leicester* to Newport News, Virginia, then returned to Bermuda to tow the *Josephine* to Halifax. The weather was seasonably bad, with winds of gale force, but Captain Leonard Goodwin, Jr., and his crew on the *Kevin* were equal to the task. For them, too, it was all in the day's work.

This story, told in more detail, appears in *Tugboat*, by the late Eugene F. Moran.

VOLNEY LACY
Engineer, Tug M. Moran
Fairport, N. Y.

The episodes referred to by Mr. Lacy are also narrated in detail in Farley Mowat's new book, *The Serpent's Coil* (Atlantic–Little, Brown), from which "Ordeal of a Ship" was drawn.
—THE EDITOR

SIR:

I read Ken Purdy's "The Indestructible Electric" in the January Accent on Living section with special interest, because I've been driving electric automobiles off and on for some thirty years — sometimes as a hobby and other times seriously. Since the latest car I have is a 1939 Detroit Electric, news of anything newer would obviously attract my attention.

The article steered between the extreme claims of several promoters of these cars which have appeared since the war and the claims of others who downgrade electrics because of the association with "rich old ladies who always drove them as if they were about to stop."

JAMISON HANDY, JR.
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

SIR:

Cheers for the article "The Derelicts of Skid Row" by Judge John M. Murtagh in the March *Atlantic*. I know a bit about derelicts here in Minneapolis from direct personal observation. Judge Murtagh's description of the drunken derelicts tallies precisely, almost eerily, with similar sights that I have seen. I have been in flophouses on Washington Avenue (since demolished) so unbelievably foul that I was driven out into the fresh air gasping.

The morality of our present treatment of these unhappy wretches is indefensible. It is what I call middle-of-the-spectrum justice — the middle of the human spectrum, the C student, the great average. Its morality is conformity; the methods of enforcement, ostracism and persecution. We want outlets for repressed savagery and frustrated self-aggrandizement which will still allow us to retain community approval. We also want some kind of coordinates with whom to locate ourselves in a round, relative universe and an open society, and if the skid-row derelict does nothing else that is socially useful, he provides a neck for us to put a foot on.

I have been in these flophouses; I have also been in the city hall and smelled deadwood the moment I opened the door. If anything, this odor is far more terrible than the worst reek of human abandonment and decay.

JAMES FERGUSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

The editors regret that they failed to give the source of an illustration in the March *Atlantic*. The engraving accompanying the poem "Sonata" is entitled "Lovers in the Wheat Field," by Clare Leighton, and was taken, with her permission, from her book, *Country Matters*, published by the Macmillan Company in 1937.

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Tartans and tweeds. Buy them as you tour. Tweeds in the Cheviots, Tartans in the Highlands. Every region has its own proud weaves and patterns, dyed with local dyes, often handwoven, even *handspun.*

Cashmere sweaters. You'll pay only about $14 for a sweater or cardigan. Better write down everybody's sizes before you leave home.

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THE ATLANTIC

ARE THE COLLEGES KILLING EDUCATION?

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

A professor of history at Harvard who has achieved national eminence for his study of the immigrant in America, OSCAR HANDLIN *was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in history for his book* THE UPROOTED *in 1952. As a teacher, Mr. Handlin is concerned about the stifling competitive atmosphere in the colleges, where emphasis on grades tends to destroy the broader educational values.*

WITH the coming of spring, hysteria creeps across the campus. Tension mounts steadily, and even when it does not erupt in some overt form, it still disturbs the last two months of the college year. Now is the time when the steadily growing psychiatric staffs come into their own.

The young people who brood in their rooms, who forget to come down to the dining hall, and who burst out in fits of irrationality are not worrying about who will win the great game or who will come to the dance or be tapped for the fraternity. Joe College is dead, and his little anxieties are unrecognizably antique. His successors are immersed in their books and laboratories, and their concern is for the grade that an incomprehensible marking system will grind out for them.

Among the undergraduates, it is worst for the juniors. Most of the seniors are reconciled; they have by now amassed whatever capital they will possess and know it is too late to make serious changes. The sophomores are frenetically hopeful; despite the facts of the past, they feel they have a chance. The freshmen are still reeling from the shock of self-discovery but are not yet fully aware of what has hit them. The juniors are, and therefore the panic that all share to some extent is particularly intense among them.

The phenomenon is relatively recent, and it is not everywhere the same. Indeed, there may still be some refuge which is entirely unaffected, where college remains a place of learning, not a racetrack. But year by year the infection spreads, and it seems most virulent in the best institutions and among the best students.

The American college functions with a time-encrusted mechanism, much of it immensely valuable because of the experience, tradition, and wisdom built into it. But some of its devices were designed for purposes long since forgotten. We do not question their presence; the grating noise they make seems a necessary part of the operation. Who can imagine that this is the sound of minds being crushed in a process that frustrates the whole educational enterprise?

Those great big beautiful A's so avidly sought, those little, miserly C's so often found, were meant for another time and another student body. They were the tools of the teacher in the day when the college was more a disciplinary than an educational institution. The miscellaneous lots of boys and young men who recited their lessons in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American college were indifferently prepared, only occasionally interested, and given to outbursts that took them altogether out of control. The instructor needed grades and fines and other punishments to keep them in hand.

The problems of discipline became less pressing when the college acquired its modern institutionalized form. The grading system nevertheless re-

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tained its importance. The curriculum was divided into blocks of courses, each worth a number of points, and an education was defined by the score that stood to the student's credit in the college accounting system. The grade then became critical, because it was evidence of the amount of learning deposited to his credit.

This pattern has persisted, although few remember what forces brought it into being. Yet no faculty would now maintain that education can be defined by a balance sheet of credits, or that the statistical magic that produces grade scores carried to the second decimal place is a reliable way of evaluating students.

Until recently the system was hardly effective enough to do much harm. A large percentage of the student body could afford to disregard it entirely. After the manner of the lads in Owen Wister's *Philosophy 5*, they looked down on the grinds and occupied themselves in their own ways. And the minority who were interested could study away to their hearts' content without the anxiety of involvement in a mass competition.

All that has now changed. The new students enter after a rigid selective process, they present few disciplinary problems, and they arrive after good and uniform preparation. The constant surveillance of their studies serves no useful function and only interferes with their education.

The trouble is that the students themselves do not know it. This generation has been so thoroughly harnessed to the treadmill of the examination that it accepts its servitude as a normal if strenuous condition of life. All the external pressures of society encourage that belief. Since education has become a national emergency, it is a patriotic duty to do well in algebra. The student who gets an A in physics will not only advance to a successful career in space but will also defend his country against the Russians. The talented boy has replaced the athlete as the school hero, and the letter worth getting is no longer that on the sweater but that on the report card.

The process of subversion begins almost in the first year of the best high schools. The most highly motivated students know that they are engaged in a close race; only the fleetest will enter the desirable colleges. Ahead of them loom the great goals, the College Boards and the National Merit competition. Along the way are the lesser hurdles they must surmount, and their task is to train themselves to score well.

How can their high school education have any other meaning? Admission to college comes generally in the spring of their senior year and is based on performances on tests taken a good deal earlier. Everything that comes later is totally irrelevant. Furthermore, a variety of schemes for early admission and early appraisal have pushed some of the tests back into the middle of the third year of high school. For many students, therefore, almost half of their secondary school career becomes meaningless, since it does not prepare them for the examinations. It is a rare teacher who can resist the tendency to turn his classes into extended cram sessions.

Alas, the young people finally discover that entry into college solves no problems. It only reveals the new hurdles they could not earlier see. True, the place is strange and the conditions of life new, but the race is the same, only the pace is faster. Back in those innocent high school days, these boys and girls were a select group — the brightest and best. Now they are thrown into a mass in which everyone is select and everyone had been brightest and best. In this renewed competition some who had always been winners discover that they too will have to be losers. The cruelty of the contest is clearest in courses which establish grades on the basis of a statistical distribution curve. No matter how hard they work, or how able they are, one half of the class will fall below the average. Each student, therefore, finds himself involved in a struggle with his neighbor, whose success will drag him down.

Any freshman can grasp the point of the explanation for his D on the question in Philosophy H. "No, there was nothing particularly *wrong* with the answer. But everyone else in the section did so well that the classifying apparatus sorted you out toward the lowest of the pigeonholes." He will learn thereafter to crowd his way to the top.

Meanwhile, the goal of college is the same as that of high school — the high score that will open the way to the next stage of competition. Now the students work for the grades that will admit them to the graduate or professional school. The intense haste with which they reach toward what they mistakenly believe to be narrowing opportunities shortens their vision. Tactics become preeminently important. These young people work hard, and they shun the snap course "which gets you nowhere." But they tiptoe gingerly through the curriculum, weighing all the angles. One will regularly carry an additional course all year, then at the last possible moment drop that in which the risk is greatest. Another sacrifices each summer vacation, not to shorten his studies, but because instructors are reputed to grow more pliable as the temperature rises. And only the reckless will dare not to know the right answers as the grader expects them, or allow questions to draw their thinking in unexpected directions.

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Many students now feel unbearable pressure from their parents. The strain is not consciously applied, but it is none the less real. It is the product of a situation that leads young people to wonder whether their careers in college will jeopardize the love and affection of their parents.

Each family has hopefully groomed its own aspirants for the race. Mom and Dad often have made genuine sacrifices of time and energy to be sure their hopeful was adequately prepared. They must not be disappointed. The boy who does well advances to scholarships and jobs that will immediately have an effect upon the income of the whole family. The one who does not becomes a drag, reducing his father's chances for a new car, his little sister's prospects for an expensive education.

The solicitous letters and the regular telephone calls impress upon the student the fact that it is not he alone who is being tested, but the whole family. How proud they are when the stock rises, how concerned when it falls! The A shows the virtue of the home and school that produced the good performer. The C is not only a blow to the ego of the recipient; it is a reflection upon the adequacy of his training. Unless they rebel entirely, the young people carry to class the anxiety, lest they let down those who had invested in them. So much hangs on the outcome.

The proliferation of rewards has, paradoxically, stimulated this destructive competition. The National Science Foundation and the Woodrow Wilson fellowships have done immense good. But, at the same time, they have put undesirable pressure on the aspirants. Those who make it are free (they think); they see themselves firmly planted on the academic escalator with a regular income, security, and marriage just within reach. The attractiveness of these immediate goals obscures every other consideration.

It is in vain to point out that success in tests is not necessarily the way to achievement, that the careers of great men do not always begin with a ranking in the upper tenth percentile, that places are available, and that there are other than competitive values to education. Their whole experience points in the other direction.

THE losses to the students and to society are tremendous. The distorted emphasis nullifies much of what the colleges aim to do.

I speak now not of the reconciled mass who somehow make their peace with the system, but of the ablest, among whom the qualities of excellence might be found. These young people secure an admirable training in the techniques of the correct answer. They learn to remember; to be accurate, neat, and cautious. But they are rarely called on to use their ability autonomously or speculatively, to deal with situations in which the answers are not known but must be discovered.

They cannot afford the sense of the tentativeness of knowledge, of the imperfection of existing formulations. Writing against the clock, they must always put the cross in the right box and round out the essay with an affirmative conclusion. With what pain, if ever at all, will they learn how to know what they do not know, how to probe alone beyond the limits of what is handed to them, how to be creative original thinkers! By the time they carry their diplomas away, they will have missed an education — that experience which, by the exposure of one mind to the thinking of others, creates not answers but a lifetime of questions.

We are all sufferers by the losses sustained by this generation of students. An open society like our own depends in large measure upon the educational system to evaluate those who pass through it and to channel them into the proper places in life. If the colleges fail in the process of selection, the young people with the appropriate talents will not become the doctors and teachers, the diplomats and businessmen, the physicists and engineers they should be. When the pegs do not fit the holes, the structure creaks.

Undue emphasis upon performance measured by college may have precisely that effect. These scores have only a slight predictive value and are unlikely to furnish reliable indications of future achievement. I do not mean that high-ranking students do worse than low-ranking ones. As a group, they do better. But, in the long run, not all A students do as well as they should, and not all do better than all B students; there are enough dramatic reversals of form to raise doubts about excessive reliance upon these standards. Every teacher has seen the slow starter work at his own pace, then suddenly discover himself and outdistance the front-runners.

We organize the boys and girls in classes and treat them as anonymous integers in an elaborate record system. Yet we know that each is an individual different from every other. Each has his own way of learning. To pretend that all can be classified and graded on the identical scale denies those differences and does violence to reality. Above all, it puts a premium on malleability, upon accommodation to existing expectations, upon the qualities of getting along. The good boy is he who matches up to his teachers' previously formed standards. But is he the one likely to grow into the man of achievement?

Unless he learns somehow to locate himself by his own standards, a blast of awareness, in school or later, will blow him off his course. My room-

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mate, said the boy who was my tutee, was good at everything; there was not a blemish on the record at commencement. In his senior year, my roommate took the aptitude tests in business, medicine, and law, did well in all, and as a matter of course entered the law school, having done best in that subject. No doubt he would have been at the head of the pack in that race also, but in an unguarded moment my roommate allowed himself to wonder what being a lawyer would mean to him. He did not know the answer. He did not even know how to go about finding the answer.

In the past, the looseness and inefficiency of the educational system provided the means for rescuing talent in danger of being wasted. The boy whose interests matured late or changed as he grew up could jog along at his own rate and make up for lost time when he was ready. But the more rigid the system becomes, the less room it leaves for the variant patterns of the maverick. The species, indeed, becomes ever less likely to appear, as the habit or desire for nonconformity is stifled. The student totally absorbed in the race loses confidence in himself and accepts the premature rating as a valid measure of his ability. Then the evaluation becomes self-fulfilling. Placidly the young man tells me he would like to be a historian, and will if he earns a *magna*. If he gets only a *cum* he will go into his father's laundry business. Life becomes a play in which the first act determines the outcome of the plot.

As a result, many of the most sensitive youngsters simply throw up their hands. They turn their backs on the whole process and all too often reject all the values attached to the college. They hasten into marriage, seeking in life the reality and personal security school does not afford them. Or they simply refuse to finish; increasingly, the able students are among those who leave before graduation. The stronger or more stubborn ones stick it out for the sheepskin; the weaker or more reflective ones break down or pull out — in either case, a tragic waste of talent. For they were all good when they got to college (otherwise they would not have been admitted), and the failure is not altogether theirs.

There was a boy who had been at Harvard only one year. As a freshman in a smaller college he had done so well, and his high school record had been so good, that he had been encouraged to transfer, and a scholarship had enabled him to do so. After two semesters he was defeated and refused to go on. In the interminable calculation of pluses and minuses, he felt he was in danger of losing sight of what he had come for, and he wished to leave college to be educated. This is the stuff beats are made of. Such people do better to preserve their authenticity as persons by going away or by abstracting themselves from the routine rather than by yielding to the pressures. Yet the college loses by the inability to influence — and be influenced by — them.

She is a junior of about twenty, neat and not bad-looking; nothing distinguishes her in the rows of notetakers in the lecture hall. Now she has found the excuse for a conference in some question about the reading. She talks nervously about what is not on her mind and then blurts out what is. She will not be back to finish next year. She has taken a librarian's job in Georgia, in a small town, where she will be useful. Why? Nothing here seems worth doing; the courses she takes are all right, but she gets only B's in them. She has studied bits of philosophy and bits of government, and she is interested in the relation of ethics to politics. As she talks, life comes back to her voice and the words tumble out fluently. Well, why not go on with the subject next year? It will not make a manageable thesis. It had not occurred to her that one could learn outside the framework of the requirements.

The system favors certain character types over others, and not always the most desirable ones. For the young man who knows when he enters that he will be an actuary or a geologist or a patent attorney, the learning track runs clearly to his destination and all the stations are plainly marked. He will make few mistakes and run few risks. Even if he is not altogether docile, he operates within a limited framework and wastes no time. His schooling is likely to be uneventful; it may also be unadventurous and unimproving.

By contrast, those who come to college without specifically defined goals or who change as they learn are at a competitive disadvantage. They must make choices along the whole route, and therefore face the hazard of mistaken decisions. They are prone to turn into dead ends and to need second chances. Since what is relevant to their needs is not already marked out for them, they may gain more from looking out of the window than from taking notes. Their records will look spotty and erratic. Yet they may be growing at every stage and may, in the end, be the better for their mistakes than their fellows who never faltered. Society may be the loser by the failure to make room for the recovery of such talents. We need not only men who can get the job done, but also those who can wonder why it needs to be done.

Under the pressure of unremitting competition, a valuable sector of the educational enterprise shows signs of contraction. Since the measured blocks and units of formal instruction have clearly defined weight, it is foolhardy to expend precious

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energies upon activities to which no immediate reward is attached. Those who waste time by the way will lose ground in the race to the "bookers" who concentrate on the assignments. The tendency to shy away from distractions is recent and has not gone far, but it is already ominous.

Not all learning in the college community of the past was confined to the classroom. Often the students taught each other more effectively than the teachers could, gained more from extracurricular activities than from formal classwork. The experience of writing for the paper, or of managing a team, or of singing or playing, and, most of all, the undirected talk that swirled formlessly through the night have a value that cannot be recognized in grades or credits. There will be ever less time for them as the shadow of the examination falls across the college. Boys made rivals by competition will be less ready to help one another, and the immensely variegated activities of the college as it was may dry up.

Finally, the whole process thrusts an uncongenial role upon the instructor. His function as a teacher becomes subsidiary to that of the grader; he is judge rather than counselor, impartial arbiter rather than ally of the student. That, too, distorts the meaning of education. It destroys the intimacy of a relationship in which the older person conceives his role as that of helping the younger, in which the younger can turn to the older for aid and advice without fear of being evaluated in the process.

THERE is no simple corrective to this disorder, even were its nature clearly perceived. Much of the difficulty springs from the unprecedented demands a democratic society places upon the colleges. We cannot and should not halt the increasing size of student bodies. We need more rather than fewer fellowships. And the college should continue to play a part in career selection. These are conditions of the value we place upon equality of opportunity. Only thus can we locate ability wherever it may be found and compensate for the inequalities of family background. Yet, to the degree that we encourage these desirable trends, our institutions will become more formal, more bureaucratic, and more rigidly organized.

But we need not, in consequence, continue to encumber ourselves with outmoded methods of evaluation which frustrate the larger goals of education. It will be a long, difficult task to get away from them.

I tease myself sometimes with daydreams of how we might break out of the present situation. A few institutions have already separated the teaching and the marking functions. That is as it should be, and the result is to clarify the relationship of the teacher to his students. It would be gratifying to appear in a classroom where everyone was on the same side, where there was not one to police and the others to be policed, but all were to work toward the same end. Evidence points to the merits of a divorce between the essentially incompatible tasks of instructor and grader.

That separation of tasks would, of course, make it impossible to administer examinations and award marks for every segment of instruction. So much the better. No other system of higher education subjects its students to the endlessly badgering tests of the American college. The examinations of French and English universities are difficult, but they come where they belong, at the terminus of a stage in education. And they probe not fragments of courses, but the mastery of a whole field of knowledge, however and whenever acquired. These methods cannot be simply transferred to our own situation. But they indicate that we can safely do without the recurrent, meaningless hurdles we now set in the way of our students. We can aim at a mode of evaluation that will judge the whole man as he leaves the campus, not the bits and pieces of him we glimpse as he passes through it.

Above all, we can take the heat off by leaving these people alone. Most college freshmen are now eighteen years old. They are men and women who are, or should be, above all concerned with discovering themselves. All those prescriptions and requirements, all those efforts at surveillance and discipline, obscure the true nature of their tasks. They must learn after their own fashion, even at the cost of false starts, errors, and lost time. The college can help them, if they wish to be helped, mostly by creating an environment for discovery. The faculty can help them, if they wish to be helped, mostly through establishing the contacts, fruitful when free, of the more, with the less, experienced minds. But the stifling competitive atmosphere of the race for position, which the college itself generates by anachronistic grading methods, has no place in that environment.

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WALTER LIPPMANN

THE NUCLEAR AGE

In his famous book U.S. FOREIGN POLICY, *which did so much to reshape the thinking of millions of Americans during World War II,* WALTER LIPPMANN *first put forward the concept of the Atlantic community. In this paper he speaks of the only way in which he believes this community can effectively be strengthened.*

THE age we are living in is radically new in human experience. During the past fifteen years or so there has occurred a profound revolution in human affairs, and we are the first generation that has lived under these new conditions. There has taken place a development in the art of war, and this is causing a revolutionary change in the foreign relations of all the nations of the world. The radical development is, of course, the production of nuclear weapons.

As a scientific phenomenon, the nuclear age began with the explosion at Los Alamos in 1945; but in world relations the nuclear age really began about ten years later. During the 1940s the United States was the only nuclear power in the world. But by the middle fifties and in the years following, the Soviet Union had created an armory of nuclear weapons and had built rockets which have made it, for all practical purposes of diplomacy, a nuclear power equal to the United States. The essential fact about the appearance of two opposed great powers armed with nuclear weapons is that war, which is an ancient habit of mankind, has become mutually destructive. Nuclear war is a way of mutual suicide. The modern weapons are not merely much bigger and more dangerous than any which existed before. They have introduced into the art of warfare a wholly new kind of violence.

Always, in the past, war and the threat of war, whether aggressive or defensive, were usable instruments. They were usable instruments in the sense that nations could go to war for their national purposes. Nations could transform themselves from petty states to great powers by means of war. They could enlarge their territories, acquire profitable colonies, change the religion of a vanquished population, all by means of war. War was the instrument with which the social, political, and legal systems of large areas were changed. Thus, in the old days before the nuclear age began, war was a usable — however horrible and expensive — instrument of national purpose. The reason for that was that the old wars could be won.

In the pre-nuclear age, right down through World War II, the victorious power was an organized state which could impose its will on the vanquished. The United States did that with Germany and with Japan. The damage they had suffered, although it was great, was not irreparable, as we know from the recovery after World War II of West Germany and Japan, as well as the Soviet Union.

But from a full nuclear war, which might well mean a hundred million dead, after the devastation of the great urban centers of the Northern Hemisphere and the contamination of the earth, the water, and the air, there would be no such recovery as we have seen after the two world wars of this century.

The damage done would be mutual. There would be no victor. The United States has the nuclear power to reduce Soviet society to a smoldering ruin, leaving the wretched survivors shocked and starving and diseased. In an interchange of nuclear weapons, it is estimated coolly by experts who have studied the possibility, the Soviet Union would kill between thirty and seventy million Americans.

A war of that kind would not be followed by reconstruction; it would not be followed by a Marshall Plan and by all the constructive things that were done after World War II. A nuclear war would be followed by a savage struggle for existence, as the survivors crawled out of their shelters; and the American republic would have to be replaced by a stringent military dictatorship, trying to keep some kind of order among the desperate survivors.

To his great credit, President Eisenhower was quick to realize what nuclear war would be. After he and Prime Minister Churchill had studied

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some of the results of the nuclear tests, President Eisenhower made the historic declaration that there was no longer any alternative to peace.

When President Eisenhower made that statement no one of us, I think, understood its full significance and consequences. We are now beginning to understand them, and here, I venture to say, is the root of the frustration and the confusion which torment us. For while nuclear weapons have made war, the old arbiter of human affairs, an impossible action for a rational statesman to contemplate, we do not have any other reliable way of dealing with issues that used to be resolved by war.

It is enormously difficult to make peace. It is intolerably dangerous and useless to make war about the fundamental issues. That is where our contemporary frustration and confusion originate. We are confronted with an extraordinarily tantalizing and nerve-racking dilemma.

For as long a time as we can see into the future, we shall be living between war and peace, between a war that cannot be fought and a peace that cannot be achieved. The great issues which divide the world cannot be decided by a war that could be won, and they cannot be settled by a treaty that can be negotiated. Our world is divided as it has not been since the religious wars of the seventeenth century, and a large part of the globe is in a great upheaval, the like of which has not been known since the end of the Middle Ages. But the power which used to deal with the divisions and conflicts of the past — namely, organized war — has become an impossible instrument to use.

President Eisenhower and President Kennedy are the only two American Presidents who ever lived in a world like this one. It is a great puzzle to know how to defend the nation's rights and how to promote its interests in the nuclear age. There are no clear guidelines of action because there are no precedents for the situation in which we find ourselves. And as statesmen grope their way from one improvisation and accommodation to another, there are masses of people who are frightened, irritated, impatient, frustrated, and in search of quick and easy solutions.

The nuclear age is only a few years old. But we have already learned one or two things about how to conduct policy in this age. It was once said of a British admiral in World War I that if he made a mistake, he could lose the British Fleet and with it the whole war in an afternoon. Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kennedy are in a similar position today. In a few days or so Mr. Khrushchev can lose the Soviet state and the promise of a Communist economy. He can lose all the work of the Five-Year Plans, Seven-Year Plans, and Twenty-Year Plans. In that same time, Mr. Kennedy can lose the Constitution of the United States, the free-enterprise system, and the American way of life, and along with them all the frontiers, old and new. I don't think I am exaggerating. A full nuclear war would produce by far the biggest convulsion which has ever occurred in recorded history. We cannot understand the realities of the Khrushchev-Kennedy encounter, which has been going on since they met at Vienna last June, unless we remind ourselves again and again of what war has become in the nuclear age.

The poor dears among us who say that they have had enough of all this talking and negotiating and now let us drop the bomb have no idea of what they are talking about. They do not know what has happened in the past twenty years. They belong to the past, and they have not been able to realize what a nuclear war would be.

Only a moral idiot with a suicidal mania would press the button for a nuclear war. Yet we have learned that, while a nuclear war would be lunacy, it is nevertheless an ever-present possibility. Why? Because, however lunatic it might be to commit suicide, a nation can be provoked and exasperated to the point of lunacy where its nervous system cannot endure inaction, where only violence can relieve its feelings. This is one of the facts of life in the middle of the twentieth century. The nerves of a nation can stand only so much provocation and humiliation, and beyond the tolerable limits, it will plunge into lunacy. This is as much a real fact as is the megaton bomb, and it is a fact which must be given great weight in the calculation of national policy. It is the central fact in the whole diplomatic problem of dealing with the cold war. There is a line of intolerable provocation beyond which reactions become uncontrollable. It is the business of the governments to find out where that line is and to stay well back of it.

Those who do not understand the nature of war in the nuclear age, those who think that war today is what it was against Mexico or Spain or in the two world wars, regard the careful attempts of statesmen not to carry the provocation past the tolerable limit as weakness and softness and appeasement. It is not any of these things. It is not softness. It is sanity.

But it leaves us with a task: because we cannot make war, because we cannot achieve peace, we must find some other way of meeting the great issues which confront us. For life will go on, and if the answers of the past do not work, other answers must exist and must be found.

The answer lies, I believe, in the nature of the

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struggle between our Western society and the Communist society.

It is often said that the struggle which divides the world is for the minds and the souls of men. That is true. As long as there exists a balance of power and of terror, neither side can impose its doctrine and its ideology upon the other. The struggle for the minds of men, moreover, is not, I believe, going to be decided by propaganda. We are not going to convert our adversaries, and they are not going to convert us.

The struggle, furthermore, is not going to be ended in any foreseeable time. At bottom it is a competition between two societies, and it resembles more than any other thing in our historical experience the long centuries of conflict between Christendom and Islam. The modern competition between the two societies turns on their respective capacities to become powerful and rich, to become the leaders in science and technology, to see that their people are properly educated and able to operate such a society, to keep their people healthy, and to give them the happiness of knowing that they are able and free to work for their best hopes.

The historic rivalry of the two societies and of the two civilizations which they contain is not going to be decided by what happens on the periphery and in the outposts. It is going to be decided by what goes on in the heart of each of the two societies. The heart of Western civilization lies on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, and our future depends on what goes on in the Atlantic community. Will this community advance? Can the nations which compose it work together? Can it become a great and secure center of power and of wealth, of light and of leading? To work for these ends is to be engaged truly in the great conflict of our age and to be doing the real work that we are challenged to do. I speak with some hope and confidence. For I believe that in the months to come we shall engage ourselves in the long and complicated, but splendidly constructive, task of bringing together in one liberal and progressive economic community all the trading nations which do not belong to the Communist society.

I dare to believe that this powerful Western economic community will be able to live safely and without fear in the same world as the Soviet Union and that the rising power and influence of the Western society will exert a beneficent magnetic attraction upon eastern Europe. This will happen if we approach it in the right way. Jean Monnet, who is the original founder of this movement, has put it the right way. "We cannot build our future," he has said, "if we are obsessed with fear of Russia. Let us build our own strength and health, not against anyone, but for ourselves, so that we will become so strong that no one will dare attack us, and so progressive and prosperous that we set a model for all other peoples — indeed, for the Russians themselves."

At the same time, the wealth and confidence of the new community will enable the Western society to assist and draw to it the societies of the Southern Hemisphere, where social and economic change is proceeding rapidly.

You will have seen that I do not agree with those who think that in order to defend ourselves and to survive we must put a stop to the progressive movement which has gone on throughout this century. This movement began in the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt. Its purpose was to reform and advance our own social order, and at the same time to recognize that we must live in the world beyond our frontiers. We shall lose all our power to cope with our problems if we allow ourselves to become a stagnant, neurotic, frightened, and suspicious people. Let us not punish ourselves by denying ourselves the hope, by depriving ourselves of the oldest American dream, that we are making a better society on this earth than has ever been made before.

Is all this conservative? Is all this liberal? Is it all progressive? It is, I say, all of these. There is no irreconcilable contradiction among these noble adjectives. Do not Republicans believe in democracy, and do not Democrats believe in a republic? Such labels may describe political parties in England; they do not describe political attitudes in the United States.

Every truly civilized and enlightened man is conservative and liberal and progressive. A civilized man is conservative in that his deepest loyalty is to the Western heritage of ideas which originated on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Because of that loyalty he is the indefatigable defender of our own constitutional doctrine, which is that all power, all government, all officials, all parties, and all majorities are under the law — and that none of them is sovereign and omnipotent.

The civilized man is a liberal because the writing and the administration of the laws should be done with enlightenment and compassion, with tolerance and charity, and with affection.

And the civilized man is progressive because the times change and the social order evolves and new things are invented and changes occur. This conservative who is a liberal is a progressive because he must work and live, he must govern and debate in the world, as it is in his own time and as it is going to become.

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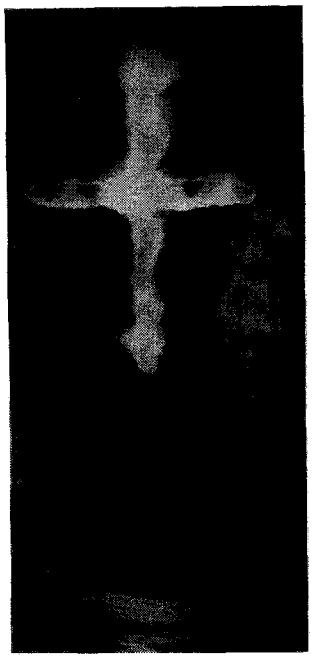

In 1955, Alfred A. Knopf published a book of short stories, THE BLACK PRINCE, *which introduced a writer of original talent,* SHIRLEY ANN GRAU. *Since that time, Miss Grau has written two novels,* THE HARD BLUE SKY *and* THE HOUSE ON COLISEUM STREET, *and her stories have been reprinted in the O. Henry and Martha Foley collections.*

THE EMPTY NIGHT

by SHIRLEY ANN GRAU

TODAY my own children sleep in the same small bedroom I had, the small corner bedroom that looks down on the front porch roof. If they bother to look out, they see no more than an empty yard and an occasional car passing down the road. Not stopping. And if they see a glow at night, it's nothing more than the new neon signs in town, a couple of miles away. If they even bother to look. They know nothing about it. They have nothing to remember.

Sometimes when I'm doing the room, picking up their clothes or straightening their closets, I find myself staring out that front window. And each time I'm surprised to see that the yard is empty, that the burned mark on the grass is gone. The mark that lasted only a week or so until the new growth came up, that summer nearly thirty years ago.

In spite of myself, I always seem to stand a few minutes, remembering. It's as if, having seen it a certain way once, I can't ever seem to see it different again.

In those days my grandfather's house was full. There were my sister and I. There was my mother. (My father had taken a job out in Oklahoma somewhere. In those Depression days an engineer had to look long and hard before he found a job, and he took it no matter where it was. This particular place was no more than a road camp, and no place at all for children, so my mother brought the two of us back to her home.) There was my grandfather, of course. His wife had died years before, and he had never remarried. He lived alone with a series of Negro housekeepers, none of them very good. Whenever we came visiting my mother always complained: "Honestly, Father, what do they do to the house? And the cooking is just dirty!"

My grandfather always shrugged. "Man alone doesn't need much."

They were pretty careless, those gals. Once a whole family of bats got into the upstairs. I can remember seeing them hanging fast asleep from the top of the tester bed.

But that was before Margaret came.

It all happened just a month before we arrived. Margaret's husband was working on the new roof for my grandfather's barn. It was a fierce shimmery white August day without a breath of air stirring under the afternoon sun, and it may have been the heat that made him dizzy. He slipped and fell, and by the time the other men had climbed down he wasn't breathing.

That evening my grandfather saddled his horse and went directly over to New Church, where they lived. (The shortest way was too bad a road for a car, and anyway, he always liked to ride.) He had to ask for the house, but he found it finally, recognized it by the crowd of people on the front porch. He went inside and he had a talk

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with Margaret and he saw just how bad things were. Her husband's people had moved north and she'd lost track of them. She herself had been an only child, her mother dead just a couple of years. Her father had been a white man, the surveyor who had come through thirty-five years before with the new road, the first direct highway in the state. He'd been around only a couple of months, and he probably didn't even know he'd left a child. So there wasn't any family for Margaret to go to, and there wasn't any money now that her husband was dead.

Standing in the crowded kitchen of the house at New Church, my grandfather offered her a job. "I need a housekeeper," he said. "Somebody who don't let the windows open so long the bats come in to roost. Somebody who can cook for my family that's coming to live with me." He paused and looked around a room crowded with black faces. "I can't pay much, but it's a way for you to live. And there's room for the kids."

She came within the week, bringing her children, two girls and a boy. They slept in the little back bedrooms, the ones that were over the kitchen in the ell that ran back from the main part of the house.

When my mother, my sister, and I came, a month later, the house was neat and clean, the porch and the front walk were swept, there were flowers in a vase on the dining-room table. And there was Margaret in the kitchen. She was tall, and thin, and very dark, in spite of her white father. She wasn't pretty; her face was too angular for that. The dark skin pulled taut over high cheekbones and a straight jaw. Her eyes were wide-set and very large. She wasn't young any more and her figure was thick around the waist and hips. It may have been childbearing — she had had five and three lived — but then Negro women always aged very fast.

Things looked peaceful and settled and altogether nice at the house. Only they weren't at all like that. Something happened the very first few minutes we were in town to give us a warning.

We came on the train from Birmingham. It was supposed to pull in at 1:10, but it got steadily later and later. First there was something wrong with a switch, then there was something on the track, then the crews were just finishing work on a trestle. It was nearer four o'clock when we finally stepped off the train and looked around. There wasn't much to see. A single weed-grown siding, an empty loading platform, a dusty yellow and brown painted station, two rooms big. One was the office — a ticket window, a couple of wooden counters, and behind them a desk and some rusty filing cabinets and a telegraph. The other was the waiting room, with a waist-high partition down the middle dividing it into white and colored sections.

Jesse Colton, the station manager, his red face streaming with sweat, came out and shook hands with my mother, silently, and nodded to us. Then he lifted our baggage into the patch of shade next to the little building.

"Well" — my mother's voice was hoarse with dust and tiredness — "we seem to be so late that my father's given us up."

"His car's right there, large as life," Colton said. "He's been around. Seen him go up to the drugstore not ten minutes ago."

My mother said, "Now, really!" and marched out into the middle of the street and stared up toward the drugstore.

"Went to get a present for his niggers, I guess." Mr. Colton snickered, loud enough for my mother to hear.

She turned and glared at him, all the unspoken answers quivering on her lips. He only bent over quietly, rearranging the bags.

Just then my grandfather came. He had five large suckers in his hand. One for me, one for my sister.

My mother, still furious at having to wait even two minutes after waiting for hours on the train, said, "And who are the rest of those for?"

"Margaret's kids," my grandfather said. "I told 'em I'd bring something."

While he put our luggage in back, he left the three bright-red suckers on the hood of his car. Jesse Colton stared at them and his light-blue eyes were angry. "Candy for nigger kids —"

"Jesse," my grandfather said, "your telegraph wants you."

Mr. Colton stood and watched us as we drove away, pulling out his big blue handkerchief to wipe his face. Then he turned back into the station, to tend his chattering instrument, spitting in the dust as he went.

All of this worried my mother, though she didn't say a word until she and my grandfather were sitting on the porch that night after dinner. My grandfather had taken out his plug — he always chewed — and bitten off a chunk. Then he tipped his rocker back and stared out at the dusk.

My mother moved back and forth with little short jerks of her rocker. "You noticed what happened in town, didn't you, Father?"

He nodded.

"That bothers me."

"Margaret's a fine housekeeper," he said, "good cook."

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"Jesse Colton and those," my mother said doubtfully. "You know what they're like when they get started."

"I reckon I know what they're like."

"Don't you think — somebody else?"

"Abigail," my grandfather said, "and I had the money to give her, I would. But I plain don't."

My mother unfolded her little painted fan and waved it at the gathering mosquitoes. You could feel her disapproval stiff and unyielding in the evening, almost like a thing alive.

My grandfather sighed. Explaining never did come easy to him and he always hated to try. "I didn't have to have the roofing done then." He jerked his head toward the barn. "A month wait made no difference to me. I didn't have cause to send him up in that heat."

"They didn't have to go," my mother said, "except that people keep working same in summer as winter."

He said quietly, to himself, "And I had sense, he wouldn't be dead."

"Honestly, Father —"

He turned around, as if he'd just heard her for the first time. "Abigail, it don't much matter why, but he was killed on my place. There ain't anything I can do for his wife, outside of giving her a place to stay. And if I give candy to his kids, that's nothing to anybody."

My mother said, "You know what I meant, Father."

"The town don't tell me what to do."

That was all. After a bit my mother called us in to bed, and we kissed my grandfather good night and smelled the sharp sweet odor of his plug tobacco.

It was a nice house, a lot nicer than most of the ones we had lived in. My grandfather's father had built it in the eighties with sharp gables and a black slate roof and wide porches and lots of gingerbread everywhere. Cherokee roses climbed all over the south side, reaching way up to the lowest part of the gables. There was Confederate jasmine on the lattice by the dining room; every spring it turned solid white with tiny star-shaped flowers. Behind the house, outside the kitchen door, there was a scuppernong vine on a trellis. In a few weeks we were climbing up there (the trunks were thick and solid under your weight) to lie on the very top, on the soft younger shoots, and eat the yellow grapes.

The quick days blended one into the other, and pretty soon there was the interruption of school. I hated it — the peanut smell of the desks, the urine smell of the halls, the sweaty smell of the other children, the daily inspection for nits, the hawk-faced woman who fussed about keeping the window shades in a precise straight line.

Once there was a scuffle in the halls with another girl who'd whispered "Nigger lover!" I managed to kick her in the stomach, hard, before we both scurried away at the approach of a teacher. There wasn't anything else. They just left me alone.

I didn't really mind. I didn't particularly want to make friends. If we'd been in town, it might have looked different, but living a couple of miles out, we seemed a long way from everything. Anyway, there was quite a crowd of us, my sister and I and Margaret's two girls and a boy — Henry, Crissy, and Milly. We were all about the same age too. Milly was a couple of months older than I. Crissy was a little younger than my sister, and Henry stuck right halfway between us.

Nobody stopped us. Nobody told us what to do. The five of us ran over the fields as much as we pleased, going wherever we wanted to go. Sometimes when we'd pass houses or come where people could see us, we'd find that they were studying us in a not very friendly manner. And if we happened to go so far that we were in the outskirts of town, people would yell us away from their yards.

I didn't take notice of that. Any more than I noticed who was with me. After all, I was always by myself, no matter who was with me or where I was. I was that age.

And there was plenty to watch and to do. There were the animals we might find, the smell of the wind and the feel of the ground, the color of the leaves and the pattern of the grass underfoot. Once we even found a little still, hidden in a marshy tangle of catbrier and green creeper — my grandfather made his liquor there.

When it got too cold for us to be abroad so much, we sat in the kitchen and played cards or learned to sew, while my mother read and my grandfather worked over his accounts and Margaret did the mending.

It was a hard winter. The frost began early, and there were even four or five snowfalls to drift between the furrows of the fields and pile up against the shady sides of buildings. And it was even harder because the country was dirt poor. There couldn't have been many rabbits or squirrels left in the woods, so many people had been after them with snare and gun. And the deer (Margaret said they had been a plain nuisance a few years before) had just about disappeared. It was that sort of time.

In our house, the high-ceilinged rooms that were so lovely in summer were bitter cold with only the

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heat from the fireplaces. While I never actually saw water freeze inside, lots of mornings I did see my breath hanging in the air like smoke. We always went to bed with our nightgowns over our woolen underwear and maybe a sweater or two. You were warm, even if you were so stuffed you could hardly move. In the mornings we would just slip off the gowns, and slip on our dresses, quick as we could, our teeth chattering, our fingers trembling. By then the good steady fire of the evening before would be nothing more than a few red coals in the black of the fireplace and the wind would be whistling down the chimney, riffling through the ashes. We always dashed straight down to the kitchen.

The gas stove would be on, its oven door open wide to heat up the room, and the fireplace in the corner would be blazing too. Margaret would be there, black and warm and cheerful in a quiet way. My grandfather was gone by then; he always began work very early. And my mother always slept late. It was just the children and Margaret, and every morning we all had breakfast perched at the big round table.

As it came out, that was what offended people so. The sight of us all sitting down at the same table. Once or twice I can remember people coming to the kitchen door looking for my grandfather, stopping stark still in their tracks, and staring at us as if they'd seen a ghost. Once it was the man from the farm-equipment company come to sell my grandfather a tractor. He left without even seeing him. My grandfather only laughed when he heard: "I wasn't about to buy one anyway."

But Margaret was nervous. You could see it frightened her whenever there was a knock and all of us were sitting around the table. She'd put her hands in her apron pockets to stop them moving around and give her something to hold onto. And she'd open the door with a jerk and answer their questions quick as she could with a Yes sir and a Yes ma'am. After they'd gone, it would be quite a while before she could talk to us, even, in her natural voice.

That winter finally ended, the ground thawed, and the crab-apple and the peach blossoms popped out. Leaves came, sharp crisp green, and the whole world looked washed and new. There was a month of cool weather; then the sky changed color and the sun got fiercer and the days got steadily brighter and very hot. Spring had gone, and the long summer was beginning.

My grandfather planted less than ever; crops weren't worth anything, and stock wasn't either. He was just waiting it out. But there were those who couldn't wait. We saw a lot of tramps that spring, and a lot of drifters. A couple of times a week, regular as anything, somebody would come asking my grandfather for work. At least twice it was a whole family, packed into a little truck — mattresses and chairs and tables — looking for a place to stay. Though there were some empty houses on the place (sharecroppers' cabins, that's all they were), my grandfather always told them that he didn't have a single empty spot and they had better move on to find lodging.

My mother thought he was being cruel. She gave them food and money too, if she had any, which wasn't often. "I know there are a couple of empty cabins, Father," she told him reproachfully.

"And what they got to live on, honey? With no work for them."

My mother was always vague about details. "Well, they could have a garden."

"To live off?" He snickered. "You plain know better than that."

"Well," she said, "well."

"If one stopped, they'd all stop," he said. "They'd clean us like locusts, and there's hardly enough for around here."

"But where do they go?"

"I don't know," my grandfather said. "I can't take care of the world."

Still, it bothered him. Sometimes after a truck had stopped and then passed on again, he'd take off on a walk and not be back until long past suppertime.

"There ain't anything I can do about them," he'd tell my mother all over again. "I got all I can do with my people."

That same spring the Klan came back. Just when most people thought it was gone for good, because it hadn't been heard of in several counties around for some fifteen years.

"Well," my grandfather said, "can't say I ain't been expecting it."

First they were over in Riverside, where they burned a cross in front of a lawyer's house. He had taken a Negro case and won it on the appeal.

Then there was a dry-goods store in Edgmont. Nobody could figure that one out. "Some sort of personal grudge," my mother said.

The following week they set fire to a haystack on the edge of the Negro section of our town. And they beat up a Negro man who ran out to see.

Then they went after Robert Curtis, who'd been living with a part-Negro woman for six or eight years and who had three redheaded children by her. The Klan crashed right into his house and dragged him out to the front porch and shaved his head, clean as an egg. While they were doing that,

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the Negro woman took her children and sneaked out the back. When the Klan found she was gone, they were so furious that they smashed in every single one of the windows.

"Goddamn," my grandfather said softly, when he heard the news. "They gone plain crazy."

The very next day, he collected the five children who lived in his house and took us from room to room — I can still remember that raggedy little procession.

He wanted to show us, he wanted to warn us of some changes. He had put a gun within easy reach in every room of the house. There was an S&W 38 in a little wood box on top of the upright piano in the living room. The gun rack in the hall, which had always been locked, was open. The bar was still across the front, but you could just lift it off in a second now, without a key. And the funny old muzzle-loader that had belonged to my grandfather's grandfather, that had always hung on the kitchen wall with its powder horn slung beside it — that was gone. In its place there was a shotgun from the collection in the hall.

He knew what was bound to happen with the Klan loose in the country. He was going to be ready.

He also brought in a couple of hounds from his hunting pack and turned them loose in the fenced yard. "They going to be kind of hard on the flowers," he said, "but I got to have a little warning."

They gave it to him too, and they gave it correctly. One hot June night I heard them start up right under my window. I was out of bed in a couple of seconds, scurrying for the stairs. Even so, my grandfather was ahead of me. He was fully dressed; he must have slept in his clothes.

He was taking a shotgun out of the hall rack when he heard me and glanced up. "What are you doing?"

"The dogs started."

He shook his head. "If the other kids wake up — any of them — you keep them quiet. Tell them nothing's wrong." He took a second shotgun and walked toward the front door.

Then I saw Margaret standing at the top of the steps, not three feet from me. She was standing so dark and quiet that I hadn't noticed her before.

"What's nothing?" I asked her.

We walked to the front window and she pointed down the road. There was a car there, without lights, parked a couple of hundred yards away. You could just see the moon shining off the hood.

Margaret said flatly, "Takes 'em a while to all come up."

Staring down the dark road, where I could see nothing, I could imagine them, white robes and torches and whips and clubs.

"Oh, Margaret," I said, "you better get out and hide."

If I'd been older, I never would have said that. I saw the hurt flicker across her face. "Where I got to run to, child?"

"Margaret" — my grandfather's voice carried over the racket the hounds were making — "will you call those damn dogs? Put 'em in the kitchen and give them something to eat."

She slipped down the steps quietly, without answering, a dark shadow.

I was in the hall alone. I listened, but neither my sister nor any of Margaret's children appeared to be moving about. Because I didn't know what else to do, I went into my mother's room. She had the large center bedroom, and even the moon falling straight in the window didn't light up the farthest corners. But I did see her. She was sitting in the little mahogany rocker right by the window. There was something long and dark across her white robe — a rifle or a shotgun.

I went over.

"Mercy," she said quietly, "little pitchers do have big ears. Why are you up?"

"It's a shotgun," I said, as if that was the only thing that mattered.

"Yes," she said, "I believe it is."

"Oh."

"Go back to bed, honey."

There wasn't anything else to do. I went back to my room. The window was wide open, and the summer air came spilling over the sill. I sat down there to wait.

The night was very quiet. The dogs were inside. The road was empty. There was just the little fleck of moonshine off the roof of the parked and waiting car. After a bit I got to believe that nothing was going to happen. My neck was aching and my head seemed heavy and as big as a balloon — I was just going to rest it for a minute on the sill.

I must have slept more than a few minutes; the moon, which had been shining straight into the window, had slipped down behind the bank of trees on the edge of the far field. When I finally did jerk my head up, it wasn't because there'd been a noise — everything was very quiet. But they'd come.

What woke me was the flickering yellow light of the torches. Real pine-knot torches that streaked the air with murky turpentine smoke. And I was looking at the Klan, at the masks with peaked tops and the full-length white robes. And one long curled black whip.

There were about a dozen Klansmen standing just outside the picket fence, and they were staring,

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all of them, at one particular spot on the front porch. All those peaked caps pointing in one direction.

I stuck my head out and craned my neck and stared until I wished my eyes were periscopes. I just couldn't see down on the porch proper. All I could see was the little new tendrils of Virginia creeper snaking across the roof.

The Klansmen moved and shifted about. They spread out, in a single line, along the fence, for all the world like men who are watching a parade. It was very quiet. Nobody even whispered. There was just the sputter of torches, and far away, across how many fields I don't know, some dogs were barking, sleepily.

The Klansman in the center, the one whose robe had a great green cross painted on it and who had something long and shiny, a kind of necklace, hanging about his neck, moved over to the gate and started to open it. He lifted the latch; then, at a light sound from the porch, stopped and looked up, peering uncertainly out of his hood.

"You boys looking for something?" my grandfather asked.

He was sitting on the porch. In the still night air I could hear the creak of the cane as he shifted himself in the chair. He began to rock gently, and I could hear another sound — the slow sighing give of the floorboards.

"Do your burning," my grandfather said. "I'm watching."

The Klansman lifted his arm straight up, like a Pope. A couple of men left the group and got something that had been lying on the ground a few yards away. They picked it up, began hammering it into the soft ground just across the road, directly in front of the house.

The man in the center, the one whose robe had green markings, held up a large rolled sheet of paper. And slowly, with wide elaborate gestures, he drew back his arm and tossed it toward the porch. It landed with a thud on the bare boards.

"I expect I know what's written on that," my grandfather said.

Now I could see the thing they were building across the road. A wooden cross with rags wrapped around it. One man got a can and began to splash kerosene over it.

"Not talking," my grandfather said. "Now that means I know you all and you're plain worried I might recognize you." The steady even creak of the rocker went on. "Now, I used to belong when I was a kid. Only one day I got tired running through the country, sweating behind a piece of my mama's sheet." He chuckled gently.

The Klansmen shifted along the fence. Somebody touched a match to the cross. It shot up, and the whole front yard was brilliant and white as day. There was a little murmur among the Klansmen, a kind of very small shout.

The porch chair stopped rocking. "A right pretty fire," my grandfather said. His heavy steps shook the porch as he walked across it. I couldn't hear over the sizzling of the burning cross, but he must have struck a match against his thumbnail. A piece of burning paper flew from the porch and landed in the middle of the front walk. In the seconds before it flashed up and disappeared, I could see it was the scroll of grievances that the Klansmen had tossed up to him.

"Mine's a kind of puny fire," my grandfather said, "but I reckon it'll serve."

One of the Klansmen back in the road shouted "Yah —" And others opened the gate and pushed through and down along the walk. They stopped by the black piece of burned paper, nudged it aside, trampled it down with their feet.

The chair on the porch crashed over. He must have kicked it aside. "You had your fun," he said, "now get out."

They didn't move, but they didn't come closer either.

"It's my house," he said, "and it was my father's house. And the people in it — black or white or green — they're none of your goddamn business. I don't owe you no accounting, but I'm telling you this — the whole lot's staying."

The cross began to die down, as suddenly as it flared up, and the night began edging back in from the sides of the yard.

"He was killed on my place," my grandfather said. He didn't say a name; he didn't have to. "And there's nothing going to get me turn his kids out."

The Klan scuffled around and tipped their peaked caps toward each other, whispering.

"I gave you warning," my grandfather said. "Now get the hell out of here."

They were still whispering. They spread out slowly, across the grass. They seemed to be getting ready to rush.

There was a brushing and the sound of metal coming to rest on wood. He'd have brought the shotguns up and balanced them on the porch railing.

Immediately after, there was a soft thud from the second story. I could see now. My mother had brought her shotgun up, and it was resting on the windowsill. She herself was hidden behind the white curtains, which had turned hazy bright and glowing. The shotgun was pointed straight down into the yard; the flickering yellow kerosene light ran up and down the steel. It held perfectly steady, the twin barrels leading back into the luminous, impenetrable curtains.

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The Klansmen glanced up, and hesitated.

"Blow the top of your head off," my grandfather said. "It's double-aught buckshot. Loaded it myself."

The dogs off in the distance were still barking; they must have found a coon or a rabbit. In the kitchen our own hounds gave a howl or two, lonesome and wailing.

"Double-aught buckshot," he repeated. "I got two more here with me, waiting till you're close as I like." He stamped his foot, so hard that the porch shook, the way you'd scatter chickens. "Get off my land."

They went, slowly and grudgingly, stopping to whisper in little groups and to look back over their shoulders. My grandfather didn't say anything more and he didn't seem to be moving around; he was waiting and watching. The barrels out of my mother's window lifted slightly as the Klan moved out of range, but they stayed on the sill, waiting too.

You could see the white robes drifting off down the road, getting blurred and indistinct in the distance as they headed for the cars. They did not put their lights on, and now that the moon was down you could only follow by their sounds. One by one you heard the engines sputter and start, then the shifting and reshifting of gears as each backed and turned in the narrow road. Finally they all moved off toward town.

The cross was still burning, but only in little scattered spots along the frame. The front gate was hanging open, dangling from one hinge; it had got broken somehow. And the yard looked scuffed and trampled by hundreds of feet.

I left the window, scurried past my sister, who was still asleep — it really hadn't made any noise to speak of, the whole thing. First I went to my mother's room. I didn't bother knocking, just yanked the door open. "Ma," I started to say.

She was back in bed, propped up with pillows, her little reading light on, going through a copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Please do say 'Mother' and not 'Ma,' honey."

"Yes, ma'am." I didn't see a sign of the shotgun. I wondered if she'd stuck it under the bed. "I didn't know you'd be reading."

"It's a way of passing time until Margaret gets breakfast. I really don't think I could go back to sleep, do you, honey?" She smiled so gently. And I realized that she had asked me a perfectly grown-up question. We had seen it together, and somehow or other I had come out of the ranks of the children. Just because I had seen.

"I'll go downstairs, I think."

"Don't go out until your grandfather comes back," she said. "He's having a look around the house, and he might not recognize you in the dark."

I pattered down the stairs, my bare feet slapping on the boards. My grandfather was just walking in the front door, a shotgun in each hand.

"Well," he said, "now you seen it."

He put down one gun and started to unload the other. He hesitated, seemed to think better of it, and put them both down, loaded, on the top of the hall table.

"They coming back?"

I guess my voice must have shaken a little. "Honey," he said, "the next night rider comes to my door is going off with one of these barrels in him."

"I'm not scared," I told him. "Not really. I just never saw them before."

As if he hadn't heard, he turned and looked out the open front door. You could see the cross clearly, could see the way little ripples of fire still ran along its arms.

"The flickering of that thing is just plain starting to bother me," my grandfather said. "Don't it you?"

"Yes," I said, and then because I wasn't sure that was the right answer, I said also, "No."

"Do you reckon you could get the little fireplace shovel out the parlor?"

I got it. He picked up one of the shotguns, and we went out. I wondered what the night was holding. It was all around us now, close, looking at us, watching us. I could feel things moving around inside its cover as I went down the walk, following the plaid of his shirt and the sharp angle of the barrel across his left arm. I had been hunting with him often enough to notice his position — he was carrying his gun at the ready. I shivered. I couldn't help it.

He stopped to look at the broken gate. He swung it back and forth; the last hinge snapped, and he held the gate in his hand. He studied it for a minute, then laid it down carefully on the grass. "Well," he said, "that'll have to be put back."

"Looks like." My voice sounded small and shaky in the night.

"Got to fix that too." He pointed. Some of the pickets were broken, and the whole line of fence sagged in toward the house.

He patted the top of my head encouragingly. "We'll prop it up someway or other."

We passed through the broken gate and into the dust of the road, dust that was stirred and heaped into little ridges and hollows by the shuffling feet. There were little wet spots where the kerosene had splattered.

He kicked the base of the cross, hard, a couple

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of times. The toe of his heavy leather work shoe made a loud flat clunk. On the third kick, the cross toppled. Falling, it jarred into bright flames again. The dew-wet grass sizzled. He grabbed the base, the part that had been underground, and dragged the whole thing out into the road.

"Use your shovel, gal," he said. "Let's put it out."

He began kicking the soft powdery road dust into the flames. I took the little fireplace shovel and, hunkered down in the road, began tossing dirt.

It didn't take us long. The kerosene flames went out easily, and in a couple of minutes there was only a dirt-covered shape, with little bits of black charred stuff showing at the corners.

It was really dark now, with only the light from the open front door reaching down the path to us. We both turned and looked at the house, with its trampled dooryard, its sagging broken fence. The light in my mother's room was still on, but she had drawn her shade and there was only a tiny thread showing around the edges. There was a little glow from the back of the house too, and a smell of frying. Margaret would be getting breakfast.

My grandfather nudged the cross a little with his toe. Then he straightened up and looked over the rolling fields that stretched off on all sides of us. It was so quiet you could feel the ground breathe, you could feel the pulse of the earth under your feet.

"Don't worry, honey," he said. "There's nothing out there but dark."

So we went inside. From the porch, I looked back. All around the little tunnel of light, it was simple plain black. There wasn't a sound, there wasn't a breeze, there wasn't anything. Except what I knew. I didn't tell him — I don't think I could have — but for me the nights wouldn't ever be empty again.

The Tea Party

BY BRIAN OTIS

You're Mrs. Hill's umbrella stand,
As I recall; I thought I knew you.
Who's the pretty fellow, near the grand
Piano? Isn't he that odd Hugh
Barker's looking glass?

The slender demitasse?
It's Mildred's maiden aunt
I think. The cozy chair
Against the door is Joan Levant;
She's on her fifth affair

This year. The messy closet's
Name is Helen Barnes; she teaches school.
The whatnot? She's in menopause; it's
Just a shame; her name is Jewel.
The chandelier is Jimmy West;

He used to dance in movies. (I suggest
You try the chicken livers.) What am I?
Why, I'm a teacup; name's McCarty.
Hold it. Here's our hostess, Mrs. Fry.
Yes, isn't it? A simply *lovely* party.

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BUT WHAT'S A DICTIONARY FOR?

by BERGEN EVANS

BERGEN EVANS, *professor of English at Northwestern University, is known to a wide television and radio audience as one of our liveliest lexicographers and literary controversialists. He takes up, in the article that follows, the defense of* WEBSTER'S THIRD NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, *which was assailed by Wilson Follett in the January* ATLANTIC.

THE storm of abuse in the popular press that greeted the appearance of *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* is a curious phenomenon. Never has a scholarly work of this stature been attacked with such unbridled fury and contempt. An article in the *Atlantic* viewed it as a "disappointment," a "shock," a "calamity," "a scandal and a disaster." The New York *Times*, in a special editorial, felt that the work would "accelerate the deterioration" of the language and sternly accused the editors of betraying a public trust. The *Journal* of the American Bar Association saw the publication as "deplorable," "a flagrant example of lexicographic irresponsibility," "a serious blow to the cause of good English." *Life* called it "a nonword deluge," "monstrous," "abominable," and "a cause for dismay." They doubted that "Lincoln could have modelled his Gettysburg Address" on it — a concept of how things get written that throws very little light on Lincoln but a great deal on *Life*.

What underlies all this sound and fury? Is the claim of the G. & C. Merriam Company, probably the world's greatest dictionary maker, that the preparation of the work cost $3.5 million, that it required the efforts of three hundred scholars over a period of twenty-seven years, working on the largest collection of citations ever assembled in any language — is all this a fraud, a hoax?

So monstrous a discrepancy in evaluation requires us to examine basic principles. Just what's a dictionary for? What does it propose to do? What does the common reader go to a dictionary to find? What has the purchaser of a dictionary a right to expect for his money?

Before we look at basic principles, it is necessary to interpose two brief statements. The first of these is that a dictionary is concerned with words. Some dictionaries give various kinds of other useful information. Some have tables of weights and measures on the flyleaves. Some list historical events, and some, home remedies. And there's nothing wrong with their so doing. But the great increase in our vocabulary in the past three decades compels all dictionaries to make more efficient use of their space. And if something must be eliminated, it is sensible to throw out these extraneous things and stick to words.

Yet wild wails arose. The *Saturday Review* lamented that one can no longer find the goddess Astarte under a separate heading — though they point out that a genus of mollusks named after the goddess is included! They seemed to feel that out of sheer perversity the editors of the dictionary stooped to mollusks while ignoring goddesses and that, in some way, this typifies modern lexicography. Mr. Wilson Follett, folletizing (his mental processes demand some special designation) in the *Atlantic*, cried out in horror that one is not even able to learn from the Third International "that the Virgin was Mary the mother of Jesus"!

The second brief statement is that there has been even more progress in the making of dictionaries in the past thirty years than there has been

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in the making of automobiles. The difference, for example, between the much-touted Second International (1934) and the much-clouted Third International (1961) is not like the difference between yearly models but like the difference between the horse and buggy and the automobile. Between the appearance of these two editions a whole new science related to the making of dictionaries, the science of descriptive linguistics, has come into being.

Modern linguistics gets its charter from Leonard Bloomfield's *Language* (1933). Bloomfield, for thirteen years professor of Germanic philology at the University of Chicago and for nine years professor of linguistics at Yale, was one of those inseminating scholars who can't be relegated to any department and don't dream of accepting established categories and procedures just because they're established. He was as much an anthropologist as a linguist, and his concepts of language were shaped not by Strunk's *Elements of Style* but by his knowledge of Cree Indian dialects.

The broad general findings of the new science are:

1. All languages are systems of human conventions, not systems of natural laws. The first — and essential — step in the study of any language is observing and setting down precisely what happens when native speakers speak it.

2. Each language is unique in its pronunciation, grammar, and vocabulary. It cannot be described in terms of logic or of some theoretical, ideal language. It cannot be described in terms of any other language, or even in terms of its own past.

3. All languages are dynamic rather than static, and hence a "rule" in any language can only be a statement of contemporary practice. Change is constant — and normal.

4. "Correctness" can rest only upon usage, for the simple reason that there is nothing else for it to rest on. And all usage is relative.

From these propositions it follows that a dictionary is good only insofar as it is a comprehensive and accurate description of current usage. And to be comprehensive it must include some indication of social and regional associations.

New dictionaries are needed because English has changed more in the past two generations than at any other time in its history. It has had to adapt to extraordinary cultural and technological changes, two world wars, unparalleled changes in transportation and communication, and unprecedented movements of populations.

More subtly, but pervasively, it has changed under the influence of mass education and the growth of democracy. As written English is used by increasing millions and for more reasons than ever before, the language has become more utilitarian and more informal. Every publication in America today includes pages that would appear, to the purist of forty years ago, unbuttoned gibberish. Not that they are; they simply show that you can't hold the language of one generation up as a model for the next.

It's not that you mustn't. You *can't*. For example, in the issue in which *Life* stated editorially that it would follow the Second International, there were over forty words, constructions, and meanings which are in the Third International but not in the Second. The issue of the New York *Times* which hailed the Second International as the authority to which it would adhere and the Third International as a scandal and a betrayal which it would reject used one hundred and fifty-three separate words, phrases, and constructions which are listed in the Third International but not in the Second and nineteen others which are condemned in the Second. Many of them are used many times, more than three hundred such uses in all. The Washington *Post*, in an editorial captioned "Keep Your Old Webster's," says, in the first sentence, "don't throw it away," and in the second, "hang on to it." But the old Webster's labels *don't* "colloquial" and doesn't include "hang on to," in this sense, at all.

In short, all of these publications are written in the language that the Third International describes, even the very editorials which scorn it. And this is no coincidence, because the Third International isn't setting up any new standards at all; it is simply describing what *Life*, the Washington *Post*, and the New York *Times* are doing. Much of the dictionary's material comes from these very publications, the *Times*, in particular, furnishing more of its illustrative quotations than any other newspaper.

And the papers have no choice. No journal or periodical could sell a single issue today if it restricted itself to the American language of twenty-eight years ago. It couldn't discuss half the things we are interested in, and its style would seem stiff and cumbrous. If the editorials were serious, the public — and the stockholders — have reason to be grateful that the writers on these publications are more literate than the editors.

And so back to our questions: what's a dictionary for, and how, in 1962, can it best do what it ought to do? The demands are simple. The common reader turns to a dictionary for information about the spelling, pronunciation, meaning, and proper use of words. He wants to know what is current and respectable. But he wants — and

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has a right to — the truth, the full truth. And the full truth about any language, and especially about American English today, is that there are many areas in which certainty is impossible and simplification is misleading.

Even in so settled a matter as spelling, a dictionary cannot always be absolute. *Theater* is correct, but so is *theatre*. And so are *traveled* and *travelled*, *plow* and *plough*, *catalog* and *catalogue*, and scores of other variants. The reader may want a single certainty. He may have taken an unyielding position in an argument, he may have wagered in support of his conviction and may demand that the dictionary "settle" the matter. But neither his vanity nor his purse is any concern of the dictionary's; it must record the facts. And the fact here is that there are many words in our language which may be spelled, with equal correctness, in either of two ways.

So with pronunciation. A citizen listening to his radio might notice that James B. Conant, Bernard Baruch, and Dwight D. Eisenhower pronounce *economics* as ECKuhnomiks, while A. Whitney Griswold, Adlai Stevenson, and Herbert Hoover pronounce it EEKuhnomiks. He turns to the dictionary to see which of the two pronunciations is "right" and finds that they are both acceptable.

Has he been betrayed? Has the dictionary abdicated its responsibility? Should it say that one *must* speak like the president of Harvard or like the president of Yale, like the thirty-first President of the United States or like the thirty-fourth? Surely it's none of its business to make a choice. Not because of the distinction of these particular speakers; lexicography, like God, is no respecter of persons. But because so widespread and conspicuous a use of two pronunciations among people of this elevation shows that there *are* two pronunciations. Their speaking establishes the fact which the dictionary must record.

Among the "enormities" with which *Life* taxes the Third International is its listing of "the common mispronunciation" *heighth*. That it is labeled a "dialectal variant" seems, somehow, to compound the felony. But one hears the word so pronounced, and if one professes to give a full account of American English in the 1960s, one has to take some cognizance of it. All people do not possess *Life's* intuitive perception that the word is so "monstrous" that even to list it as a dialect variation is to merit scorn. Among these, by the way, was John Milton, who, in one of the greatest passages in all literature, besought the Holy Spirit to raise him to the "highth" of his great argument. And even the *Oxford English Dictionary* is so benighted as to list it, in full boldface, right alongside of *Height* as a variant that has been in the language since at least 1290.

Now there are still, apparently, millions of Americans who retain, in this as in much else, some of the speech of Milton. This particular pronunciation seems to be receding, but the *American Dialect Dictionary* still records instances of it from almost every state on the Eastern seaboard and notes that it is heard from older people and "occasionally in educated speech," "common with good speakers," "general," "widespread."

Under these circumstances, what is a dictionary to do? Since millions speak the word this way, the pronunciation can't be ignored. Since it has been in use as long as we have any record of English and since it has been used by the greatest writers, it can't be described as substandard or slang. But it is heard now only in certain localities. That makes it a dialectal pronunciation, and an honest dictionary will list it as such. What else can it do? Should it do?

THE average purchaser of a dictionary uses it most often, probably, to find out what a word "means." As a reader, he wants to know what an author intended to convey. As a speaker or writer, he wants to know what a word will convey to his auditors. And this, too, is complex, subtle, and forever changing.

An illustration is furnished by an editorial in the Washington *Post* (January 17, 1962). After a ringing appeal to those who "love truth and accuracy" and the usual bombinations about "abdication of authority" and "barbarism," the editorial charges the Third International with "pretentious and obscure verbosity" and specifically instances its definition of "so simple an object as a door."

The definition reads:

> a movable piece of firm material or a structure supported usu. along one side and swinging on pivots or hinges, sliding along a groove, rolling up and down, revolving as one of four leaves, or folding like an accordion by means of which an opening may be closed or kept open for passage into or out of a building, room, or other covered enclosure or a car, airplane, elevator, or other vehicle.

Then follows a series of special meanings, each particularly defined and, where necessary, illustrated by a quotation.

Since, aside from roaring and admonishing the "gentlemen from Springfield" that "accuracy and brevity are virtues," the *Post's* editorial fails to explain what is wrong with the definition, we can only infer from "so simple" a thing that the writer takes the plain, downright, man-in-the-street attitude that a door is a door and any damn fool knows that.

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But if so, he has walked into one of lexicography's biggest booby traps: the belief that the obvious is easy to define. Whereas the opposite is true. Anyone can give a fair description of the strange, the new, or the unique. It's the commonplace, the habitual, that challenges definition, for its very commonness compels us to define it in uncommon terms. Dr. Johnson was ridiculed on just this score when his dictionary appeared in 1755. For two hundred years his definition of a network as "any thing reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections" has been good for a laugh. But in the merriment one thing is always overlooked: no one has yet come up with a better definition! Subsequent dictionaries defined it as a mesh and then defined a mesh as a network. That's simple, all right.

Anyone who attempts sincerely to state what the word *door* means in the United States of America today can't take refuge in a log cabin. There has been an enormous proliferation of closing and demarking devices and structures in the past twenty years, and anyone who tries to thread his way through the many meanings now included under *door* may have to sacrifice brevity to accuracy and even have to employ words that a limited vocabulary may find obscure.

Is the entrance to a tent a door, for instance? And what of the thing that seals the exit of an airplane? Is this a door? Or what of those sheets and jets of air that are now being used, in place of old-fashioned oak and hinges, to screen entrances and exits. Are they doors? And what of those accordion-like things that set off various sections of many modern apartments? The fine print in the lease takes it for granted that they are doors and that spaces demarked by them are rooms — and the rent is computed on the number of rooms.

Was I gypped by the landlord when he called the folding contraption that shuts off my kitchen a door? I go to the Second International, which the editor of the *Post* urges me to use in preference to the Third International. Here I find that a door is

> The movable frame or barrier of boards, or other material, usually turning on hinges or pivots or sliding, by which an entranceway into a house or apartment is closed and opened; also, a similar part of a piece of furniture, as in a cabinet or bookcase.

This is only forty-six words, but though it includes the cellar door, it excludes the barn door and the accordion-like thing.

So I go on to the Third International. I see at once that the new definition is longer. But I'm looking for accuracy, and if I must sacrifice brevity to get it, then I must. And, sure enough, in the definition which raised the *Post's* blood pressure, I find the words "folding like an accordion." The thing *is* a door, and my landlord is using the word in one of its currently accepted meanings.

We don't turn to a work of reference merely for confirmation. We all have words in our vocabularies which we have misunderstood, and to come on the true meaning of one of these words is quite a shock. All our complacency and self-esteem rise to oppose the discovery. But eventually we must accept the humiliation and laugh it off as best we can.

Some, often those who have set themselves up as authorities, stick to their error and charge the dictionary with being in a conspiracy against them. They are sure that their meaning is the only "right" one. And when the dictionary doesn't bear them out they complain about "permissive" attitudes instead of correcting their mistake.

The New York *Times* and the *Saturday Review* both regarded as contemptibly "permissive" the fact that one meaning of one word was illustrated by a quotation from Polly Adler. But a rudimentary knowledge of the development of any language would have told them that the underworld has been a far more active force in shaping and enriching speech than all the synods that have ever convened. Their attitude is like that of the patriot who canceled his subscription to the *Dictionary of American Biography* when he discovered that the very first volume included Benedict Arnold!

The ultimate of "permissiveness," singled out by almost every critic for special scorn, was the inclusion in the Third International of *finalize*. It was this, more than any other one thing, that was given as the reason for sticking to the good old Second International — that "peerless authority on American English," as the *Times* called it. But if it was such an authority, why didn't they look into it? They would have found *finalize* if they had.

And why shouldn't it be there? It exists. It's been recorded for two generations. Millions employ it every day. Two Presidents of the United States — men of widely differing cultural backgrounds — have used it in formal statements. And so has the Secretary-General of the United Nations, a man of unusual linguistic attainments. It isn't permitting the word but omitting it that would break faith with the reader. Because it is exactly the sort of word we want information about.

To list it as substandard would be to imply that it is used solely by the ignorant and the illiterate. But this would be a misrepresentation: President Kennedy and U Thant are highly educated men, and both are articulate and literate. It isn't even

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a freak form. On the contrary, it is a classic example of a regular process of development in English, a process which has given us such thoroughly accepted words as *generalize*, *minimize*, *formalize*, and *verbalize*. Nor can it be dismissed on logical grounds or on the ground that it is a mere duplication of *complete*. It says something that *complete* doesn't say and says it in a way that is significant in the modern bureaucratic world: one usually *completes* something which he has initiated but *finalizes* the work of others.

One is free to dislike the word. I don't like it. But the editor of a dictionary has to examine the evidence for a word's existence and seek it in context to get, as clearly and closely as he can, the exact meaning that it conveys to those who use it. And if it is widely used by well-educated, literate, reputable people, he must list it as a standard word. He is not compiling a volume of his own prejudices.

An individual's use of his native tongue is the surest index to his position within his community. And those who turn to a dictionary expect from it some statement of the current status of a word or a grammatical construction. And it is with the failure to assume this function that modern lexicography has been most fiercely charged. The charge is based on a naïve assumption that simple labels can be attached in all instances. But they can't. Some words are standard in some constructions and not in others. There may be as many shades of status as of meaning, and modern lexicography instead of abdicating this function has fulfilled it to a degree utterly unknown to earlier dictionaries.

Consider the word *fetch*, meaning to "go get and bring to." Until recently a standard word of full dignity ("Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel" — I Kings 17:10), it has become slightly tainted. Perhaps the command latent in it is resented as undemocratic. Or maybe its use in training dogs to retrieve has made some people feel that it is an undignified word to apply to human beings. But, whatever the reason, there is a growing uncertainty about its status, and hence it is the sort of word that conscientious people look up in a dictionary.

Will they find it labeled "good" or "bad"? Neither, of course, because either applied indiscriminately would be untrue. The Third International lists nineteen different meanings of the verb *to fetch*. Of these some are labeled "dialectal," some "chiefly dialectal," some "obsolete," one "chiefly Scottish," and two "not in formal use." The primary meaning — "to go after and bring back" — is not labeled and hence can be accepted as standard, accepted with the more assurance because the many shades of labeling show us that the word's status has been carefully considered.

On grammatical questions the Third International tries to be equally exact and thorough. Sometimes a construction is listed without comment, meaning that in the opinion of the editors it is unquestionably respectable. Sometimes a construction carries the comment "used by speakers and writers on all educational levels though disapproved by some grammarians." Or the comment may be "used in substandard speech and formerly also by reputable writers." Or "less often in standard than in substandard speech." Or simply "dial."

And this very accurate reporting is based on evidence which is presented for our examination. One may feel that the evidence is inadequate or that the evaluation of it is erroneous. But surely, in the face of classification so much more elaborate and careful than any known heretofore, one cannot fly into a rage and insist that the dictionary is "out to destroy . . . every vestige of linguistic punctilio . . . every criterion for distinguishing between better usages and worse."

Words, as we have said, are continually shifting their meanings and connotations and hence their status. A word which has dignity, say, in the vocabulary of an older person may go down in other people's estimation. Like *fetch*. The older speaker is not likely to be aware of this and will probably be inclined to ascribe the snickers of the young at his speech to that degeneration of manners which every generation has deplored in its juniors. But a word which is coming up in the scale — like *jazz*, say, or, more recently, *crap* — will strike his ear at once. We are much more aware of offenses given us than of those we give. And if he turns to a dictionary and finds the offending word listed as standard — or even listed, apparently — his response is likely to be an outburst of indignation.

But the dictionary can neither snicker nor fulminate. It records. It will offend many, no doubt, to find the expression *wise up*, meaning to inform or to become informed, listed in the Third International with no restricting label. To my aging ears it still sounds like slang. But the evidence — quotations from the *Kiplinger Washington Letter* and the *Wall Street Journal* — convinces me that it is I who am out of step, lagging behind. If such publications have taken to using *wise up* in serious contexts, with no punctuational indication of irregularity, then it is obviously respectable. And finding it so listed and supported, I can only say that it's nice to be informed and sigh to realize that I am becoming an old fogy. But, of course, I don't have to use it (and I'll be damned if I will!

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"Let them smile, as I do now, At the old forsaken bough Where I cling").

In part, the trouble is due to the fact that there is no standard for standard. Ideas of what is proper to use in serious, dignified speech and writing are changing — and with breathtaking rapidity. This is one of the major facts of contemporary American English. But it is no more the dictionary's business to oppose this process than to speed it up.

Even in our standard speech some words are more dignified and some more informal than others, and dictionaries have tried to guide us through these uncertainties by marking certain words and constructions as "colloquial," meaning "inappropriate in a formal situation." But this distinction, in the opinion of most scholars, has done more harm than good. It has created the notion that these particular words are inferior, when actually they might be the best possible words in an informal statement. And so — to the rage of many reviewers — the Third International has dropped this label. Not all labels, as angrily charged, but only this one out of a score. And the doing so may have been an error, but it certainly didn't constitute "betrayal" or "abandoning of all distinctions." It was intended to end a certain confusion.

In all the finer shades of meaning, of which the status of a word is only one, the user is on his own, whether he likes it or not. Despite *Life's* artless assumption about the Gettysburg Address, nothing worth writing is written *from* a dictionary. The dictionary, rather, comes along afterwards and describes what *has been* written.

Words in themselves are not dignified, or silly, or wise, or malicious. But they can be used in dignified, silly, wise, or malicious ways by dignified, silly, wise, or malicious people. *Egghead*, for example, is a perfectly legitimate word, as legitimate as *highbrow* or *long-haired*. But there is something very wrong and very undignified, by civilized standards, in a belligerent dislike for intelligence and education. *Yak* is an amusing word for persistent chatter. Anyone could say, "We were just yakking over a cup of coffee," with no harm to his dignity. But to call a Supreme Court decision *yakking* is to be vulgarly insulting and so, undignified. Again, there's nothing wrong with *confab* when it's appropriate. But when the work of a great research project, employing hundreds of distinguished scholars over several decades and involving the honor of one of the greatest publishing houses in the world, is described as *confabbing* (as the New York *Times* editorially described the preparation of the Third International), the use of this particular word asserts that the lexicographers had merely sat around and talked idly. And the statement becomes undignified — if not, indeed, slanderous.

The lack of dignity in such statements is not in the words, nor in the dictionaries that list them, but in the hostility that deliberately seeks this tone of expression. And in expressing itself the hostility frequently shows that those who are expressing it don't know how to use a dictionary. Most of the reviewers seem unable to read the Third International and unwilling to read the Second.

The *American Bar Association Journal*, for instance, in a typical outburst ("a deplorable abdication of responsibility"), picked out for special scorn the inclusion in the Third International of the word *irregardless*. "As far as the new Webster's is concerned," said the *Journal*, "this meaningless verbal bastard is just as legitimate as any other word in the dictionary." Thirty seconds spent in examining the book they were so roundly condemning would have shown them that in it *irregardless* is labeled "nonstand" — which means "nonstandard," which means "not conforming to the usage generally characteristic of educated native speakers of the language." Is that "just as legitimate as any other word in the dictionary"?

The most disturbing fact of all is that the editors of a dozen of the most influential publications in America today are under the impression that *authoritative* must mean *authoritarian*. Even the "permissive" Third International doesn't recognize this identification — editors' attitudes being not yet, fortunately, those of the American people. But the Fourth International may have to.

The new dictionary may have many faults. Nothing that tries to meet an ever-changing situation over a terrain as vast as contemporary English can hope to be free of them. And much in it is open to honest, and informed, disagreement. There can be linguistic objection to the eradication of proper names. The removal of guides to pronunciation from the foot of every page may not have been worth the valuable space it saved. The new method of defining words of many meanings has disadvantages as well as advantages. And of the half million or more definitions, hundreds, possibly thousands, may seem inadequate or imprecise. To some (of whom I am one) the omission of the label "colloquial" will seem meritorious; to others it will seem a loss.

But one thing is certain: anyone who solemnly announces in the year 1962 that he will be guided in matters of English usage by a dictionary published in 1934 is talking ignorant and pretentious nonsense.

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MURDER TRIAL IN MOSCOW

by Jeremy R. Azrael *Before taking his present post as assistant professor of political science at the University of Chicago,* JEREMY R. AZRAEL *was associated with Harvard's Russian Research Center. In 1958, while he was an exchange fellow at Moscow State University, he and his wife attended the trial here described.*

WE FIRST learned of the case of Aleksandr Ivanovich Bazhenov from an announcement on the bulletin board of Moscow University's law faculty which signaled forthcoming trials of special interest to aspiring Soviet jurists. However, despite this publicity, we were the only representatives of the university present in the small courtroom of the Moscow Oblast Court when, at 10 A.M. on November 10, the Bazhenov case was called. The rest of the audience consisted of sundry courtroom hangers-on, a sizable group of Bazhenov's neighbors, Bazhenov's wife, and the mother and several relatives of Bazhenov's victim. For Bazhenov was charged under Article 136a of the Criminal Code of the Russian republic, the article dealing with premeditated murder from base motives.

People's Judge Ivan Sergeyevich Shepilov summarized the bare details of the charge from the record of the pre-trial investigation which lay on his desk. First, however, he confirmed the identity and vital statistics of the accused, made sure that the latter did not object to the defense attorney who had been assigned him, and, after reading the law covering perjury, registered the witnesses who were slated to be heard.

Bazhenov, it was established, had been born in 1926, was a resident of a small village in Penza province, was of peasant origin and Russian nationality, was married but childless, had had six years of education, had served in the army from 1943 to 1950, was not a member of the Communist Party, had never before been accused or convicted of any crime, and, prior to his arrest, had been employed as a carpenter in a small factory. He was accused of having shot one Vladimir Silkin, aged fourteen, when the latter, along with three

youthful companions, invaded his private apple orchard at midnight on August 9, 1958.

This was the sum and substance of the formal charge, although, informed as it was by such technical details as the number (78) and location (the chest) of the gunshot wounds found on Silkin's body, it took Judge Shepilov a full fifteen minutes to read it through. When he had finished, he asked Bazhenov whether he acknowledged the charge and asked the defense and prosecuting attorneys and the two people's assessors, lay jurymen assigned to decide the case along with him, whether they had any questions about it. Receiving an affirmative answer from Bazhenov and a negative answer from the attorneys and assessors, Shepilov requested the accused to rise and give his own version of the case.

Bazhenov, it quickly became clear, was precisely what his appearance suggested: a simple, inarticulate peasant. He was obviously bewildered and terrified by his current predicament and could scarcely speak. Moreover, he was given

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no opportunity to compose himself, for, at almost every word he uttered, Judge Shepilov interjected an acid comment or supercilious question, thus frightening and bewildering the accused yet further. As a result, Bazhenov's testimony added little to our knowledge of the events of the case. All it really did was give us our first insight into the character of Judge Shepilov, or, at least, into his attitude toward the case at hand:

BAZHENOV: I shot into the air.
SHEPILOV: But a man fell. Do you think we're fools? You shot at people.
BAZHENOV: I didn't want to kill anyone.
SHEPILOV: Really? Did you think that if you shot a man he would become healthier?
BAZHENOV: I didn't want to kill.
SHEPILOV: I didn't ask what you wanted.
BAZHENOV: I didn't want to.
SHEPILOV: Why did you do it, if you didn't want to?
(Silence)
SHEPILOV: Did you think nothing was more important than apples? Why did you kill?
BAZHENOV: On account of apples. . . .

BAZHENOV: I wanted to shoot up.
SHEPILOV: Where did you shoot?
BAZHENOV: In the air.
SHEPILOV: Impossible! That, you yourself fully understand. You are speaking nonsense. Where did you in fact shoot?
BAZHENOV: In the chest.
SHEPILOV: If you had wanted to shoot up, at most the head would have been hit. What was the direction of the shot?
BAZHENOV: Upwards.
SHEPILOV: You spent seven years in the army and didn't learn how to shoot? Really! Where did you shoot?

And so on. Bazhenov continued to insist that he had not wanted to kill and had fired into the air. Shepilov continued to insist that both propositions were nonsensical, and the merry-go-round went on for about twenty minutes.

The prosecutor, a sallow, self-satisfied-looking young man, also questioned Bazhenov. "You killed on account of apples? But what could your loss have been? Five or ten apples? Does that justify your shot?"

The examination of Bazhenov then passed into the hands of the defense attorney. Naum Viktorovich Bykovsky, with his carefully trimmed goatee, wavy gray hair, and comfortably well-groomed look, was the sort of elderly Russian who almost automatically inspires the confidence and trust of Westerners and frequently arouses the suspicion and hostility of Soviet activists. His questioning of Bazhenov was quiet and solicitous, and gave us our first substantial information about the circumstances of the Bazhenov case.

Bykovsky drew from Bazhenov the following history. The accused was dependent for half his income on the two cubic meters of apples which his small thirteen-tree orchard annually yielded him. However, ever since the orchard had begun to yield fruit, it had been beset by thieves. Often up to half the crop was stolen. During the past summer, Bazhenov testified, losses had been particularly heavy, reaching such proportions in the weeks immediately preceding the crime that he had finally taken to sleeping in the orchard in order to fend off the thieves.

Finally, only two weeks before Silkin's death, he had managed to catch two thieves in the orchard. However, when he attempted to detain them, he was set upon and badly beaten. He had reported this to the militia, but, so far as he knew, no investigation had been conducted. In any event, his assailants had not been apprehended. With this experience behind him, he had decided to buy a shotgun, and it was with this weapon that he had shot Silkin when, upon being awakened at midnight, he had seen four figures in the orchard. He had not, in the darkness, been able to perceive that the intruders were adolescents, but he had given a warning whistle before firing, and he had fired — or, at least, had intended to fire — into the air.

With his client's version of the case fully recorded, Bykovsky closed his examination. Judge Shepilov thereupon started to call the first witness, but the prosecutor interrupted with a request to ask the accused just one more question. His purpose was not clarification but reiteration of what was clearly the foundation stone of the prosecution's case: "You intended merely to save apples, and that's all?" Again Bazhenov responded affirmatively, and the parade of witnesses was permitted to begin.

The first three witnesses were Silkin's companions on the fateful midnight raid. All three were sixteen-year-old factory apprentices; all three told substantially the same story. They were returning home from a public dance and, on passing Bazhenov's orchard, suddenly decided to filch a few apples. All testified that Silkin had been reluctant to take part in the foray but had finally followed them over the orchard's fence. All vigorously denied having stolen apples from Bazhenov or anyone else earlier. The only point on which they disagreed was whether or not the fatal shot had been preceded by a warning whistle.

The first of the boys to testify, the only one of the three who told his story clearly and coherently, claimed to remember such a whistle. The second,

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who insisted that the tragedy had occurred in July, not August, denied that there had been a whistle, and he was supported by the third. The point was clearly important to the attorneys as an index of Bazhenov's intent, and both pursued the issue vigorously. Apart from this question, however, the prosecutor examined the boys only cursorily, and Bykovsky sought to establish that the boys, each of whom earned three hundred rubles a month, could have afforded to buy apples.

The last witness was Bazhenov's wife, whose testimony confirmed that of her husband as to the care they had lavished on their orchard, its economic importance to them, the high losses they had sustained at the hands of thieves, the disruption of their normal lives brought about by the need for Bazhenov to sleep in the orchard, and the severity of Bazhenov's injuries from the incident two weeks prior to Silkin's death. She reported that when Bazhenov ran into the house on the fateful night and announced that he had just killed a man, her first words were, "You had better go to the militia," and this rang true to her general character as it was revealed in the tone of her testimony. She spoke without the least trace of emotion, throughout referred to Bazhenov as "he," and cast nary a glance toward the prisoner's dock. And yet one somehow felt that there was more of peasant fatalism than of conjugal distance or betrayal in all this.

When the witnesses finished their testimony, Judge Shepilov asked the attorneys whether they had any further evidence to introduce before beginning their summaries and pleas. The defense attorney introduced the accused's war record and work record. Bazhenov had won two citations for wounds received in battle and a First of May citiation for good work. The mention of war wounds had obviously won the respect of the audience, but the mention of the work citation called forth a low roll of laughter that clearly said, "Who hasn't received such a certificate? You're really scraping the bottom of the barrel." It was, therefore, on a slightly less than overwhelming note that Bykovsky resumed his seat, and a ten-minute recess was declared before the court would reconvene for final arguments.

LIKE the majority of the courtroom spectators, we took advantage of the recess to stretch our legs in the corridor. However, despite the obvious desire of several of the spectators to talk to us, we moved off a bit and simply listened and watched.

The mother of the victim, Silkin, sat sobbing quietly on a bench just outside the courtroom door. She had already caused some commotion in the courtroom, first by fainting as Judge Shepilov read the indictment with its gruesome description of the state of the corpse, and then by going into hysterics during the testimony of her son's companions. On both occasions there had been a murmur of sympathy from the audience, which subsided only after Judge Shepilov rapped sharply for silence and warned that "This is a trial, not a spectacle."

Now, however, the sobbing mother seemed to arouse the ire of the waiting crowd. Several elderly men from among the courtroom hangers-on in the audience turned on her and began to upbraid her for having raised a thief. "What but a bad end," they demanded, "could be anticipated for such a son?"

The mother broke into yet louder and more bitter sobs. Over and over she shrieked, "No, no, he was a good boy." But her protests seemed simply to increase the vehemence of her tormentors, who let loose a flood of cruel, mocking laughter interspersed with asides about the fate of thieves, the just deserts of delinquents, the way children reflect their parents' character.

No one intervened, no one said, "Leave the poor, bereaved woman alone!" Even the woman herself did not plead to be left in peace.

Immediately upon reconvening the court, Judge Shepilov called upon the prosecutor to sum up his case. The latter spoke rapidly and without passion — indeed, almost without expression. His summation, which was chaotically organized, reinforced our impression that he was so certain of the outcome of the case that he attached little importance to its presentation. The main themes of his summation could, of course, have been predicted from his prior arguments, but what was surprising was the cavalier fashion in which he handled the two legal problems on which the outcome of the case would presumably hinge: was the murder premeditated and was it, as the relevant article of the code insisted it had to be, committed from base motives?

As for premeditation, the prosecutor's argument was simple: Bazhenov's intent to murder was proved by the fact that he had loaded his shotgun with live ammunition and had incontrovertibly, his professions to the contrary notwithstanding, fired not into the air but directly at a person. The fact that Bazhenov had perhaps not intended the specific murder which occurred was, he asserted, irrelevant.

The issue of motivation seemed to him equally clear-cut. Soviet law, he said, was always especially severe where the protection of life was concerned, but it had to be doubly so when life was taken in defense of a few apples. Bazhenov himself had admitted repeatedly that he had murdered

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for the sake of apples. "What," the prosecutor asked, "could be more miserly or base than to take the life of a fourteen-year-old boy for the sake of ten apples?" Bazhenov had a full range of defensive measures available for the protection of his orchard, but willfully chose to kill, and that without even a warning. The motive, the prosecutor reiterated, was to save a few apples; the victim was a young boy who had not even begun to live. "In the light of these facts," he concluded, "I ask for a finding of guilty under Article 136a of the Criminal Code and request that the court return the normal maximum sentence of ten years' deprivation of liberty."

The entire tone and style of the prosecutor's speech, which it had taken him only twelve minutes to deliver, contrasted sharply with that of defense attorney Bykovsky, who now rose to deliver his summation. The argument was both tightly organized and forceful, and skillfully blended four distinct elements. First, there was a careful reference to rulings and instructions from higher courts which bore on the case at hand. Second, there was a moving appeal, in the best tradition of Russian courtroom pleading, that the court put the case in the proper human perspective and judge only the individual who faced it. Third, there was a reinterpretation of the evidence in terms of the preceding elements — in terms of the rulings of higher courts and the individual circumstances of the accused. And finally, there was a striking reference to the possibilities of true justice, which had been introduced into Soviet judicial practice after Stalin's death and were being put to the test in the present case.

Bykovsky stressed the fact that Bazhenov had been subjected to extreme provocation and that every Soviet citizen had the right to defend his property against thieves. However, he went much further. He opened his remarks by expressing his sympathy to Silkin's relatives. He spoke with great emotion of how blessed was the gift of life, of how easy it was to snuff out and how impossible to restore. And then, wheeling toward the bench, he reminded the court that, though Silkin's life was gone, Bazhenov was still alive, and that his fate, the fate of a living human being, rested now with the court.

Bazhenov, Bykovsky expostulated, was a poor and simple soul. He had given seven years of his life to the service of his country and upon returning to civilian life had sought, above all, peace and quiet. He had worked diligently and had devoted every spare moment to his small orchard. The orchard, Bykovsky argued, was much more than a source of profit to Bazhenov; it was a source of stability and personal satisfaction. However, as soon as the orchard had begun to flourish, it had been beset by thieves. Bazhenov had been forced to abandon his hearth and sleep amidst his precious trees in order to protect them and all they stood for. His whole life had been disrupted. And when he at last managed to catch some thieves, he had been badly beaten. Yet, even then the militia had done nothing except file a report on the assault.

It was only at this point, Bykovsky went on, only after he had been harassed, insulted, and injured, only after he had looked in vain to the public authorities for support, that Bazhenov, in desperation, had purchased a gun. There could be no doubt, Bykovsky asserted, that a Soviet citizen possessed the right to defend his property against hooligans and thieves. How, he demanded, could one attribute the exercise of this right to base motives, and hence bring it under Article 136a? Must one simply yield to a thief who demands one's clothing or watch? Could resistance to the thief in such a case be attributed to base motives?

Previously, Bykovsky remonstrated in a low voice, it had been an accepted part of Soviet court practice to attribute the worst imaginable motives to the accused and to avoid inquiry into the specific circumstances which surrounded an alleged crime. Then, Bykovsky continued, it had been customary to consider the trial nothing more than a ceremonial ritual, after which the accused was automatically given the severest possible sentence. But now, Bykovsky emphatically reminded the court, all that had changed. Apropos of the present case, one could see the change in the Judicial Instruction handed down in 1956 by the U.S.S.R. Supreme Court, directing all lower courts to recognize that all citizens had the right of *active* defense of their property as well as their bodies and lives against hooligans.

How, Bykovsky thundered, could any prosecutor in 1958 claim that Bazhenov's act was one of premeditated murder from base motives? Try as he might, Bykovsky asserted, he could find nothing in any authoritative judicial text or contemporary directive which suggested that Bazhenov's act was anything more than active defense of property.

It was true, Bykovsky conceded, that active defense was justified only in response to a "socially dangerous attack," but that was precisely the nature of the robbery attempted by the unfortunate Silkin and his comrades. The boys could have bought apples, yet they stole; and Silkin was shot in the act of theft itself. "Socially dangerous? Of course! If one asks, 'Where can one go from apples?', the answer is, 'A long way. One can go to a watch, a jacket, a suit, and so forth.' The populace demands that the fruits of its labors be protected."

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The only relevant question, Bykovsky maintained, was that of the degree of proportionality between attack and defense. The prosecutor, he insisted, was wrong to suggest that any question of proportionality between apples and lives was involved. No jurist would frame the question in this way. As for the really relevant question, Bykovsky went on, the defense itself was persuaded that Bazhenov had adopted a disproportionate defensive response. Bykovsky asserted that for this reason he himself did not consider it possible to recommend the simple acquittal of his client. However, the maximum sentence which could be tolerated was three years, and even that would be grossly excessive.

> Bazhenov's crime clearly falls under Article 139 of the Criminal Code — the article which deals specifically with overly extreme measures of defense. Under this article, Bazhenov is guilty. He should have shot into the air or perhaps toward the boy's feet. But some sort of *active* defense was appropriate and necessary. Even if Silkin and his comrades had simply been innocently strolling through the orchard, the court would have to make a distinction between the objective situation and the motives of the accused. In even this hypothetical case, the relevant article would still be 139. In the actual case at hand, where not innocent strolling but criminal theft characterized the objective situation, there is clearly no way to go beyond Article 139. Neither sympathy for the relatives of the deceased nor outdated judicial habit should or can lead us to apply the wrong article.

The prosecutor, who was visibly stunned by the vigor of the defense, demanded rebuttal time. There was real wonder in his voice as he admitted, "My, my . . . so to speak . . . opponent is right about the instruction of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Court." However, the prosecutor went on to say that his "opponent" had failed to mention that the Criminal Code of the Russian republic, while not denying citizens the right to active defense of their private property, specifically directed that great caution be exercised where only gardens or orchards were involved. This, he argued, constituted a warning to the courts that such things as the theft of apples by children did not justify active measures of defense.

To this, Bykovsky, in his very brief rebuttal of the prosecutor's rebuttal, pointed out that at midnight on a dark night one could neither distinguish adolescents from adults nor be expected to ascertain the age of one's assailants before acting in self-defense. He did not contest the prosecutor's characterization of the Russian code, but simply reiterated the instruction of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Court and suggested that it was precisely because an orchard was involved that he had conceded Bazhenov's action was excessive. Certainly, Bykovsky concluded, there was nothing in the code to support the prosecutor's suggestion that action in defense of one's orchard was automatically tantamount to action inspired by base motives

With the summations and rebuttals completed, Judge Shepilov declared a one-hour luncheon recess, to be followed by the final statement of the accused. As his four guards with their bayoneted rifles led Bazhenov from the room, we approached Bykovsky and congratulated him on his conduct of the case. We explained that we were American students of Soviet affairs and told him that it would be a pleasure to report that the quality of defense in Soviet trials was so high. We told him that, to our minds, he had made the prosecutor's case appear exceedingly flimsy.

Bykovsky thanked us with real warmth, but quickly changed the subject and began to inquire further about our special interests, our status in the Soviet Union, the nature of American legal training. Every time we tried to turn the discussion back to the Bazhenov case, he became distinctly ill at ease.

It was impossible, under the circumstances, to press him hard, but finally, after he had begun to glance at his watch, we asked what sort of decision he expected the court to return. We ourselves were quite optimistic, for we had by now adopted Bykovsky's case as well as been persuaded by it, and therefore were rather surprised when Bykovsky, after hesitating just a second, said in a voice that seemed to us strangely sober and resigned, "You will see." And with that he disappeared into his chamber.

After lunch, Bazhenov made his last statement in a whispered mutter. His head was cast down and his brow furrowed, and the words came out jerkily and expressionless: "I did not want to kill. I received two wounds in the war. I was beaten only ten days before the accident, and the militia did nothing. I loved my orchard and only wanted to protect it. I paid over six hundred rubles for my trees." And with this last exalted sentiment, Bazhenov resumed his seat. His mercenary conclusion surely had not been advised by Bykovsky and showed perhaps more clearly than anything else Bazhenov's own true character and total lack of sensitivity to the process in which he was caught up. It would, we feared, hardly turn the court's final deliberations in his favor. However, Judge Shepilov evidently did not contemplate that lengthy deliberations would be necessary in any case. Immediately after Bazhenov's statement, he announced that the court would reconvene for sentencing in fifty minutes.

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When the court reconvened, Judge Shepilov immediately began to read an almost interminable but carefully organized decision which rehearsed all the facts of the case and all of the interpretations adduced. Two pages were devoted to a new description of the condition of Silkin's body after the shotgun blast. Shepilov's view of the case was clear-cut: the murder was ghastly, it was committed for the sake of a few apples, base motives were unmistakably at its root, it clearly fell under Article 136a, defining premeditated murder. The argument of the prosecution had carried the day, and the prosecutor leaned back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction. Bykovsky did not raise his head from his papers. The audience waited for the sentence to be pronounced in a silence that was electric with anticipation.

"The crime," Judge Shepilov said slowly, "is not merely horrible; it is full of implications which justify our considering it a socially dangerous crime. In light of this fact, the crime falls outside the limits visualized in the scale of normal penalties attached to Article 136a. Because his crime was particularly socially dangerous, the court sentences the accused to the extreme measure of social defense, death by shooting." And then, fairly screaming at the defendant, "Clear enough?"

There was a gasp throughout the courtroom, and then, for the minute it took the shock to set in, there was silence. The first sound to be heard was a long, low sob from Bazhenov's wife, followed immediately, as if in response, by shouts of "Correct, correct, thank God, thank God" from Silkin's mother and several of her friends. These worn *babas* struggled to their feet and began frantically to cross themselves as they shouted. As the members of the bench filed out, these women pushed toward the aisle and reached out to touch Judge Shepilov as he passed, stern-faced, eyes straight ahead. "Thank God." "Correct, correct." "Thank you, thank you, thank you," they cried.

They turned with curses and imprecations on Bazhenov, who sat slumped in his seat. His wife, who had broken into uncontrollable sobs, they simultaneously belabored with derisive howls of glee and consoled with comments on her still young years and new-won freedom. Finally, they noticed us staring at them, and evidently they sensed a challenge in our look. "The verdict was right; the verdict was right, wasn't it?" several voices demanded.

We shrugged, but the demand was put again and again, more and more imperatively, and, at the same time, more and more imploringly, as if all their conclusions and the rectitude of all their actions hinged on our assent. At last, braving we knew not what, we said that we could not agree with either the verdict or the sentence. They must know as well as we, we said, that the fatal words "socially dangerous" were ordinarily applied only to crimes of high political import or to serious crimes committed by recidivists. The Soviet Union boasted to the entire world that to all intents and purposes it had no death penalty, and the entire world believed that this was so to all intents and purposes, even when it knew about the existence of the extraordinary provision dealing with "socially dangerous crimes."

There was a sudden silence, and then one wrinkled old woman leaned forward and, as the others drew around, whispered, "You don't know Bazhenov. He's a monster, a fiend. Why, just before he killed Silkin, he gnawed the hand from a five-year-old baby whom he caught in his orchard. He's a cannibal. He's had six children of his own, but he's boiled them all in oil. You don't know Bazhenov." The eyes of our aged confidante grew narrower as she spoke; her tone grew ever more mysterious. At first the crowd around us listened with as much wonder as we, but soon they began to nod vigorously. "He ate off a boy's hand," one repeated. "Boiled his own children," rasped another. A village legend, the legend of the monster Bazhenov, was being created. It was as if, having seen Bazhenov's fate, his neighbors had concluded that the accused had to be a satanic fiend. As if this were the only way they could make the outcome of the trial comprehensible. We were the catalysts that called their response forth, but once the moral was established, our belief or disbelief became irrelevant, and no one tried to detain us as we edged out of the circle.

It was only after we had found a café in which to collect our breaths and our thoughts that we realized that perhaps there was a sense in which the response of Bazhenov's fellow villagers was more than merely psychologically noteworthy. Perhaps the trial we had just witnessed had been intended not merely to uphold the law but to point a broader moral.

There was the fact that the Bazhenov case had been singled out for its special interest to law students. There was the whole tenor of Judge Shepilov's initial examination of the accused. There was the prosecutor's concentration on the nonjuridical aspects of the case and his obvious complacency about the outcome. There was the surprise shown at the vigor of Bykovsky's defense of the accused. There was Bykovsky's stress on the illegitimacy of ceremonial trials, coupled, however, with his unwillingness to ask that his client be acquitted. Finally, there was Bykovsky's message to us. Retrospectively, his "You will see" seemed to suggest: "No matter that you are persuaded and impressed by my defense; the key to this case lies outside my influence."

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However, though they had, in a sense, been less naïve than we, Bazhenov's neighbors had surely drawn the wrong lesson from the trial. Their legend completely blunted the political and ideological moral the regime intended, which was not that Bazhenov was evil incarnate but rather that he had *become* evil incarnate under the corrupting influence of acquisitiveness and selfishness rooted in the possession of private property. It was not Bazhenov's having succumbed to evil instincts that was to be stressed, but his having succumbed to evil and "backward" instincts — the retrograde instincts of capitalism. The trial, we concluded, was very probably intended to serve as an especially significant object lesson in the regime's perpetual, and recently intensified, campaign against manifestations of the psychology of private ownership.

Yet there remained a puzzle. The regime's campaign against manifestations of the "bourgeois property instinct," while it had been energetic, had not been outrightly terroristic in recent years, especially where the rural population, with its deep-rooted attachment to its garden plots, was concerned. Judge Shepilov's sentence, however, had smacked of outright terrorism. It was, therefore, with some interest that we learned that on appeal by the *prosecutor* the Supreme Court of the Russian republic had reduced Bazhenov's sentence to ten years. Unfortunately, the Supreme Court did not explain the rationale behind its decision. What seemed likely, if our interpretative hypothesis was correct, was that at the original trial Judge Shepilov, aware that the case before him had special political and ideological significance, had overreacted. The purpose of the appeal, then, apart from salving the prosecutor's pride, was to rebuke the judge for his excessive zeal and the distortion of the "true" moral of the trial which was its consequence.

Another possibility was that the Supreme Court was striking against the continued presence of much wider tendencies on the part of some Soviet judges to invoke the "socially dangerous" escape clause in the law code as readily as they had prior to Stalin's death. The reduction of sentence might, that is, have been a partial vindication of legality in the Western sense — an attack on judicial terror in general and not merely on its clumsy use in a politically sensitive situation. But if this had been the intended implication, it would have been conveyed much more effectively had the Supreme Court reviewed the case on an appeal not from the prosecutor but from defense lawyer Bykovsky, or, at the very least, had the Supreme Court followed Bykovsky's recommendations as to the proper article to apply to the case and the appropriate sentence to impose. In short, we still felt that the Bazhenov case was a miscarriage of justice and that the probable explanation lay outside the legal system proper. Certainly Bykovsky was not formally vindicated by the Supreme Court. And yet we were aware that in a long-term perspective, the most significant thing about the Bazhenov trial might well be that Bykovsky's voice was heard.

SUGAR-LOAF

By Ted Hughes

The trickle cutting from the hill-crown
Whorls to a pure pool here, with a whisp trout like a spirit.
The water is wild as alcohol —
Distilling from the fibers of the blue wind.
Reeds, nude and tufted, shiver as they wade.

I see the whole huge hill in the small pool's stomach.

This will be serious for the hill.
It suspects nothing.
Crammed with darkness, the dull, trusting giant
Leans, as over a crystal, over the water
Where his future is forming.

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STRANGE INTERLUDE

Edward VIII's Brief Reign

BY KINGSLEY MARTIN

KINGSLEY MARTIN *has been studying the influence of the British monarchy ever since he became editor of the* NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *in 1931. He stood in a close relationship with Edward VIII at the time of the abdication, as is clear from the account which follows. In the June* ATLANTIC *Mr. Martin will describe the high cost of monarchy*

"There will soon be only five Kings left — the Kings of England, Diamonds, Hearts, Spades, and Clubs" — *King Farouk to Lord Boyd-Orr in Cairo, 1951.*

Monarchy in Britain, as King Farouk's quip suggests, stands in a class by itself, uniquely popular and secure. Outside Europe the type of revolution that made Farouk a fugitive has become everyday news. Inside Europe only six monarchies are left. In Greece and Belgium the crown seems precariously poised. The unpretentious monarchs of Scandinavia and the Low Countries are respectfully accepted by their sober subjects. They go out shopping like other mortals without being mobbed by sightseers or surrounded by photographers; their homes are not besieged, as Buckingham Palace is, by crowds who gather outside even when no royal personages are in residence. In short, Scandinavian countries are republics which find it convenient to maintain hereditary presidents — which is what liberal theorists not long ago took also to be the reality of monarchy in Britain.

This commonsense attitude toward the throne is now out of fashion in Britain. A glorified, religious view of royalty is the vogue. The Queen is not allowed to wear a crown; nothing less than a halo will suffice. But the halo is neon-lighted — a combination which seems to make the worst of both worlds, the divine and the secular. This unreal light is reflected on all members of the royal family. Writers and speakers change gear every time they mention royalty; their reverent phraseology makes the innumerable books about royal personages astonishing to foreign readers who do not share our novel habit of simultaneously staring and genuflecting. The monarchy has become a sacrosanct object, beyond criticism and regarded as essential for national safety.

When the personal and public character of the monarch conforms to the appropriate pattern, there is a natural tendency, which propaganda can easily exploit, to see in him the ideal personification of those qualities which are most admired in contemporary society. In the sixteenth century Tudor despotism was welcomed because it guaranteed order after the baronial wars, secured the nation against foreign enemies, and gave the emergent middle class the prospect of stability and riches. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Britain needed a constitutional monarchy to end religious struggle and preserve the new structure of society, in which traders, merchants, and the new industrialists could exploit the enlarged possibilities of wealth; this was achieved without depriving the aristocracy and gentry of their political power.

In the nineteenth century the acceptance of the democratic idea forbade the public exercise of royal authority. Though the Georges had made the crown excessively unpopular, Britain was still

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just — and only just — prepared to accept the monarchy, but, as the liberal theorists who dominated British thought made clear, only on specific conditions. Political leaders were now elected and responsible. The monarchy had become a survival to be maintained, if at all, as a useful constitutional device and the focus of national loyalty. The conditions were that it play no personal part in the political battle and that the character of the monarch could be respected.

Only when the public was sure that these two conditions were fulfilled — and that was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century — could politically conscious democracy allow itself to indulge its natural capacity for devotion to an idealized personality. In her old age, Queen Victoria, brought from retirement by the skill and flattery of Disraeli, became the adored symbol of domestic virtue and imperial greatness.

When Edward VII came to the throne, he proceeded with caution and never flouted the Constitution, which his mother, as only her advisers knew in her lifetime, had often felt at liberty to do. Edward was well aware that monarchy had become an anomaly in democracy and understood the lesson of the unsuccessful rising against the Czar in 1905. Like Lord Esher, his confidential adviser, he was alarmed at the growth of "Continental socialism." Toward the end of his life he betrayed his fears for the future by introducing his son, afterward George V, as the future "last King of England." Such thoughts also haunted the mind of George V; a guileless and conscientious monarch, he was always anxious to do his duty, and by so doing to strengthen the position of the crown at home and especially in the Commonwealth. He was immensely successful, and in the latter part of his reign was both surprised and touched by the spontaneous demonstrations of affection that met him wherever he went. He had taken the impressive pageantry of the Durbar in 1911 as proof that monarchy had a great role to play throughout the Empire; the unsophisticated diaries in which he daily made brief notes on the weather, his engagements, and on public affairs show that, until his jubilee in 1935, he had not fully realized how far the character of monarchical institutions had changed since he came to the throne.

The King had been shocked and, indeed, terrified by the tumbling of crowned heads during his reign; Sir Harold Nicolson calculates that in the twenty-five years George V was on the throne five Emperors, eight Kings, and eighteen minor dynasties came to an end. He was especially distressed by the assassination of his cousin, the Czar, in 1917. When, inexperienced and untrained for his position, he came to the throne in 1910, he was immediately confronted with constitutional crises which looked as if they would split the country and even plunge it into civil war. He survived these perils and lived through the alarming period of army discontent and revolutionary trade unionism that followed the war. He was also greatly relieved to discover that monarchy was in no way endangered by the two very loyal Labor governments of 1924 and 1929, and he played a personal part in finding a Conservative solution for the constitutional and financial crisis of 1931. By 1935 it became manifest that the King was no longer a mere constitutional symbol but an object of personal veneration to a large part of the population. One of the main factors in bringing about this new and positive attitude toward the crown was the great success of the King as a broadcaster

At the death of George V we were finally able to gauge the strength of popular affection for him. When the old King died, no one who talked to his neighbor on a bus, to the charwoman washing the steps, or to a sightseer standing at the street corner could doubt the almost universal feeling of loss, nor could any perceptive observer fail to notice the peculiarly personal character of this emotion. People who had never seen the King and only heard his voice on the radio talked about him as if he were a personal friend or a near relative cut off in his prime. Propaganda, no doubt, accounts for much, but no propaganda can create this type of personal emotion unless the conditions are particularly favorable. Propaganda can exploit, spread, intensify existing emotion. It cannot create when the materials are lacking.

Here, I think, one can find the truth in a remark frequently heard at the death of George V. People constantly reiterated that King George "was a father to us all." He had become a universal father figure. A process of identification of the royal family life with that of the individual life of the subject had begun during the previous half century. This development dates from the last period of Queen Victoria. In his autobiography, H. G. Wells describes how his mother followed everything in the life of the Queen with a passionate loyalty; she saw in the Queen a "compensating personality," an ideal example of the sort of mother that she would have liked to have been. To such people the royal family provided a color and a splendor which their own family lives too often lacked, but which they could nonetheless feel to be part of their own romance.

ADORATION of the crown could never have grown to such astonishing proportions had not the monarchy during the last hundred years fitted so

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well the popular conception of what a monarch should be. In Queen Victoria, people had learned in the last decades of her reign to picture the perfect model of British motherhood. In Edward VII they saw a man who had outlived the follies of youth before he came to the throne (he had been publicly hissed as Prince of Wales) and had become, as they believed, the most genial type of sporting English gentleman. They believed, on no evidence at all, that he was a kind and good-tempered man (though, in fact, he was neither), and they imagined that he played a far greater part than any twentieth-century monarch could in cementing the Entente with France and in helping to preserve a peace that in fact was not preserved. George V, as they constantly put it, was a "good-living man," a model of what a middle-class family man should be. The point has never been better put than by his son Edward in *A King's Story:*

> It has always seemed to me that one of my father's great contributions to monarchical practice was the manner in which, without apparent design, he managed to resolve the internal contradiction of Monarchy in the twentieth century that requires it to be remote from, yet, at the same time, to personify the aspirations of, the people. It must appear aloof and distant in order to sustain the illusion of a Monarch who, shunning faction, stands above politics and the more mundane allegiances. At the same time, it must appear to share intimately the ideals of the multitude, whose affection and loyalty provide the broad base of constitutional Monarchy. My father, with the instinctive genius of the simple man, found the means of squaring the apparent circle within the resources of his own character. By the force of his own authentic example — the King himself in the role of the bearded paterfamilias, his devoted and queenly wife, their four grown sons and a daughter, not to mention the rising generation of grandchildren — he transformed the Crown as personified by the Royal Family into a model of the traditional family virtues, a model that was all the more genuine for its suspected but inconspicuous flaws. The King, as the dutiful father, became the living symbol not only of the nation, but also of the Empire, the last link holding together these diversified and scattered communities.

EDWARD VIII himself could never fulfill such an ideal conception, for many reasons, no doubt, but above all, as he himself says, because he was a bachelor. Nevertheless, he took up his royal burden "in good heart," conscious that as Prince of Wales he was already an immensely popular figure throughout the Commonwealth. He had somewhat vaguely, but sincerely, a notion of being King in his own way, of giving the British concept of monarchy a new twentieth-century flavor.

The story of Edward VIII's brief reign makes a strange interlude in the history of British monarchy. Its significance was not constitutional. He behaved, indeed, with the strictest constitutional propriety and would not run the risk of damaging the throne by permitting the formation of a King's Party. He abdicated because he could not fulfill the domestic image of British monarchy which had been established by his grandmother and his father. It is interesting now to speculate whether, if he had been stronger and more purposeful, he could have reshaped the pattern of monarchy in England. He could not be a father figure, but could he, within the limits imposed upon him, have created a more personal and more democratic type of King, symbolizing the arrival of a new and less conventional generation?

Some saw him as a champion of youth and modern ideas. He did not disguise his distaste for much of the expected ritual of royalty. His speeches were freshly worded and seemed sometimes to have been written by himself. It was no accident that in his abdication announcement he omitted to call himself "King by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith." He did not regard himself as a Defender of the Faith. His father used such phrases and spoke of God's care of his people and his Commonwealth with simplicity and sincerity. King George's Christmas broadcasts, greatly appreciated by his subjects, revealed the same unthinking acceptance of the eternal truths of the Anglican creed that characterized the utterances of Queen Victoria. But Edward VIII was in revolt against the past; the fear that unorthodox opinions and an unconventional private life might mar the success of his reign was already apparent in the uneasy balance of adulation and admonition achieved in the accession speeches of the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The King was in fact unconventional, but not, as some people imagined, any kind of socialist. He disturbed Conservatives by contributing to the miners' relief fund during the 1926 strike, and he did not disguise his view that society could be improved. He also wondered why a King should not be allowed to walk in the streets, wear a bowler hat, and carry an umbrella. He did not agree with Sir Frederick Ponsonby, his father's Keeper of the Privy Purse, who told him while he was still Prince of Wales that he ran the risk of making himself too accessible. "The monarchy," said Sir Frederick, "must always retain an element of mystery. A Prince should not show himself too much."

The Prince differed, but Ponsonby, echoing a famous passage from Walter Bagehot, replied, "If you bring it down to the people, the crown will lose its mystery and its influence."

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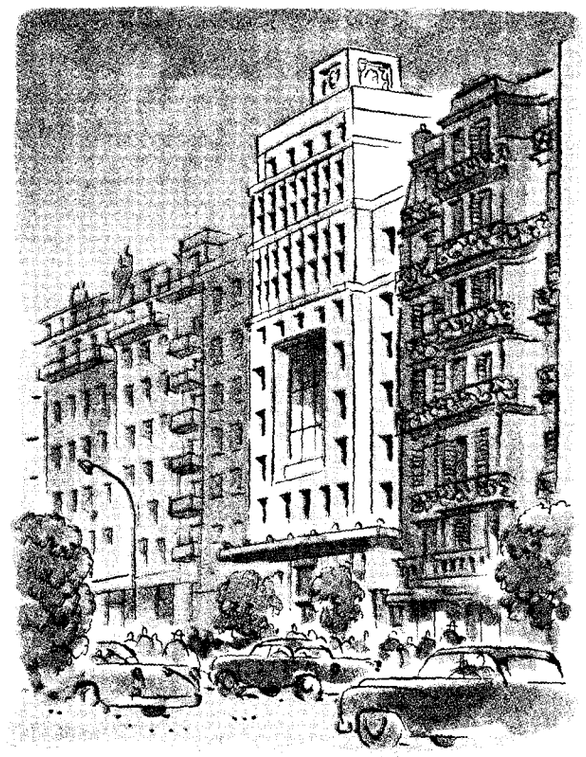
La Casa del Teatro



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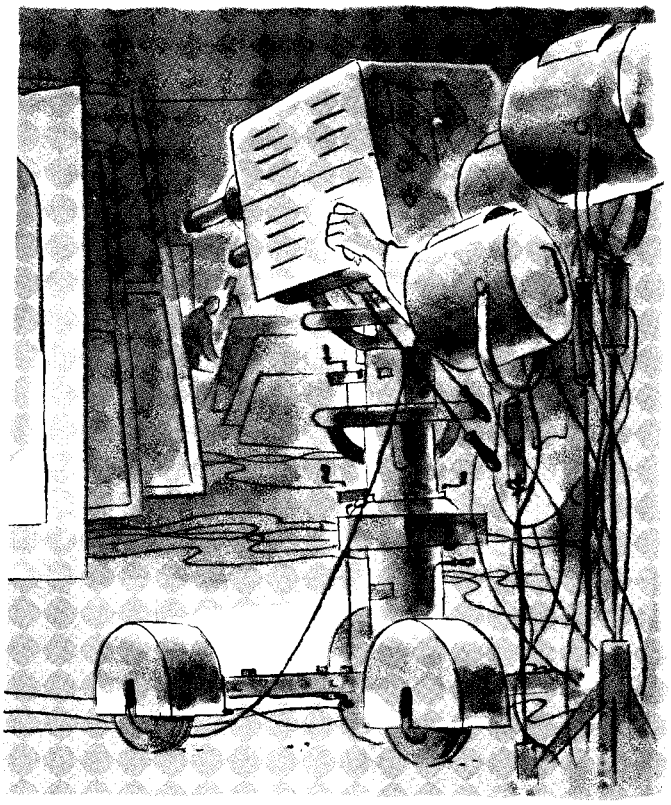

Our affiliate bought the shows, which were applauded by public and critics. One earned an international award. Most important, La Casa gained needed funds.

Thus, in developing its advertising, an oil company helped rescue an actors' home. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*

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The Duke and Duchess of Windsor after their marriage at the Château de Candé, Monts, France.

United Press International Photo.

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"I do not agree," said the Prince, "times are changing."

But Ponsonby replied, "I am older than you, sir. I have been with your father, your grandfather, and your great-grandmother. They all understood; you are quite mistaken."

Was he mistaken? It was true that no monarch since George III — and he was insane at the time — had walked unattended among common people in the streets. Some thought that Edward VIII had taken the first steps toward the Scandinavian monarchy, where royal personages may be called on the telephone and have been seen riding on bicycles.

The weakness of Edward was that he was not sure what he wanted to do. He writes of himself in his younger days: "Given my character, my roving curiosity and independence, my life appeared to form a disconnected pattern — duty without decision, service without responsibility, pomp without power." In fact, he took his kingly duties extremely seriously, and it is a common error to think that he chose, in the cant phrase, "love rather than duty." He knew that he could not perform his duties without being with the woman he loved, and he thought it his duty to abdicate rather than to do without her. His fatal error in negotiating with Baldwin was to ask the Prime Minister to consult the Dominions; by submitting the issue of morganatic marriage as a matter of constitutional advice, he played into the hands of Baldwin and the Archbishop. For "advice," in its technical context, means the instruction given by the Prime Minister which the King has to obey. Baldwin had only to reply that the Cabinet and the Dominion governments were opposed to the suggestion, and the issue was closed.

EDWARD could have behaved like his forefathers; no one, certainly not the Prime Minister, would have complained about a discreet affair, a side door with a latchkey and an illicit relationship with Mrs. Simpson. But if he was determined to marry, abdication was the only way — unless he was prepared to flout the Constitution. A King's Party was growing up; he might have challenged the authority of the Cabinet. But he was loyal to his oath as constitutional monarch. He had no thought of refusing the advice of the Prime Minister, even when Mr. Churchill painted a rosy view of his future as a new kind of King with Mr. Baldwin humiliated at his feet; even when Lord Beaverbrook rushed back from America to give his support; even when MPs championed his cause in the House; least of all when the fascists, led by Sir Oswald Mosley, began organizing squads of toughs in the streets and Communists began demonstrating in his favor. He "put out of mind all thoughts of challenging the Prime Minister . . . by making a stand for myself I should have left the scars of a civil war. A civil war is the worst of all wars. Its passions soar highest, its hatreds last longest. And a civil war is not less a war when it is fought in words and not in blood." He saw that to fight such a battle would permanently damage the monarchy, and that he refused to do.

One other course was open to Edward which neither he nor anyone else at that time appears to have considered. Here was the unique opportunity for translating into reality Bernard Shaw's fantasy in *The Apple Cart*. If King Edward had abdicated, married as he wished, and refused a dukedom, what could have prevented him from entering politics as a private citizen? Like King Magnus in Shaw's play, he could have offered himself as candidate for the borough of Windsor or, indeed, for any other borough. He would certainly have been a popular candidate.

As it was, the King's Party came to nothing for lack of a King willing to accept its support. When Winston Churchill finally attempted in the House of Commons to obtain a delay which would benefit the King's case, he was, in effect, howled down. The King had put himself into the position in which there was no constitutional alternative to abdication. Therefore, puritanism was once again, as in the seventeenth century, associated with parliamentarianism. People who were least inclined to take a puritanical view of the King's way of life were compelled to support the Archbishop and the Prime Minister in the interests of parliamentary government. Those who were least puritanical and most hostile to the Prime Minister were compelled to behave like Roundheads. They detested what they regarded as a hypocritical conspiracy engineered by the Prime Minister, the editor of the *Times*, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. But if the alternative was an alliance with a twentieth-century royalist party, they had to choose to be parliamentarians. The King went across the water without leaving a Cavalier party behind him, and victory went by default to the parliamentarians and puritans.

A later generation does not realize the shock of the King's abdication. A moment had come when the failings of the ruling King were publicly admitted. I recall, as we left a cinema on the night of December 2, 1936, discussing with a friend the scandal around the throne and the possibility that it might lead to the King's abdication. "Hush, sir, hush," said a deeply shocked voice behind me. Colonel Blimp had not yet discovered that the monarchical taboo was shattered. He was

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still manfully trying to impose silence, even though all the world's press, except the British, had long been making headlines out of Edward and Mrs. Simpson. In England the story had long been the most popular topic of discussion in clubs and around the dining tables of journalists and top people. The American dailies, thriving on gossip about the British throne, had no general circulation in England; British wholesalers cut out references to the monarchy (even at the sacrifice of whole pages) before they allowed magazines like *Time* to appear on English bookstalls. Only those who subscribed directly to American papers or who received cuttings from American friends knew how widely the scandal had spread on the other side of the Atlantic. The well-informed might nudge one another when they saw Mrs. Simpson's name in the Court Circular or noted her attractive figure in photographs of the guests at Fort Belvedere or on the royal yacht. But such indirect references to the best of all news stories were all the British press allowed itself.

It was widely assumed, especially in the United States, that the British press was subject to a highly competent form of censorship. Lord Beaverbrook has made clear his own part in persuading Fleet Street to keep silent. But Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere had no influence on the *Daily Worker* or the *Times* or the independent weekly reviews. Yet they, too, sacrificed sales by a unique reticence. The truth is that no newspaper would have thought it good policy to win a temporary circulation boost by printing scandal about the royal family. Even the Simpson divorce case, which was news no one could be blamed for printing, was played down. Certainly telephone calls between Fleet Street, Whitehall, and Buckingham Palace played their part. But the absence of any kind of comment, even in weekly reviews and papers which were not members of the Newspaper Press Association, was due to other causes. One inhibiting factor was the law of libel; any comment would have been guarded and evasive. Far more important, however, was the royal taboo, which everyone concerned with a newspaper, from the proprietor and editor to the reporters and compositors, found it immensely difficult to break.

It may be of interest for me to give my own experience. As editor of an independent weekly review, I naturally knew about the headlines in the foreign press and debated what comment I should make. I agreed with a friend of the King's who urged that it would be disgraceful to start a scandal in England about what was, after all, a matter which concerned the King only. He was happy for the first time in his life; why interfere? But the situation changed when I was told authoritatively and confidentially that the King had made up his mind to marry Mrs. Simpson. I was also told that he would be pleased if a serious discussion of the constitutional issue began in a responsible and sympathetic paper such as the one I edited. If the story broke in this way, the scandalous headlines in the popular press would be forestalled, and possibly the real issues would be discussed. This argument removed all doubts, since the choice of the Queen — or, for that matter, the King's wife — is indubitably a matter of public importance. So I wrote an article arguing that the King had as much right to marry the woman of his choice as anyone else, and that if there were good reasons against Mrs. Simpson as Queen, there would be none against a morganatic marriage.

Since the information of the King's intention had come to me from him, I sent the article to him. It was returned with a message that he would be glad if I went ahead and published it. I was about to send it to the printer (with some misgivings about whether he would accept it) when I received a further message asking me to wait a week because its publication might damage the chances of a settlement. The King, in short, still hoped to persuade Mr. Baldwin; an article in the *New Statesman and Nation* might be taken as a declaration of war, or at least as a sign of an intention to appeal to public opinion against the government. So I held up the article. Then came a blow with a Blunt instrument, as jesters said at the time, and my article died a natural death.

During the week before the news actually broke, all Fleet Street was aware that the King's attachment to Mrs. Simpson could not be much longer concealed. The press had to cope with an immense shock to a public complacency that it had itself done much to foster. The monarchy was not, after all, perfect, and proprietors and editors were obviously flummoxed by not knowing how the public would take the news. There was rich comedy in their efforts to have it both ways. How be loyal and sustain the national myth while exploiting a wonderful news story? How appear to give a lead when they did not know in which direction public sentiment would move? They were constantly forced to reiterate that the King was, "after all, human." People had to be let into the secret that the monarchy was not perfect, because otherwise the situation was inexplicable.

On December 2 Bishop Blunt's apparently innocent reference to the King's failure to appreciate God's grace was the signal for which all the newspapers had been waiting. Their material was ready; their comments were not. On the first day

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they reported the bishop's statement without editorial comment. In strict privacy, editors had been writing and rewriting innumerable leading articles; one, I was told, wrote seventeen. The *Times* from the beginning showed inside knowledge; even before the crisis it began to write up the Duke and Duchess of York. The *Telegraph* was also from the outset clearly for Mr. Baldwin. It argued that the King would certainly choose duty even at the expense of personal happiness, but made clear that it preferred abdication if he made the wrong choice.

The same view was implicit throughout the nine days' crisis in the columns of the *Yorkshire Post* (where Bishop Blunt's remarks were first printed), in the *Manchester Guardian*, and in most of the provincial press. The *Daily Herald* also, in effect, supported Baldwin throughout, basing its attitude on authoritative articles by Professor Laski dealing with the constitutional position. Neither of the opposition parties supported the King's desire for a morganatic solution; Colonel Wedgwood, who moved a Cavalier motion in the House of Commons, spoke, as so often in his highly individualist career, for himself, and not for any considerable body of Labor members. The only daily which espoused the morganatic solution was the *News Chronicle*, which urged that the King had the same right as other people to marry whom he wished, even though the woman of his choice had been twice in the divorce courts and might not be considered a suitable Queen. The *New Statesman and Nation* took the same line, pointing out that King Edward's most attractive characteristic was a dislike of humbug, which would prevent his making a formal marriage to a royal personage whom he did not love.

The issue abruptly changed when Mr. Baldwin stated that the King had asked for special legislation to enable him to make a morganatic marriage and that the Cabinet, after consulting the Dominion governments and the opposition leaders, had refused. From that time onward the only supporters of the marriage were those who were prepared to risk a revival of the seventeenth-century struggle between crown and Parliament. Hitherto the division had been between those who held, either for reasons of religion or snobbery, that the marriage was unsuitable and those who were untroubled by the prospect of the King's marrying a commoner, an American, and a divorcée. It now became a simple issue of the King's right to act against the Prime Minister's "advice."

The *Catholic Times* declared that the crisis was a ramp, contrived by the financiers. The *Daily Worker* took much the same line, reporting Mr. Harry Pollitt, who spoke of the "flummery and flapdoodle" of the crisis. The apostles of social credit revived, in more flamboyant forms than hitherto, Hilaire Belloc's thesis that the King in our day should assume his sixteenth-century powers in order to champion the cause of the people against twentieth-century robber barons. In *Reynolds*, Mr. Brailsford quietly remarked, "While England chatters about a lady from Baltimore, Germany marches forward to the conquest of Spain."

The King, as we have seen, gave no countenance to the motley army which rallied to his standard. Inquiries at the time led me to agree with a lobby correspondent who held that for about forty-eight hours there had been a real danger of the birth of a King's Party in the House as well as outside it, but even MPs who were personally inclined to oppose the government on the morganatic issue were deterred by reports from their constituencies. Backing for the King's marriage seemed to be almost wholly confined to London. Scotland was firmly against it. South Wales members reported that the King's popularity was almost gone; the film of his recent visit was watched in cold silence in the very valleys where the same people had cheered him so vehemently only a few weeks before.

Similar reports of solid opposition came from all parts of the country. The marriage just did not fit into the pattern expected of a British King. I enjoyed the comment of a fox-hunting squire who was in the process of divorcing his wife; he held that the King was no gentleman. A friend whose work brought her into contact with many poor people said that general opinion was summarized in a working woman's phrase: "He's a naughty boy, but we don't want to lose him." Another said, "Of course he'd better marry her. It's no use living alongside someone you don't like. You only want to do them in." But when the issue was clear and the news of the abdication was announced, a taxi driver summed it up by saying regretfully, "It wouldn't have done. It wouldn't have done."

In this remarkable story, the British press, radio, public, Prime Minister, and House of Commons all behaved according to pattern. On the night of King Edward's broadcast I heard the radio announcer declare that the world stood amazed at the admirable behavior of England in this unprecedented crisis. The phrase was part of a familiar tune. During the next few days it was repeated in one form or another in almost every British newspaper. We had behaved, as always, with astonishing sobriety, judgment, self-restraint.

THIS self-congratulation on our own modesty, reticence, and other sterling gifts always marks British recovery from a shock. The crisis is re-

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solved, and the process of self-reassurance begins. The same pattern of behavior was noticeable in the general strike, in the economic crisis of 1931, and on various occasions when a financial scandal or example of personal corruption had been publicly exposed. On such occasions, some of those things which the British ruling classes would not admit to be possible in this country have indubitably occurred. It is an axiom, resolutely upheld and only to be disputed by the contumacious, that while other people have social divisions and revolutions, no class struggle exists in England. The general strike, nevertheless, occurred. Similarly, bad finance and unsound economic policy might upset the economic stability of Continental countries or of the United States; in England the banks were invulnerable and capitalism unshakable. Yet the economic crisis of 1931 occurred. Again, graft may be rampant abroad, but its absence is the peculiar glory of British public life. Yet scandals do occur.

In every case exactly the same technique is adopted. When the unprecedented had happened and could no longer be hidden, every effort was made to insist that it was an isolated incident having nothing to do with anything else in society, a mere aberration from the normal, to which we could at once return when the incident was over. No reason to examine its causes or to consider whether the moral and social axioms that had been momentarily challenged were in need of revision. No reason to blame anybody, or to dwell on the past. No one so apt as Mr. Baldwin at saying the healing word. It was most needed in the abdication crisis. At first the confused public was like a man who had received a violent blow on the head and who feared in his pain and bewilderment that the injury might be permanent; it woke up a few days later in hospital to find Mr. Baldwin sitting by the bedside explaining that nothing very serious had occurred, that the monarchy was safer than ever, and that it had proved the soundness of our Constitution that we were able to return to normal with another King, a family man, like his father, who would carry on the great traditions of British monarchy and assure our stability.

If matters could have remained there, Mr. Baldwin would have pulled off a perfect job — a job as difficult and as successfully handled from his point of view as the general strike. For complete success, however, he should have had the last word. His farewell to the King was a masterpiece; Edward alone knew its subtle dishonesty.

The tone was perfect and would have been scarcely criticized had not the Archbishop of Canterbury caricatured it in a broadcast which nauseated a surprising number of people. Many will still recall Gerald Bullett's scathing quatrain on Cosmo Lang's broadcast. My version runs:

My Lord Archbishop, what a scold you are!
And when your man is down, how very bold you are!
Of charity how oddly scant you are!
How Lang Oh Lord, How full of Cantuar!

This broadcast produced a remarkable outburst of anticlerical feeling. The tone of his broadcast was judged to be that of a party leader who boasts of having downed his opponent, which is never a popular attitude in Britain. It contrasted altogether too sharply with the simplicity and directness of the Duke of Windsor's broadcast, in which everyone learned that he had been prevented from speaking to the public by Mr. Baldwin and that he was abdicating for no other reason than that he wanted to marry a divorced woman.

There was little more criticism. A small group of left socialists polled five votes for a republican amendment. Mr. Maxton urged in eloquent but not inflammatory language that monarchy was an out-of-date institution which naturally led to such crises in the twentieth century, and he was supported by four other members, one of whom, Mr. Buchanan, remarked, amid the eulogies of the departing King, that he had never heard so much humbug in his life; if the eulogists believed what they said, "why did they unload him?" The Labor Party attitude, however, was expressed by Mr. Attlee, who said that socialists could not waste their time on abstract discussions about republicanism. Monarchy, it was true, had been absurdly played up in the past and invested with "an unreal halo." This had tended to obscure the realities.

What was the reality after the abdication? Mr. Maxton quoted Humpty Dumpty:

All the King's horses
And all the King's men
Could not put Humpty Dumpty
Back again.

Shouts of "Together again" came from all parts of the House. Tension was relaxed. It was pleasant to correct the scansion of a misquoted nursery rhyme, but the correction did not dispose of Mr. Maxton's point, and the press at once set about putting Humpty Dumpty together again. Arrangements had already been made for a Council of Regency, and the picture was quickly redrawn of the monarchy restored in the image of King George V.

Impeccably, George VI, with his wife and daughters, sat on his father's throne. Everything that could be found to say about the new King was said; stress was laid on his work for boys' camps, on some remarks he had made about the need for social improvement, and above all, on his happy and blameless family life. All the resources of propaganda were ready to build up the new King and Queen and to re-establish the approved pattern of British monarchy.

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THE PURES

BY WILLIAM J. J. GORDON

WILLIAM J. J. GORDON *is a lecturer in the Engineering Department of Applied Physics at Harvard. He is also president of Synectics, Inc., a consulting firm primarily concerned with augmenting the creative output of industrial research organizations. The following story is clearly the outgrowth of his own immediate experience.*

A MYOPIC in a back-room lab hollers "Eureka" and stumbles out with some new hooligan of an alloy. Cheaper than mud and tougher than diamonds. Right away I'm supposed to have free samples for my clients. They figure I'm the sharpest metal-fatigue man in the business, so nothing new in metals should happen anywhere without me plugging right in. No kidding. Samples! There's only one way to plug into the latest technical poop. I take in every scientific symposium in my line. What a bind. Three days folded into one of those wooden camp chairs.

Not only that, but I have to watch myself every second or I'll get sucked into the running fight between the pures and the applieds. For instance, last week I was in South Station buying a magazine for the trip out to the Third Metallurgical Congress in Chicago when up comes Professor Keel.

"Hi, Fairley," he said.

Professor Keel is leader of the applieds. No formal election or anything. He's just the appliedest. He patted a small wrapped package.

"You'll need more than *Time* magazine to sweat out a train trip with the 'good guys.' " He laughed. That's what the applieds call the pures. They refer to themselves as the "bad guys." Keel thought the pure-applied battle was a riot. He's a nifty dresser — he gets those big consultant fees. And he has a manicure every Saturday. No bull! He marches in there and holds out his hands so some bimbo can work on them. You can see him right through the window.

He patted his package again. "Look into the pewter pot, and see the world as the world is not," he said. He raised up his eyes like a priest. "Give me strength to endure the pures, for they know not what they do," he prayed and walked away humming.

I went back to picking out a magazine. You've got to be careful what you read on a train full of academic people. With *Fortune*, the pures call you a fascist. With the *Saturday Review*, the applieds figure you've gone high-hat. I was reaching for something with a bimbo on the cover when I heard a whisper in my ear like a combination special agent and pimp.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Fairley." It was Professor Sanborn, boss of pures. Also no election. Just the purest. Dresses like a refugee. No big consultant fees, so he's a snob. "I see you're arming yourself for the trip with the 'gadgeteers.' " That's what the pures call the applieds, "gadgeteers." It's the worst thing they can imagine saying, and they don't think it's funny. This trip was shaping up into a real knock-down, drag-out. "See you on board," Professor Sanborn hissed, and took off. I hung around fingering the magazines till train time and got on at the last minute. In fact, I thought of taking a plane.

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Guess what I had for a Pullman. One of those pre-war babies with uppers and lowers and a big can at each end. I swung up on the platform, and a bald guy with a box in his hand asked me for my name. I told him, and he began hunting around in his little box. Finally he pulled out a big red lapel button. On it was printed, "Dr. A. Morrison Fairley, Consultant," and on the bottom, "Call me SONNY." I gave the bald guy a look. He got the message.

"I thought I'd try to add a little informal dynamics," he said. "Last summer we had the same trouble at Camp Highlife. The way I figure —"

"Did you get all the Metallurgical Congress members to put on the buttons?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," the bald guy said. "I had a little mix-up with Professor Sanborn. Had to help him pin it on. I got the feeling he was fighting it." This trip was going to be a beaut. I went into the car, and sure enough, everyone was wearing his badge. But you could tell the pures from the applieds. The pures had scratched out the nicknames on theirs. I dropped my bag and began to make my way up the car, talking science with pures and yukking it up with applieds.

The applieds went in for a lot of handshaking and backslapping and calling back and forth, like a bunch of alumni. The pures greeted each other quietly — "Nobody here but us pures." In five minutes, by the time we got to Back Bay Station, all the pures were correcting exams or writing technical papers.

There was one man in the car who was a stranger to me. He was scribbling in a notebook, so I figured him for a pure, even though I couldn't see if his nickname was scratched out. When I sat down beside Professor Sanborn, I asked about the scribbler. Sanborn pushed his lips right up against my left ear, his eyes rolling all over his head on the lookout for spies. He doesn't do top-secret work or anything, but he wants people to think he's in on something red hot.

"That's my new man," Sanborn hissed. "Brilliant — mathematical wizard — pure mathematics, that is. From Cambridge University. They have a certain style of science over there you know. Name's Professor Black."

"How lucky you are to have him," I whispered.

Sanborn nodded his head to show how lucky he was, and I got up and went down the aisle. From the others I learned that Professor Black was indeed a valuable piece of scientific merchandise. All had read his paper, "The Erosion of Metals and the Ballistics of the Upper Atmosphere." Black was, as Sanborn had promised, pure as the driven snow. Even Keel, leader of the applieds, respected him.

"It was a lucky day for Frank Sanborn when the university dug up the dough to buy Black away from the Cavendish," Keel told me. "Sanborn's department hasn't turned out anything significant for ten years, but Black will change all that. I hardly know the man, you understand. Sanborn keeps him under lock and key like a goddamn virgin."

Professor Black stayed in his seat, still scribbling in his notebook. He was a very small, round man, about thirty, cherubic face, pink and white, feathery blond hair. Every once in a while he would raise his face from his work to look out the window. His lips kept moving in some technological litany. Of course, being new, he hadn't any friends aboard, and his busy-busy attitude made it hard to strike up a conversation with him, or else I would have. What the hell? Everybody likes me.

The trip went along nicely. After supper the applieds pushed into the club car for highballs, the whole bunch of them. The pures were so damn churchy that it made the applieds extra noisy and gay. About eleven thirty I packed my traps and sloped for bed. When I entered the men's washroom I found Professor Black stripping lengths of toilet paper off a roll. Very carefully he was covering the floor with toilet-paper stepping-stones. His underwear hung on a hook. He had five of those little Pullman towels knotted together and tied around his baby-fat waist. He smiled at me and went back to work. I said, "Hi," and began fiddling with my toilet kit. If some nut wants to lay down a bum-wad mosaic in a Pullman men's room, that's okay with me. He unrolled a path of toilet paper ahead of himself into the w.c. and shut the door.

Professor Black had just closed the door behind him when Professor Keel came in holding a pint of bourbon. He waved the bottle at me. I guess I didn't look too full of beans.

"It couldn't hurt you," he said. He poured a drink into one of those conical paper cups you find in trains. Then he made a drink for himself. I sat down next to him on the long black leather settee those old sleeper toilets have. What a room! The heavy faded green curtain blocking the entrance, the stained leather settee, the three metal washbasins lined up in a row; and at the far end was the door to the w.c. Even the cuspidor was there, squatting down under the empty metal matchbox container. I was taking my first sip of bourbon when Professor Sanborn slippered in. He was decked out in a woolen bathrobe with a Sears, Roebuck design on it. He went right up to a little basin, squeezed out a two-inch toothpaste worm, and began to brush his teeth.

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"How about a little snort, Frank?" said Keel. He winked at Professor Sanborn, who worked up so much lather in his mouth that I thought he'd strangle. With his back to the door of the w.c., Sanborn didn't see Professor Black skip out in his Pullman-towel skirt. Black bumped into Sanborn.

"Oops!" said Black. "Sorry." Sanborn's mouth was too full of toothpaste for him to talk. He bobbed his head and stood aside for his bright young man.

"Drink?" said Keel to Black.

Black thought a moment.

"I'd be grateful to you," he said. Sanborn gave both of them a dirty look.

Keel pulled out another of those conical paper cups and filled it. Black took it in his infant fist and drank it in one gulp.

"Mmmm — just the job," he said. "Queer, you know. I never developed a taste for Scotch, but I always loved bourbon, and I'm a Scotsman."

Keel refilled Black's paper cup. By this time the cup was so soggy that Black gripped it by the bottom vertex so as not to force out the booze. All the while he was turning on faucets in the three little shaving bowls. With one hand he pinched the paper cup, and with the other he tested the water in the washbowls and added hot water or cold, according to his taste. Filling the bowls was quite a project — noisy, too. Sanborn watched Black with visible anxiety, Keel with delight, none of us with comprehension. I was afraid Keel was feeling his oats, and sure enough, he opened up the can of peas.

"Tell me, Professor Black," said Keel. "Where do you stand on the subject of pure as opposed to applied science?"

"Let me see." The little guy had filled three washbasins according to his recipe. He threw his Pullman-towel skirt on a hook and leaned against a basin, completely naked. He was real cute and relaxed. He sipped the bourbon that was forced to the top of the cup as it collapsed. He was thinking about his answer to Keel, working hard to understand how he actually felt.

"As a pure man yourself," Keel went on, "you must have some conviction, some constructive bias." That was the ball game, right there!

"Keel," Professor Sanborn interrupted, "I'm afraid it's impossible for your kind to understand how *we* function. Pure scientific investigation must have no purpose. It is research for its own sake. Furthermore, since Professor Black is a stranger in our country, it is an imposition to lure him into a private fight." Sanborn's knobbly bathrobe made me think of a down-South camp-meeting preacher on his way to the outhouse. As he talked, bits of forgotten toothpaste foam flicked out.

"Frank," said Keel to Sanborn, "I purposely directed my question to Professor Black hoping to get a new point of view. You see —"

"Could someone give me a leg up?" asked Black. The little guy was standing next to the middle washbasin, one hand on it and one hand holding his paper cup. He lifted one foot off the floor, and I leaned over and cupped my hands around his foot as if I were helping someone up on a horse.

"Thank you," said Black. "A wee bit more."

I gave a little hoist, and up he went into the three basins, fat little feet in one, round ass in the middle basin, head in the third. It seemed impossible that Black would fit into the three basins, let alone be grunting contentedly. He held his head way back in the last basin and sipped at his paper cup of bourbon by continuing to pinch the conical bottom in one hand. In his other hand was one of those tiny pieces of soap they give you in Pullmans. Finally Keel found his voice again. "I feel sure that Professor Black *does* have a new point of view," said Keel.

Black lost the piece of soap. He groped around in all the basins till he found it. Then he washed his feet with great difficulty. Finally, he lathered his behind and lay back again.

"Pure science," Black mused, "pure science. Let's work from analogy. With some people, if a mountain's there, they have to climb it. With me, if a typewriter's there, I have to start thumping. I love to slap the keys on the roll, particularly if I have nothing to say, which is the usual case. Pure typing, that's what! Typing for typing's sake!"

He paused a moment to pinch a little bourbon into his puckered mouth. In the interim, Professor Keel said that he was very interested and Professor Sanborn appeared to be in shock. I didn't know what to do or say. This pure versus applied business was something I had always avoided, and I wasn't going to get pulled in now. But Black looked like dynamite, and I figured there'd be fireworks.

"Pure typing is like pure art or pure science." Black picked up where he had left off. "Applied art is for advertisements — billboards, calendars. Applied science is for gadgets. Applied typing is too commercial for me, in like manner. Pure typing is sans the commercial blight of purpose. It does not soil its soul for gold. Its eyes are raised to the high *a priori* road of absolute essence. It's a kind of Zen within Zen."

He stopped a moment to hold out his limp paper cup to Keel. Like a zombie, Keel rose and filled it. By this time all the wet strength of the paper cup was gone. The bourbon began to leak out of the bottom in little tears. Black concentrated

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on this phenomenon as though it were a great discovery, then tucked the conical bottom into his mouth and sucked.

"Trouble with Joyce was he dropped his sights too low; next thing you know three professors made him coherent. As a pure typist he was all washed up. Personally" — Black raised his head a bit to tell us this in a confidential manner; he almost mimicked Professor Sanborn's pimp delivery — "personally, I believe that Joyce had the talent to be a great pure typist, perhaps the greatest. He simply couldn't tolerate the rarefied atmosphere of intensely concentrated ambiguity. The professors hammered a wedge into him by interpreting his reference to the Greek myths, and then the balloon went up, the flap was on. After that, the professors made sense out of everything. Joyce was a beaten man, applied and beaten."

All this while Black had been soaping himself with that midget piece of soap. He kept losing the soap and feeling around for it. By squirming into a sequence of contortions he managed somehow to lather his whole body. Then he picked his head out of its basin and his feet out of their basin. He left his bottom in the middle basin and swung down his legs. They were short and hairless, like an infant's. Professor Sanborn's skinny blue hands fidgeted in his toilet kit. Keel got up and filled Black's leaking cup, put some more booze in mine, and absentmindedly poured a cup for Sanborn.

SANBORN automatically tossed off his drink in one swallow. For a moment his old eyeballs glazed over like candied apples. He didn't say anything. He just sat there and stared at Black's plump feet. Keel, too, seemed to be hypnotized by the plump pinkness. He sipped at his drink and kept his eyes on the feet dangling below the Pullman basin.

"Next time I have my hands done," Keel said quietly, "I think I'll have my feet done too."

Suddenly Sanborn snapped out of his trance and rose to go out. Immediately, Black jumped off his perch, hopped across the room on his bumwad stepping-stones, and blocked the exit. There he was, the little cherubic bastard, standing stark naked against the green drape, soapy lather drying on his body in bubbles; smiling, not tough, kind of pleading.

"Professor Sanborn," he said, "I beg you to stay till I've finished my wee treatise."

Sanborn tried to duck under Black's outthrust arms, but Black crouched down and blocked him.

"It wouldn't be fair not to hear me out, now would it, sir?"

That drink of bourbon Sanborn had tossed off must have given him some bezazz. He tucked his toilet kit under his arm and looked Black right in the eye. Then he put his lips to Black's right ear.

"You are correct, sir," hissed Sanborn in his top-secret style. "It would not be fair. But it's after midnight. I am growing tired. I would appreciate your coming to the point of what you call your 'treatise.' " And he went back and sat down next to Keel.

Keel and Sanborn were being drawn closer through sharing this guy Black's performance. They huddled together on that black leather men's-room settee like a couple of kids watching Dracula.

"If I understand you, Professor Black" — Keel was trying to plug in — "you're saying that applied science is a lower order of activity than pure science."

Keel is a good guy — jokes, drinks, and no question about competence in his field. But he's trade school, no real intellectual. I at least had heard of Joyce, a crazy writer. But I bet Keel didn't have a clue. That narrow-gauge mind of his was glued to the pures-applieds battle. If he could swing Black over to the applieds, it would mean a lot of prestige to his position. Black had drained the three basins and was putting in fresh water.

"Don't know where I stand. That's why I didn't want Professor Sanborn to leave. If I can talk for a few more minutes, I think I'll get somewhere!"

With that, Black waved a foot at me, and I boosted him into the three basins again. Only this time, after lying down, he splashed water all over himself, rinsing off the soap. The soap had dried, and he had a hell of a time.

"Always have a wash before going to bed — every night — never miss — sleep better."

He ducked his head backward into the basin and thrashed around till I thought he'd bust something. Finally he lifted out his head and rested his cheek on the side of the bowl.

"Take Da Vinci. What kind of pure typist would he have made? Mediocre. Too much control. Gertrude Stein? She talked a good game of typing — 'Pigeons on the grass, alas' — but when it came right down to it, she tightened up. The unanalyzed music of the spheres, that's the symbol of your best kind of pure typist. How about this? Jazz typing — hot typing, cool typing, or whatever you Americans call it. A cocktail-bar combo of organ, cornet, and IBM electric! Now there's pure typing for you! No words, no poems, pure percussion. Wouldn't be half bad."

"Professor Black," Sanborn interrupted, "if you carry out your excellent logic to a systematic limit, you are forced to admit that even your quaintly conceived notion of pure typing breaks down in your last example."

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"Which example, sir?" asked Black.

"In your musical example," said Sanborn, "which I enjoyed very much."

You have to hand it to Sanborn. He's sharp. He'd been following Black all the while. I'd thought he was scared stiff.

"Pursuing your train of thought a moment: you invented a form of typing so pure that its only use would be as part of some kind of jazz band. Right?"

"Combo — yes, sir."

"Fine. As you say, 'combo.' Very well. The fallacy in your logic derives from the fact that the purest typing you could invent has a use — namely, in a jazz combo."

Sanborn had been leaning forward to deliver his critique. Now he relaxed back on the settee. Keel shook the last drink out of his bottle, sighted over the spittoon like a bombardier, and let go! Crash!

Black skidded out of his three bowls and stood dripping in front of Sanborn. He danced around, sending little drops of water all over Sanborn and Keel. He was so excited he forgot to use his toilet-paper stepping-stones.

"You're right," he cried. "By George, you're right!"

He grabbed for his string of knotted Pullman towels and began rubbing himself down with them. He stopped.

"But what is the final implication, sir, would you say?"

Sanborn closed his eyes in thought. "I would hold that the systematic resultant of your dissertation is that jazz typing is not pure typing. There's your fallacy, right there."

"I would query that point, sir," said Black. "I would say that my argument implies that the difference between pure and applied has been overemphasized."

Keel finally plugged in, at least to the fact that the old battle was on. "I say something different from both of you," Keel said. "Professor Black has shown that nothing is truly pure, that nothing exists until it is applied."

"Professor Keel," said Sanborn, "that's a typical biased resultant, worthy of your usual intellectual conduct."

Black had by this time put on his underwear. Without saying good night Sanborn pushed his way out through the green curtain. Keel followed, arguing, and Black and I were left alone.

"Maybe only one thing is pure," Black said to me. "Spontaneous war!"

"Professor Black," I asked, "was that bath really satisfying?"

"Oh, my, yes," said Black. "But even war is not perfectly pure; it's such an ends-and-means mix-up. Over in Moscow they've got a huge cigar pointed toward New York. In New York there's a great thing pointed toward Moscow. Each missile is filled with special instruments to get on target. And all that fuel — very inefficient, very gadgety, not pure at all."

"It didn't look very comfortable," I said, "with your knees bent up and all."

"But it could be made pure," Black went on. "Let's say the two missiles, in Moscow and New York, were directed straight up and just had a tiny bit of fuel, or no fuel at all, just a great big spring, no complicated gadgets that might go wrong."

"I might try a tub like yours myself," I said. I began to take off my pajamas. "Trains always make me feel dirty."

"At a given signal Moscow and New York could blow themselves up with an elegance and certainty unattainable under present gross gadgetry conditions. Each missile would go straight up for a few feet, then *down!* And *bang!* Here, let me show you. If your feet aren't placed just so in that last basin, it throws off the whole wash."

BLISS SLEEPS

BY JEANNETTE NICHOLS

A kind of bliss sleeps
on a Bowery street smiling
toward Tuesday and a dishwashing dollar.

Curled, hands tucked into armpits,
sleeping an unworried sleep
bliss dreams

of all the world's white
horses bridled and reined for
the ride home to banners and drums,

home where the bottles are full,
streetlights steady and all
the old chances lined up

as ready as duckpins.

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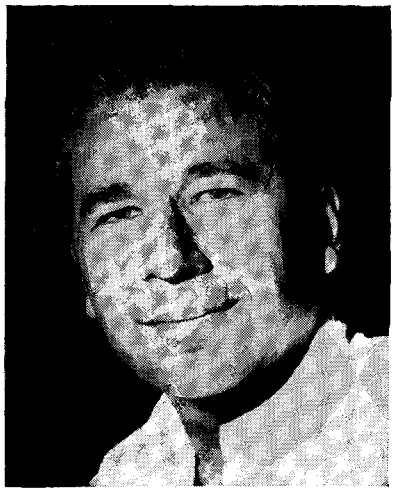
THE ATLANTIC EXTRA

THE BITTER 30's

From a Personal History

BY ALFRED KAZIN

One of the ranking literary critics in America, ALFRED KAZIN *was educated at the College of the City of New York. He began his literary career as a book reviewer for the* NEW REPUBLIC *in the hot, desperate summer of 1934. Here he tells of his coming of age in the Depression and of the excitement, aspiration, and loneliness which beset him by turns during this revolutionary period. A collection of his critical essays,* CONTEMPORARIES, *appears this month under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint.*



Photograph by Monzberg, Jerusalem.

ONE hot June day in 1934, a Depression summer, I had just completed my college course for the year and was desolately on my way home to Brooklyn when a book review in the New York *Times* aroused me. I was nineteen years old, my briefcase was full of college essays on Henry Vaughan, T. S. Eliot, John Donne, and other Anglo-Catholic poets who had come into fashion, and I had no prospects whatsoever. Although I was a "socialist," like everyone else I knew, I thought of socialism as orthodox Christians might think of the Second Coming — as a wholly supernatural event which one might await with perfect faith, but which had no obvious relevance to one's immediate life. "Socialism" was a social activity, since everyone I knew was a "socialist," more or less; but I was remarkably detached from it intellectually, and spent my days reading Blake and Lawrence and Whitman. I felt moral compulsions to be a socialist, since the violently disordered society I lived in did not seem to admit of saving in any other way; but the compulsion, though I felt it deeply, did not seem to require any conscious personal assent or decision on my part. I felt myself to be a rebel, not a doctrinaire; I was proud of the radical yet wholly literary tradition to which I knew that I belonged, with Randolph Bourne and Van Wyck Brooks and Edmund Wilson. If anyone had pointed out contradictions in my roster of literary affinities, I would not have been ashamed.

It was the militant sociological emphasis of the review in the *Times* that aroused me. The reviewer was John Chamberlain, who had become important to many of us for the brilliance and liveliness with which he had inaugurated a daily literary column in the staid old *Times*. Chamberlain described a recent book on America's youth by a professional youth leader who had been a fascist and was presently (at least I guessed this from the review) a Communist. I knew all about professional youth leaders; the City College saw many of them, four and five years after graduation, holding forth at street corners just outside the college walls. Youth leaders never seemed to graduate out of the class of youth. One of them, expelled from college because he had led a physical attack on Italian fascist students visiting American colleges, could be seen any day of the week, either at City College or Columbia — he was literally a professional agitator — working on a circle of students with a look of detached and professional hauteur. His personal arrogance had always infuriated me; and it was this same arrogance and knowingness, which had oozed out of the profes-

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sional youth leader into the review of John Chamberlain, whom I usually admired, that woke me from my torpor that hot afternoon in the subway. I hated all abstract talk of youth and the problems of youth; *I* was youth, afraid to go home, without a job. Chamberlain's programmatic remarks seemed to me condescending, his manner unfeeling; I was convinced that he knew nothing about the subject, and that even his concern with such a book showed a highly abstract mind. I was youth — youth out of college for the year, useless, driven as an alley cat. What the hell does this fellow know about it anyway?

On a sudden impulse I got off at Times Square and made my way up to the Book Review, and to my utter astonishment found Chamberlain in and prepared to hear me out. Chamberlain was just over thirty then, but he looked twenty and was so boyish and unpretentious in his manner that all my anger at his inhuman "progressivism" quickly vanished in the glow and excitement of that afternoon's talk. To be able to talk to him was so unexpected that I tumbled over in my excitement, went deliriously from subject to subject, but always returned the talk to youth for fear that he might think I had exhausted my reason for coming. Chamberlain astounded me; in those days, he astounded everyone. He looked so young, so ingenuous, so carelessly one of the boys, with his tousled blond hair and his torn white shirt, that it was not until I got to know him better that I realized how abstract his mind was. He lived on ideas, so completely missing the color and emotion of the human crisis behind them that it was possible to talk to him about anything, to talk to him all the time, without his entertaining the slightest curiosity about the human beings you described.

Chamberlain was the golden boy of a generation of ideologues; he was surrounded by radical intellectuals, but he looked like Charles Augustus Lindbergh shyly starting out alone for Paris, like Gary Cooper in a Western warding off a kiss. He was awkward, kindly, ingenuous, modest. Yet his conversation was all Veblen, Marx, Pareto, Beard, Sorokin, Spengler. He never seemed to tire of turning over ideas, for, like many another middle-class American who had learned to distrust capitalist society, he was looking hard for alternatives. His extraordinary and much-admired success as the radical book reviewer of the *Times* — in no period but the early thirties could Chamberlain's reviews have been a daily feature of the *Times* — was due to a stimulating, unorthodox, generous interest in ideas that made people grateful for his good faith in considering every social idea without lending himself abjectly to any one. Yet he looked like a Yale man's idea of a Yale man, and, except for his careless clothes, like his classmates on Madison Avenue who spent their days thinking up slogans designed to make you buy toothpaste, soap, and deodorants.

It was easy to mistake Chamberlain for merely a mechanic of ideas, a braintruster, perfectly disinterested. He seemed so perpetually in discovery of new ideas that he had become an intellectual journalist, a type as peculiar to the thirties as Mencken had been to the twenties; he personified the crisis of the American middle class, of the old bourgeois faith. His father was a wholesale furniture dealer in New Haven; the Chamberlains had been battered by the Depression. The chilling deliberateness with which John Chamberlain was able to analyze the formation of American Communism, the possibilities of taking power, the use of inherited wealth, showed a bankruptcy of the normal standards of middle-class Americans from small towns, of Yale graduates, which had taken the form of an almost aimless empiricism in ideas, a willingness to consider anything, so long as it kept alive the possible use of ideas in creating a new society.

Chamberlain was interested in me that afternoon because I seemed to have an idea; at least I talked about ideas. As I was to learn later, one could never talk to Chamberlain about imaginative literature, music, painting, women; he never talked anything but shop. He was so carried away by our talk that he had forgotten to finish his daily piece, and when it became urgent for him to send his copy down, I watched with awe as he banged out his piece for the next day, rattling down hard on the keys like a man who never had to stop for a moment. When the thing was done and he had sent it down, he leaned back in his chair eagerly to finish the point about Veblen that he had been making. It was only when evening came on, and he realized that it was time for him to go home, that it occurred to me to ask him for some help in getting a job. He looked at me with a puzzled frown when I showed him my papers on Eliot and Donne; then he laughed and sent me down to the *New Republic* with a scribbled note — "here's an intelligent radical" — and a recommendation that I do book reviews.

So, thanks to Chamberlain, I became a literary journalist, and that hot and miserable summer I had dreaded so much I managed to earn what I needed each week writing book reviews for the *New Republic*, *Scribner's*, and the Sunday papers. It seemed an incredibly glamorous life: my name appeared regularly in print; above all, I had a chance to meet writers in a social world which in 1934 was still not far removed from the old Bo-

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hemia of Greenwich Village and Chelsea. I would often return from a party in the Village, or drinks in the garden of the *New Republic* on West Twenty-first Street, drained by my excitement, my incredulity, exhausted by my effort to understand social and intellectual connections in the literary-radical world around me for which I lacked the knowledge and the simple social experience. Although the country was deep in the Depression, there was a heady excitement in the air, a spirit of literary crusading, the sense of a movement. Marxism was in the air, turnover was in the air, and whatever else you could say of them, the writers I knew had the look of being part of a common atmosphere of ideas. It was the age of militancy. So many of the writers who seemed to me, when I was twenty, really to *be* writers wore proletarian scowls on their faces as constant as the cigarette butts pasted in their mouths. There was a proud and conscious carrying on of the literary groups and cenacles of the nineteen twenties, an atmosphere of dash, a writer's sense of a common destiny, that I saw reflected in the faces of James T. Farrell and Robert Cantwell, of Clifford Odets and Elia Kazan. The excitement of literary life was not only in the proud radical Bohemianism of the time but in the particular fury with which Irishmen like Farrell, Jews like Nathanael West and Edward Dahlberg, Armenians like William Saroyan, Negroes like Richard Wright, writers with recent working-class experience like John Steinbeck, writers from the depressed South like Erskine Caldwell, people with extreme experience of the Depression like Nelson Algren and Henry Miller were coming into American literature.

What young writers of the thirties wanted was to prove the literary authenticity of our own experience, to recognize the possibility of art in our own lives, to feel that we had moved the streets, the stockyards, the hiring halls into literature — to show that in us continued the radical strength of American writing. And it was just here that the influence of Malcolm Cowley, then literary editor of the *New Republic*, was so fundamental. For Cowley had just published his autobiography as a chronicle of the expatriates — he had belonged to the lost generation in Paris — and each Wednesday afternoon at the *New Republic*, when I waited with other hopeful reviewers for Cowley to sail in after lunch with an affable smile on the face which so startlingly duplicated Hemingway's handsomeness, the sight of Cowley in his rumpled seersucker suit superintending so many Communist hacks, writing genial editorials condemning the prisoners in the Moscow Trials, retailing his memories of the *Dôme* and the *Select*, hinting at the real names behind the characters in *The Sun Also Rises*, seemed to unite, through his literary assurance, the brilliant twenties and the depressed thirties.

The summer of 1934, that bottom summer, there were so many of us wedged onto the single bench in the waiting room downstairs at the *New Republic*, so many more of us than he needed for reviews, that Cowley, not knowing what else to do for the hungry faces waiting to see him, would sell the books there was no space to review and dole out the proceeds among the more desperate cases haunting him for review assignments. This kindliness was also a conscious symbol of the desperate times. Everything Cowley ever did seemed to be a conscious contribution to literary history, to the felt quality of an immediate period. He was the greatest possible connoisseur of the externals of literary history, and had never forgotten, nor was he ever likely to have new writers forget, that he had been at Harvard with Dos Passos, had drunk in Paris with Hemingway, had fought the *flics* with Aragon, had walked the Village with Hart Crane. Just as he lived in Connecticut (now that the writers had moved from Greenwich Village to Connecticut), so he was unable to lift his pipe to his mouth, or to make a crack, without making one feel his appreciation of the literary situation involved.

Wherever Cowley moved or ate, wherever he lived, he heard the bell of literary history sounding the moment and his own voice calling possibly another change in the literary weather. Cowley had, more than most, the critic's love of writers, of the literary life, the need to recognize the moment, to appropriate and to share in the literary feast. And it was this incredible feeling for literary calendars and literary chronology that made Cowley redirect the literary side of the *New Republic* so firmly in the direction of a sophisticated literary Stalinism, since for Cowley revolution was now the new stage of literary development. In Cowley's reviews and essays not only was there no abdication from the standards of the aesthete generation; there was a constant reminder of Baudelaire on the barricades in 1848, of Wagner the revolutionary, of Marx's own profound literary culture. Cowley was a poet, and he had such a gift of clear style, he had translated so many books from the French, he had known so many writers and worked on so many magazines, that on those torrid July afternoons in the backyard of the *New Republic* on West Twenty-first Street, when the staff would play deck tennis and drink gin and tonic before going out to John's restaurant on the lower East Side, I felt, listening to the conversation, that I had been led up to the most immense spread of literary tidbits.

To Cowley, everything came down to the literary trend, to the forces that seemed to be in the

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know, and to himself in the lead. He was so versed in these questions that he conferred upon even the beggarly reviewers waiting at the *New Republic* the feeling that in his person history was recognizing *us*, that *we* had a share of the literary movement far more significant than we knew.

WHAT made Cowley's literary person particularly vivid to me was the razzing he got from his assistant, Otis Ferguson — a sandy, caustic, wild ex-sailor from Worcester, Massachusetts. Ferguson was mad about jazz and movies, and whenever he had to write in the *New Republic* on a "serious" book, he practiced a tone of bristling irony, of just barely veiled obscenity, that overturned the literary idealism, the note of high culture, that had always been traditional on the *New Republic*.

Ferguson was one of the few real roughs of the thirties — not because he had been a worker, but because he really feared and despised high culture. His jazz, his movies, his radio, the reviews he wrote in a style full of "kicks," slambang effects, weird and orgiastic puns, the violent razzle-dazzle of his style — all this, wonderful as it often was as force, as humor, as musical sound, was his way of saying "Nuts to you." He believed in nothing; he thought all literary intellectuals simply pretentious. He never tired of making puns on the names of eminent literary critics and of playing practical jokes on the literary dignitaries who visited the office. Everything about Ferguson radiated a desire for "kicks," for the ultimate sensation, and he had quickly gathered about him, in his brief time on the *New Republic*, a group of aficionados who read him with the same avidity with which they listened to certain jazz bands.

Ferguson wrote about literature, in fact, as if it were jazz, and he was always looking in novels for the high sustained note he loved in Bix Beiderbecke, the slambang moodiness of Gene Krupa. He radiated the restlessness of a jazzman, and from the moment he came up to you in the office, you felt yourself shaking with him, knees, hands, and arms jangling in rhythm to some private tune; his mind seemed to be constantly dancing and darting, moving and shaking. It was the flow of this in his writing, this jazzy, shaky, caustic, humming movement in words, that Ferguson's admirers loved. He was the only critic who gave readers the same sensation they got from listening to jazz, and every true Ferguson piece was a kind of public improvisation, wild, all the stops out, words flung out like blaring, sharply colored notes which sooner or later — if Ferguson was in form — mounted to a climax that left the reader exhausted, stupefied with admiration, and happy. The fact that Ferguson could print these utterly original exercises in improvisation was an example of the turnover of standards at the *New Republic*, for its founders in 1914 had been pompous stylists and literary gentlemen; even Cowley gave the impression not that he approved Ferguson's pieces but that he indulged them.

Yet Ferguson, who laughed at all literary Communists, was a more revolutionary force on the magazine than any of the good English professors at Smith, the staff critics of *Collier's* and *Time*, who were so anxiously Marxist whenever they wrote a book review for the *New Republic*. Ferguson was a desperate man, a sorehead, a fatalist. Of all the writers I first met in the thirties, he was the only one who literally threw his life away in the war; he died in a bombing of his Liberty ship in the Salerno landings, and he was the only man on his ship to die. The last time I ever saw him, one afternoon in 1942 when we were both waiting for our physicals, he said good-bye to me with that sour, sarcastic, jaundiced, yet vaguely inspiriting look that he had always worn like a rumpled flag, defiant to the last.

ONE summer night in 1935, when I went over to his room to take him out to my parents' for dinner, I found Ferguson working on a piece with a pint of Four Roses to cheer him up, exactly as I had always pictured him from reading of his wildly plunging pieces. He was honestly loading himself up, like a jazz player, to improve his performance.

He lived over the old Acme Theatre in Union Square, a firetrap that specialized in Soviet films. The Acme was an ancient, narrow, cavernous film theater dating from the silent days. It was so small that it induced a particular feeling of closeness to the Russian voices thundering from the screen, and whenever you climbed the narrow ladder, just back of the orchestra, that led to the men's room, the noise of the toilet being flushed rebounded through the theater. But not until that night had I heard the movie from the floor above. Ferguson, small, bantamweight, cockily beating time on the floor, was finishing up a piece, humming away at his desk, while the voices of stern and virtuous Soviet military commanders boomed up through the floor. "Go it, man!" Ferguson shouted, and grabbing his bottle, waltzed around the room. We were hilarious. The whole room boomed and shook with the sound of those crunching, nut-cracking Russian voices. We roared our way down the rickety stairs of the tenement that enclosed the theater and came out into the blaze of Union Square.

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I could not help seeing everything that was so habitual to me through Ferguson's jeering, skeptical, independent mind. He had taken up residence over Union Square the way English milords wear levis in the West — he was sucking the marrow out of Union Square, enjoying it to the full, but he had no respect for it. He had assimilated himself into my radical, proletarian-Bohemian, grubby New York without believing in it, out of curiosity and mockery, almost as a joke; and seeing the everlasting circle in Union Square Park of people clasped together in argument, the bitter hard summer evening light on the picket line in front of the Kitty Kelly and Beck shoe stores, the immigrant men and women, all of whom looked like my mother and father and could have been my mother and father — the women in shapeless housedresses, the men in rumpled cheap sport shirts — I saw them through Ferguson's ironic eyes. As he walked through the crowd in his Alice-blue shirt, his yellow tie, his bright-green sports jacket, the stump of a dead cigar in his mouth, he looked like a vaudevillian going to see his agent. When I saw Ferguson in his jazziest, loudest, most provocative mood, I felt that he was impersonating a vulgarity he did not really like, just as at the *New Republic* he had armed himself against the literary intellectuals by playing the sardonic man of the people. He had encased himself against Union Square in his loud jazzman's costume. Across the street the eternally milling circle of radicals in argument, the crowds always thinning and expanding, but never to disappear altogether, seemed to hold the asphalt down.

I had called at Ferguson's room to fetch him to my parents' home for dinner on Friday night. In order to interest him in myself, I had promised him an exotic meal, I had tried to suggest that in our Jewish cuisine there were mysterious delights which he would never discover for himself, and after a good many postponements I had finally been able to pin him down and to get him to come out with me. All through the long subway ride to Brooklyn on that hot, hazy summer night, while the fans in the subway cars whirred around and around in the too brightly lighted cars and chewing-gum wrappers and dust blew through the open windows, I seemed to see everything as if I were Ferguson, for I superstitiously thought of him as a visitor from the great literary world. As so often happened with me whenever I was lucky enough to meet anyone who seemed so positive about everything, I automatically tried to switch my mind to his — not because I really valued his opinions, but out of a frenzy of gratitude for my new friend.

It was August, August in New York, and brutally hot. The long subway ride to Brooklyn, to which I had always submitted like an Arab slowly toiling through the desert, seemed to me unendurable for Ferguson's sake; and as we finally made our way out into the open and walked through the crowded dark streets of Brownsville to my parents' home, I found myself desperately chattering in order to make up for the silence — and, it seemed to me, the obvious distaste — which Ferguson had put on just getting down the subway stairs. I was eager not only to interest Ferguson but to impress my mother, who with her usual anxiety about my ability to reach the great world wanted concrete evidence, in the shape of the "boss" at dinner, that I was onto something at last. She was nervous about Ferguson's coming, for she was not sure that a Gentile would like our food and that she would be able to talk to him. We were all nervous; it was a tremendous occasion for us. My mother's unmarried cousin, Sophie, who lived with us, had hysterically threatened not to appear at all, for as soon as she had learned that the distinguished visitor I was bringing home that evening was not Jewish and was still in his twenties, she had so miserably eliminated all possible thought of him as a suitor that the evening had begun to figure in her mind as an unnecessary ordeal; she would have nothing to say to him. But her little bedroom was just off the dining room, where, for once, we were going to dine, and as she said, it would be impossible for her to spend the evening cooped up in her room while we were all eating and chatting away outside her door.

Our cousin Sophie was a difficult case. Because she had always lived with us, and had often taken care of me as a child when my mother was ill, I could have thought of her as my other mother, but she always seemed too young, restless, tormented. Although she was certainly not pretty — her long face usually looked sad or bitter, and when she was gay, wildly and almost desperately gay — she radiated, as if it were warmth from her body, a passionate and almost angry vividness. All my life I had seen her, with the long black hair which had never been cut and her embroidered Russian blouses and velvet skirts, against the background of a little room scented with musk, with patchouli, while above the bed covered with an India spread there hung, side by side, two pictures. One (I learned their names only much later) was George Frederic Watts's "Hope" — a blindfolded young lady with bare feet sat on a globe earnestly listening for the vibration of the single string on her harp; the other was Pierre-Auguste Cot's picture of "The Storm." As the lovers raced before the storm, their heads were apprehensively yet

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exultantly turned back, and the cloak that the god-like lover tenderly placed over the woman's shoulders seemed so light and flimsy that it barely covered her nakedness, but seemed woven, in its lightness and transparency, of love itself, so that the gauze veil which together they held over their heads, though too flimsy to shield them from the storm, expressed the deeper knowledge — of desire — that explained the shyness of the woman and the confident protective smile of the man. As they ran together, just ahead of the storm, they seemed to be running not only under the same veil but with the same feet.

I had looked at Sophie under those two pictures all my life, just as I had looked at her blouses, her skirts, and her petticoats — there was no closet — or could smell from her warm and fragrant flesh, as soon as she came near me, the musk and sandalwood, or could feel her presence again whenever I touched her velvet skirts on the hangers and the stiff crinkly surface of the India spread on her bed. She was never easy with anyone, never tender; there was something about her long sweeping hair and the ungraspable scent of her body that was like the resistance of velvet, which retreats back into itself, in soft and recessive lines, after you have touched it. As a child, I had often watched her, while she sat doing her hair in front of the mirror, suddenly in despair let the great mane fall over her face; or else she would sit primly coiling her hair, doubling and then binding with long black hairpins each sheaf she caught up in her hand. Her moods were always extreme. The whole long day for her was like a sundial, either washed in sunlight or cold-gray in shadow; the moody, somber Sophie, in whose face one saw control of her despair, alternated with a Sophie reckless, agonized, violently gay, who as she threw her great hair back, or bent over the mandolin with the little black pick in her hand, or coldly stared at some possible suitor, whom my mother had hopefully brought in, stiffly seated at our dinner table, impressed herself all through my boyhood with that proud and flashing loneliness that I was to recognize immediately when I first saw *Carmen.*

SOPHIE was not just the unmarried cousin who had always lived with us; her unmarriedness, her need of a husband, of some attachment, were our constant charge and preoccupation. To this my mother gave as much thought as she did to us, and at the center of our household, whether Sophie was off in her room under the picture of the two lovers fleeing from the storm, or in the kitchen with her friends from "the shop," drinking tea, eating fruit, or beating at the mandolin, one always saw or felt the vividly resentful figure of Sophie. It was my mother, actually, who had impressed all this upon us with an attentiveness, an unremitting anxiety and concern, which from our earliest days had impressed my little sister and me with Sophie's special need, with Sophie's unhappiness. For Sophie was unmarried, Sophie needed love; that was what I understood so early about her — so early, when did I not know this about her? When was it not made clear that we were to watch out for Sophie, to look after her, to see to it that somehow Sophie's deepest wish might yet be granted, that her life would find its appointed center at last in a husband? When did I not know this, and whenever did we not feel, my sister and I, like juvenile marriage brokers? Although Sophie lived as far as possible from the kitchen, enclosed in her scent and her foreignness of pictures and books, lodged like a dignitary deep in the corner where she would be least likely to be bothered, there was always, behind our tense and tremulous family life, the obligation to look out for her, to be mindful of her special need, to remember that she had some agonizing lack that others did not have, that certainly my mother did not have.

Every encounter with Sophie was personal and intense; even a little boy could already feel that it was like a love affair to live so near her, for every look that Sophie gave and every look at Sophie herself, as sometimes she lay fully dressed on the India print, staring moodily at the window, had its lover-like strain, its tone and color of feeling, its arousement, its brooding air of imminent rapture and momentary sorrow. All that a man would experience in loving many women — the moodiness, the dark excitement, the constant sense of being stretched to new possibilities of feeling — I first guessed at from being so near Sophie. The best of what I ever knew as a child came from this nearness to Sophie, lay in this brooding, dark, quicksilvery arousement, this sudden brushing of wings, when I felt that it was Sophie, in her insistence on love, in the fierce sullenness with which an immigrant dressmaker, no longer young, lived for love, that made up the living contrast to my mother's brooding carefulness and distrust.

With my mother every morsel of life was paid for in fear. You calculated the price of everything before you bought it, and even if you bought it, you could not enjoy it for thinking how much it had cost you. The mark of my mother's character was not caution, which denotes a lack of imagination, but the opposite — an unrelenting remembrance of every hurt, betrayal, and sorrow, unquestioning obedience to the dark god, a fearful pledge of joyless solidarity with all the forces which

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had ever molded her and all the people she had ever met. If, at any hour of the day or night — it did not matter whether she was feeding her children or had been awakened from a deep sleep — someone should mention a Mrs. Bernstein whom she had not seen since the steerage twenty years before, and of whom she knew nothing, not even her first name, my mother would immediately, like a spider, spin back and forth on the few threads that connected with Mrs. Bernstein; she would brood, brood, brood on her and absorb into the texture of her own present sorrow the life story of someone she had not thought of in years.

In my mother's world no one ever shrugged his shoulders; no one was ever bored and lazy; no one was ever cynical; no one ever laughed. She was an indentured servant of the emotions, and always a slave to other people. This crushing sense of responsibility operated on everyone near her; so that I could never look at a woman well dressed, proud, sensuous, without instinctively sharing my mother's condemnation of her as frivolous and unkind. My mother was bent, arthritic, and walked as if she were controlling pain. I seemed always to see her bent to someone's service. Her whole being expressed so momentously her awareness of the grimness of life that one felt that she had taken a solemn oath never to forget it.

If there was one quality about my mother which characterized her, it was her refusal ever to enjoy anything openly or even to admit that she craved enjoyment. She never ate with us, but waited on us, like a servant, handing in dishes from the stove, and after the rest of us had finished, sat at one corner of the table nibbling at the leftovers. Yet any day at six Sophie would arrive from the shop, sulky and complaining of a headache, as if she had spent the afternoon shopping instead of sitting over a sewing machine high over Seventh Avenue, and having been served by my mother, would lie on her bed moodily watching the lights from the great delicatessen sign across the street flashing on her wall, while she waited for her friends to come in. They were dressmakers from the shop and all unmarried "girls" like herself, who night after night gathered around Sophie in our apartment, made her home their home, and always seemed part of our family, for they boarded around the neighborhood. I loved to see them come in any night, for they were gay and careless and affectionate, rich and warm. Whenever they came in, the house would sparkle, and even my mother looked pleased as she ran about handing out glasses of tea. Sophie would get positively drunk with excitement. Flushed with joy as she sat at the center of the table surrounded by her friends, her head bobbing up and down like that of a swimmer triumphantly racing through the water, her eyes glittery with excitement, she bent her head over the mandolin and flashed the pick back and forth over the tight steel strings while the polished and ornamented wood of the mandolin reflected the lights hung from the ceiling. In the flashing of her thumb back and forth across the strings, in the red faces of her friends sitting too near the stove, and in the songs we sang, I saw that abandonment to enjoyment, that thirst, that awful intensity, with which she would give herself, someday, to the ideal loved one.

Sophie knew that the world owed her something — love, a home, a husband; and she waited fiercely, her arms implacably crossed, her bulging eyes mad with rage and expectancy, waiting for *him* to come, for her life to reach its necessary consummation. And while she waited, my mother waited on her, nursed her when she was ill, coaxed her back to life when she was depressed, and all day long, whatever else she was doing, always kept between her tasks the pressing thought of finding Sophie a husband, to relieve Sophie of the shame of her unmarried state. I could positively see into my mother's mind as she went about the streets doing her marketing, or buying material for her dressmaking — I could just see her inspecting every likely-looking man who came along, setting traps for every unmarried man between thirty and fifty (so long as he was a Jew and able to make "a nice living") who might happen to pass between Rockaway Avenue and Junius Street on a given day. How many candidates she brought news of before she would even dare bring them back for direct inspection — Sophie listening all the while to my mother's reports with a look on her face at once scornful and disbelieving, like a princess impatiently being fitted for a gown who cannot make the dressmakers, down on their knees with pins in their mouths, understand how trying they are. And how many were the candidates she actually brought home whom Sophie would stare down at dinner because of some minor awkwardness, like eating too noisily, of which the *chaimyankel*, the poor wretch, had no notion whatsoever as he innocently slurped away at his borsht, not knowing that with each spoonful he was digging his grave. And how sad, sad it always seemed to me that though there were a few candidates whom she actually could approve of, and who in turn did feel something for her, the affair always stopped short even of friendship. Long after Doctor Sheshtov, that pleasantly mustached and philosophic dentist who in his sweet and sage way had allowed her to hope had proved to us — all of whom had followed the affair breathlessly, and who had tried to hurry up the courtship by going to him, only to him, to have our teeth fixed — long after he had plainly shown that he was not the marrying kind

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Joel Clark (left), President of Allamakee-Clayton Electric Cooperative makes billionth dollar loan repayment to REA Administrator Norman Clapp.

RURAL ELECTRICS repay billionth dollar on U.S. loans

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after all, it was impossible for his name to come up without such a look of bitterness on Sophie's face that I could no longer even pass his street without feeling guilty. My mother grimly set her teeth and openly wished him *six feet underground* for what he had done to *our Sophie.*

We were all in it with *our Sophie*, our lonely lonely Sophie! For this was how my mother always spoke of Sophie's unmarried state: always in terms of need, of the great one who would take loneliness away, of the long loneliness that would be transformed by one human being.

This was what my own parents had sought in marriage, for as my father had been an orphan from earliest childhood and my mother regarded herself as ugly and unwanted, they had made an "arrangement," looking for someone to love them. My mother once told me how she and my father had made their alliance; they had met in an East Side boardinghouse, they were from neighboring cities in the old country, they married. And on the Saturday night they married, knowing hardly anyone, my mother had gone out to bring some food back to their room and returned to find my father sobbing. Long before I consciously knew anything else, it seems to me, I knew that people married because they were lonely, that people had a right to get married because they were lonely, that loneliness could be relieved only by marriage, and that without marriage you were condemned to your original and catastrophic loneliness. Lonely you were born and lonely you would die — you were lonely as a Jew and lonely in a strange land, lonely, always lonely, even in the midst of people, for my family communicated with each other from loneliness to loneliness, in thought, as I could correspond with my mother's mind no matter how far away she was. In the end, from my mother's insistence on Sophie's need and Sophie's fate, I carried away the picture of a woman or man as an abject soul wandering about the world looking for the other — seeking a cloak against the onrushing black sky that one saw in the picture of the two lovers who fled before the storm, running under the same cover, almost with the same feet.

The dinner was not a success. I kept feverishly trying to see everything through Ferguson's eyes, and I felt ominously that everything looked very strange to him. For the first time, I had brought into our home someone from outside, from the great literary world, and as Ferguson patiently smiled away, interrupted only by mother's bringing in more and more platters and pleading with him *to eat something*, I tried to imagine his reactions. We all sat watching him at the old round table in the dining room — my father, my little sister, and myself — and there poor Ferguson, his eyes bulging with the strain and the harsh bright lights from the overhead lamp, his cheeks red with effort, kept getting shoveled into him cabbage and meatballs, chicken, meat loaf, endless helpings of seltzer and cherry soda, and while I desperately kept up a line of chatter to show him that he was not completely isolated, our cousin Sophie sat at the table silently staring at him, taking him in.

In our boxlike rooms, where you could hear every creak, every cough, every whisper, while the Brooklyn street boiled outside, there was a kind of strangled human emotion, a continual pathos, that seemed to me just the opposite of what literature was for. Poverty was literature, especially in the thirties; I thought poverty had a certain romantic charm. But as Sophie sat at the table in her withdrawn silence, and my little sister stared wide-eyed at the visitor, and my mother bustlingly brought in more platters, and my father explained that he had always read and admired the *New Republic* — oh, ever since the days of Walter Lippmann and Herbert Croly! — I saw, through Ferguson's razor-sharp look, how dreary everything was, how impossibly provincial. My father kept slurping the soup and reaching out for the meat with his own fork; since I had warned him that Ferguson would expect a drink, he self-consciously left the bottle of whiskey on the table and kept urging our visitor to take another drink all through the meal. My mother, who did not even have her personal appreciation of the *New Republic* to regale Ferguson with, had nothing to do but serve the food, and after a while Sophie took to her room and barricaded herself.

So the meal to which I had looked forward so much — which I had promised Ferguson would be exotic, mysterious, vaguely Levantine — passed at last, and after he had charmingly said good-bye to my parents and I walked him back to the subway at Rockaway Avenue, he studied me quietly for a moment and said, "And what was so exotic about that meal?" In order to interest Ferguson in us, I had painted such delights of Brooklyn and the strange Jewish cuisine that it now shocked me to realize that from his point of view we were, as a group, no more unusual or exotic or picturesque than anybody else. My effort to interest him in me by painting us all as if we wore fezzes and lived near a palm tree in Brooklyn had plainly not gone down with Ferguson, who in the office often played the clown in order to ride over the gap he felt between himself and "literary" people like Cowley, but who in the ordinary affairs of life had a common sense that, when I had lost my self-consciousness with him, struck me more and more.

As I said good-bye to Ferguson at the subway

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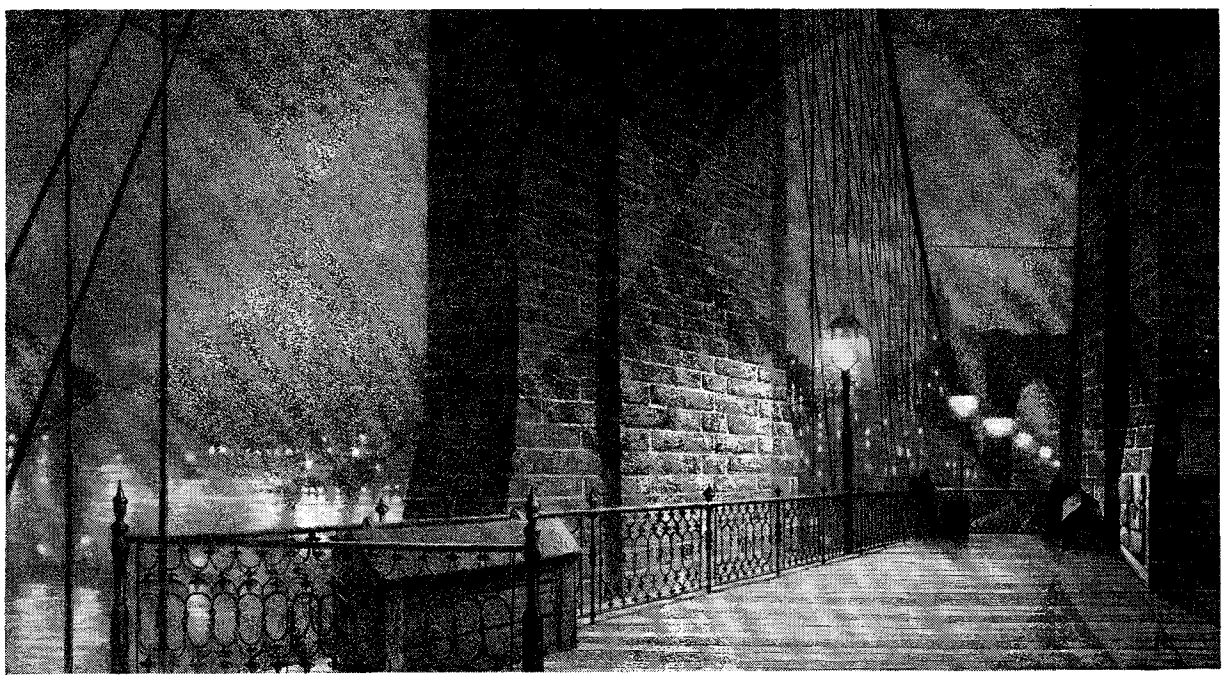
station and walked through the dark Friday-night streets, it shocked me to realize that he found us as a group so commonplace and even boring. In my effort to touch my own family, to jump the wall of silence between us, I had always thought of them as requiring a certain effort to reach, for we were a peculiar set. I was haunted by the arrangement that my mother and father had made, and my father's sobs that Saturday night long ago on the East Side had become my own terror of being lost. But detached and strained as we all were with each other as individuals — which made every member of my family so interesting to me, because we were so unreachable — it seemed to me that we were interesting because we were among the dispossessed of history, and in my literary imagination I saw us as the downtrodden, the lonely, the needy, in a way that fitted my idea of the oncoming apocalypse.

There are times in history when a group feels that it is at the center of events. The nineteen thirties were such a time. Poor as we were, oppressed, lonely, it seemed to me obvious everywhere, even in Hitler's Germany, that to be outside of society and to be Jewish was to be at the heart of things. History was preparing, in and through us, some tremendous deliverance and revelation. For this reason I hugged my aloneness, our apartness, our poverty, our Jewishness, as a mystical sign that pointed to our power to create the future. I attributed everything good to a future period in time, when my class, my people, myself, would finally reach their justification. Starting out in the thirties under people who were "radical," like Chamberlain and Cowley and Ferguson, I could never identify myself with them, for they were so plainly with the haves, with the people who so mysteriously sat in positions of power, for which they had been chosen by — whom? Ferguson's boredom with us, with the crudity that had always seemed to me almost sacramental in its significance for the future, the worldly insignificance of poor Jews from whom had sprung two world religions, shocked me; it seemed to send us spinning into a world of mere dullness and actual insignificance, where poverty was merely graceless and Jewishness merely a bore. I did not mind being poor, Jewish, excluded, for I expected history to be on the side of all these categories; what I could not understand was Ferguson's finding us dull.

At the same time I had a sense of unreality, of doubleness, and almost of duplicity in the constant contrast of my personal life, my friends, my life in Brownsville with those literary contacts in mid-Manhattan who seemed so exciting and unreal to me that I would come home from a lunch with Chamberlain, or an afternoon at the *New Republic*, in nervous exhaustion. There was a curious parallel for me with Ferguson the ex-sailor, the boy from Worcester, who protected himself against Cowley and the heavily literary tradition of the *New Republic* by playing the tough guy. Ferguson would toss around the new review books as they came in, making violent puns on literary gentle



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folk like Mary Colum, or Henry Seidel Canby, or the Van Dorens — who were his special butt, and whom he never tired of lampooning in his jealousy of Columbia professors who wrote so much and edited so much and knew so much about literature. The more I got to know Ferguson, the more I got to understand this protectiveness; and though I was far more literary than Ferguson, I shared his feelings about Cowley. Still, in the office Ferguson lampooned only "professors" like the Van Dorens, who directed the literary department on the rival weekly, the *Nation*. For me, too, all these critics in power — Cowley, the Van Dorens, Canby, Chamberlain — were outsiders and in a sense bosses. Although everyone I knew was more or less a literary radical in those days, it would never have occurred to me to feel common cause with someone like Cowley, or to feel particularly close to Chamberlain, for these people could describe only in an abstract and literary way the daily struggle that was so real to me in Brownsville. No matter how radical these critics were, they were as alien to me as J. Donald Adams on the *Times* or Canby on the *Saturday Review*. I had a sense of duplicity with them, of necessary concealment, for they would have been puzzled by anything personal that was outside their literary categories.

Whenever I would get out after the long subway ride, excitedly clutching a few review copies, and walk over to see my boyhood friends, I felt I was leaving an unreal world behind, that I was coming home to my own. It was this rare sense of connection in the literary world that excited me the day I met James T. Farrell and Nathanael West in Farrell's room at the Brevoort. It was the day in 1935 that Farrell finished *Judgment Day*, the last volume in the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy; it was also the day West announced he was going to Hollywood to write for the films. There was a quality about each of them that I instinctively recognized and shared, and that afternoon, going up on the top deck of a Fifth Avenue bus with Farrell and some young Irish writer who was a protégé of his, and with whom he was delighted because the other man's name, too, was Jim, I felt for the first time that I was in my own world, and that it had expanded into literature, into the creative life. Suddenly nothing could have seemed better than this.

One night I came upon William Saroyan somewhere in midtown; he was staying at the Great Northern, on Fifty-seventh Street, and in a sudden burst of enthusiasm based on our common freedom from Anglo-Saxon convention, he led me up and down cellar restaurants and nightclubs to show me all his Armenian friends and relatives in New York, and when we sweatily came back to his room, he pressed new shirts on me, wrote long flowing inscriptions to me in his books, and informed me that he was going off to Europe the next day. He was exuberantly Armenian; in that narrow little box of a hotel room, with his shirt off, the cigar going and the radio screaming, he looked like a peasant tramping down grapes in a tub. A few days later I had a telegram from him; instead of going off to Europe he had lost the time playing craps and had ended up in Montana. I had not quite believed that he was going to Europe, and I could not make out if the telegram was really from Montana, but I understood Saroyan's professional exuberance as I understood the Catholic missals and devotional books on James Farrell's table the day he was finishing *Judgment Day*. These were the necessary materials to the writer's myth, the new writer coming up in the thirties; wherever he was, Saroyan surrounded himself with "primitive" California, and his insistence that as an Armenian he was healthy about everything, healthier than everybody else, *you bet!*, seemed exhilarating to me.

For almost four years I had been automatically making my way, every Friday and Saturday night, to the house of a girl named Nora who lived near Powell Street. We had been "going around together" from the time we had met in high school, and we had progressed, in the same automatic way, from doing our math together and reading together *A Farewell to Arms* and *Point Counter Point* to those explorations of each other's bodies that sealed us in an unspoken engagement. Together we went to the movies on weekend nights and to Coney Island on summer afternoons; together, after dates, we stood in the hallway of her apartment house, like hundreds of couples in the hallways of apartment houses all over the neighborhood, mixing into this unsatisfactory and routine lovemaking the wistful anticipation of a future that would be secure. We were not in love with each other, we had merely settled on each other, and after so many years of petting in the movies, in the streets, on the boardwalk, on the roof, in the hallway, on the landing outside her door, we were as used to each other's requirements as an old married couple.

We never had a place of our own; only the summer of our graduation from college, when both her parents had to go out to work, were we ever privately together in a house. For those summer mornings of love after breakfast, I would walk out to Nora's house in East New York, past the long lines of unemployed men and women waiting outside the relief station on Pitkin Avenue, my excitement and my guilt reverberating in the loud metal clanging of the emptied garbage cans being thrown

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back to the sidewalk from the trucks, until I could walk up the damp white stone steps of her apartment house, where the hallways smelled of summer sweat and the rancid coolness of backyards, and automatically tiptoe my way upstairs, though I was certain that both of Nora's parents had already gone off to work. There, in the hard-breathing summer morning, we at last had our privacy; there, in the furious silent possession of breast and thigh, was the slobbery and impatient lovemaking which sealed our compact and explained our eternal Friday-night dates. There was our communication. We needed nothing else; neither of us would have expected anything else. Her parents disapproved of me; I was just another unemployed college boy, with parents even poorer than themselves. But every time Nora and I wetly engulfed each other, on the couch, I knew that we were tightening holds on each other for the future. Never before those hot and mildewed summer mornings were we able to make love at home, and in the sweetness of the sudden tearing, which felt like weights heavily taking their time to fall, I knew that I had experienced all this before and had dumbly waited to know it again. Our intimacy was so domestic that I often had the sensation, when I watched her walking around the kitchen in her white cotton slip, that I had some previous existence in a kitchen, surrounded by women of the same old-fashioned fullness, whose bodies budded like fruit, and that I had now come back to enjoy them. With Nora's parents away, we could play that the house was ours; and morning after morning, after making the usual rounds of Manhattan publishing houses, radio stations, and magazines, I would get off at Nora's station, not my own, and with my heart beating so violently in my ears that it seemed to me everyone was watching, I would knock at Nora's door, and the tumultuous summer morning riot would begin again.

WE WERE playing at marriage, but many of my friends were already, at twenty and twenty-one, getting married and moving in with the wife's family, just as they were busily taking civil service examinations to become city clerks and public school teachers. All the old neighborhood poets had grown little mustaches, like Jewish doctors and dentists, and had got themselves married to girls older than themselves, with steady jobs in the garment district or in the public school system, and had moved in with their wife's parents. At twenty-one and twenty-two, with the usual break-neck speed of the second generation, they were snugly enclosed in matrimony. They, too, were all "radicals" as a matter of course; but in the nineteen thirties history seemed to be on their side, and it did not matter that they were too radical to approve of the New Deal and too intelligent to believe in the Moscow Trials; they were trying to get out of Brownsville, and they had all been college graduates for two or three years.

Fortunately for me, Nora's parents could never take me seriously, and all through that period, when Nora was getting more and more anxious for matrimony, my prospects were so slim that there seemed no way of getting married. My two weekly little book reviews offered no promise of security whatever, and though I mechanically looked for jobs in publishing houses and on magazines, I knew that I would never take a job that kept me in an office all day. Through a friendly secretary whose husband was a bartender at the Lambs Club, I met a retired British army colonel who wanted someone to ghost his memoirs. Day after day I sat with him in the bar of the Hotel Gotham listening to his stories, and after a few weeks I returned with a manuscript. He never seemed to feel that I had caught the "flavor," the special don't-you-know, and after writing hundreds of pages about his experiences in Kenya and India — all of which must have had a subtly disapproving quality, for I had strong socialist views on the iniquity of imperialism — he ran out on me and left me with just enough money to buy a tennis racket.

I got a small free-lance job with a Brooklyn radio station, dramatizing episodes from *Pickwick Papers* and the more nightmarish stories of Edgar Allan Poe, and for a while fancied myself a dramatist, for it seemed to me, as it did to so many in those days sitting in the second balcony of the Belasco and watching Julie Garfield, J. Edward Bromberg, and Morris Carnovsky in Odets' *Awake and Sing*, that it would at last be possible to write about the life I had always known. In Odets' plays there was a self-enjoyment of Jewish speech, as well as the passion I had always known; there was a promise of an awakening in the words he used, as well as in the familiar slogans that he ended up with. I wanted to write with that bluntness, that violence; the writer would speak to the times, and the times would answer. All through those years of the middle thirties, it seemed to me that everything would profoundly come together in a struggle for liberation — there would have to be some clarion call, some piercing sound at the end of it. In the same way that unrest and unemployment, the political struggles in the New Deal, seemed part of the single pattern of struggle in Europe against Franco, against Hitler and Mussolini, so in my struggle to get out of the tenements on my own terms, I saw a symbol of this unmistakable and tremendous march of history.

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Like most of my friends, I distrusted Stalin and disbelieved in the Moscow Trials, for we had all grown up with the legend of the Russian Revolution, with admiration for Trotsky, respect for Marshal Tukhachevsky's battles against the Poles in 1920, and admiration and sympathy for Bukharin's intellectual achievements; the Russian charges that such men had plotted with the Nazis seemed to us absurd and disgusting. But because Hitler and Franco had made the united front seem necessary, I could not withdraw all my sympathy for the Soviet Union. In the midst of the violent labor unrest in France, the great sit-down strikes in American factories, and the beginnings of the CIO, everything I lived seemed part of the tumultuous revolutionary energy of the nineteen thirties: sitting in the second balcony of the Belasco weeping over the truthfulness of *Awake and Sing;* going down Fifth Avenue on the top of an open bus with James T. Farrell; writing for the *New Republic*; meeting old Russian Narodniki and social revolutionaries. The hack jobs I did for a living never seemed to me unworthy, for the books I was given for review somehow fitted into my sense of the destiny and inclusiveness of history; so my parents' poverty had a certain mystique for me, and our cousin Sophie's loneliness a definite heroism — we were often unhappy and always on each other's necks, but I saw us all moving forward on the sweep of events.

LIFE was moving fast. One night, another night of rain, like the one on which we had first come together, Nora, standing up against me in her housecoat, indicated that she expected me to marry her. It was something that I owed her — or our situation. She looked pale, beaten, and discouraged, far different from the saucy literary tomboy who in high school had introduced me to *Point Counter Point* and *The Sun Also Rises*, who had mimicked the bitch Mildred in *Of Human Bondage*, and whose indefinable air of laughing at everyone had always drawn me to her. She did not love me any more than I loved her; there had never been any direct interest in each other, any real trust between us; ours had been a gluey neighborhood "relationship," not even a friendship. Yet after college she had been able to find nothing better than a secretarial course; as the others married their dentists and doctors, her own parents, who had always been glad to get away to their separate jobs, suddenly woke up to her situation. She was at home all day long. The misery of her days seemed to add up to me. She stood there against me, more abject than I had ever seen her, passively letting me feel the warmth and fullness of her body in promise of the marriage that she did not really want; she had jeeringly known me too long. And standing there, I thought only that she had become domestic and almost middle-aged; we were like an old married couple. She did not want me; she did not know what she wanted — except suddenly to be safe, to get away from the chaos that had suddenly gripped her heart as she turned from the impudent schoolgirl into a pallid and uncertain Brooklyn homebody. The pressure of her empty days was too strong.

I knew that I did not want to marry Nora, but a year later, when I heard that she had married someone else, I suddenly felt lost, for it came at the worst crisis that our family had known. Our cousin Sophie, our lifelong boarder, our family charge, our long wept-over and defended and protected old maid of a cousin, was suddenly called for one evening by a man of her own age who had been told of her situation. After talking to her for perhaps two evenings, he persuaded her to pose as his wife and to go off with him to the Middle West, where he would try to settle into a wholly new career, away from his old job and, as we quickly discovered, from an old wife who would not give him a divorce.

There was the unbelievable, the ridiculous situation that soon turned into screaming tragedy. That a seasoned middle-aged man, presumably in his senses and swaggeringly a man of the world, even conventionally handsome in the heavy movie style of the twenties, tall, dark, with a glisteningly erotic black mustache, should seek out a miserably lonely, melancholic old maid, already maddened with years of neglect, and after spending just enough time with her to size up her hopeless availability persuade her to pose as his wife as they wandered about the Middle West while he looked for a business to buy or a job to get — this was grotesque enough, since the poor woman had done nothing for years but wait anxiously for a man to knock at her door and to fetch her off to distant places. So that when finally he came, the long-awaited, looking so much like what in her wildest dreams she had always desired her lover to resemble, the lover taking her off under his protective mantle, exactly as in the picture of "The Storm" that hung over her bed, the very manner of his coming, and of his taking her off, seemed like a fantasy realized.

A few months later my mother went out in a day coach to the state hospital in the Middle West where Sophie lay in a state of uninterruptable shock. He had run off. Not only had he not married her, as perhaps Sophie in the end no longer expected him to — the wife he spoke of divorcing was always in the background, it was all so impossible, she was his fate! — but after months of

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wandering about the West with Sophie, looking for the business he had talked about in our home with such confident shrewdness, he had become disconsolate and had gone off by himself. He abandoned her. We had to guess the rest, for secrecy had been the essence of this affair.

Finding herself alone now, in unknown country, truly alone for the first time, Sophie went out of her head. My mother's name and address were on an envelope in Sophie's bag; this brought her out. Now Sophie was my mother's charge indeed. Some ten days later my mother returned. Sophie had not recognized her. She never recognized anybody again. She was finally alone with what she had always felt to be waiting for her in the alien land, and now she was what my mother most dreaded in life. But it took her twenty years more to die, so though Sophie was away, Sophie was in fact still with us. Three times a year, year after year, my sister or I would drearily write the same stilted letter of inquiry to the superintendent of the state hospital at B —, to receive in due course the unchanging reply that Mrs. Sophie F., number 18178, was physically well, but in mental condition unchanged. Signed, Dr. —, Superintendent.

One Sunday in the summer of 1938 I was at a vacation camp in New York, preparing to go in to lunch, when I noticed a girl quietly waiting on the porch. She wore blue shorts and an embroidered Russian blouse, and the pert twin pigtails of her long black hair were humorous against a delicately olive-colored Russian face that looked Asian in the concentration of its reserve. That summer day, watching her face in the shadows of the screen door as she stood waiting like a dancer at rest, I felt, as I was always to feel before the perfection and reserve of that face, that I was waiting to see it become what it suggested to my imagination. Her face led me into abysses of nostalgia, into passionate attachment to countries I had never seen and to causes I did not know I believed in. I recognized all the favorite materials of my imagination. It did not astonish me to learn that she had been named Natasha, after the heroine of *War and Peace;* that she was a research bacteriologist; that she lived with a Russian family in Washington Heights; and that her room was full of Russian cigarette boxes, textbooks of bacteriology, Russian shawls, and pictures of Alexandra Kollantai, Madame Curie, and Isadora Duncan. I was falling in love with the embodiment of all my cultural pieties — with intellectual Russia, with science, with *progressive womankind*, but above all with that face, that dear Russian face, that commandingly austere and spiritual and world-historical face that had already sacrificed so much for mankind. From the moment I met Natasha I was enraptured with all the cultural goods that came in her train — with the Russian face, the Russian name, the Russian blouse, the Russian woman, and the Russian devotion to causes. An inveterate believer in causes, in magic countries of the mind, in that spiritual authority I acknowledged only in certain thinkers and writers and faces, I so ecstatically greeted my picture of what a woman should be, of what a great love could be, that I did not trouble myself that her face remained as closed and shut in as it had been that first summer's day. In her own immense loneliness, she submitted to my enthusiasm, my ideological pieties, my enraptured discovery that I could now connect with the great world; if she knew how ignorant I was of her own heart, she did not let on; probably she hoped for the best; I was in full flood and my ecstasy carried us both along.

Two weeks later we were married. That Monday morning at City Hall, we had two of my friends for our witnesses, and when Natasha stood up in her yellow blouse to get married, the only people surrounding her were those she had met through me. Nor did it help that even waiting to be married by machine on a Monday morning coincided with one friend's weekly deadline on *Time*; we had to wait a long time to be called up, and as we fidgeted in the pews of the municipal chapel, my friend kept striding out to make telephone calls to her editor. "Wedding!" she quoted him derisively. "Who gets married on a Monday morning!" She looked at us with wild impatience and scorn; it was not the last time that I was to feel that I was disgracing *Time*.

Who ever did get married on a Monday morning, in the pseudo-churchly gloom of the municipal chapel, amid the dust flying off the walls, accompanied by a friend who could not wait to get off for fear of a deadline? We did. Despite the furtiveness surrounding our wedding, it was a happy morning for Natasha and me, and when we moved into a little two-room apartment in Brooklyn Heights, the clean paint smell of the new house and the sense of being at home with ourselves against the vibrancy of all those streets leading down to Brooklyn Bridge and the harbor suddenly gave our lives serenity, a tremulous unfolding of capacities for happiness.

Natasha worked at a hospital laboratory most of the day and then went to Bellevue for classes toward her doctorate; I would spend most of the day in the great sunny reading room of the New York Public Library, reading toward the first chapters of a book I had begun, at the instigation of Carl Van Doren, on American writing. On Mondays I taught one class at the New School on Twelfth Street and would then rush over to the

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Twenty-third Street branch of the City College on Lexington Avenue to teach another. It would have been simpler and kinder for the chairman of my department at City College to give me another evening, but out of spite, because of my frequent appearance in magazines, he had fixed on the same evening that I taught at the New School. This meant that I would have to rush over to Twenty-third Street, usually breathless, missing the appointed time when elevators took people up to classes, and that I would have to run up five or six flights of stairs to meet the class that had been waiting for me. Natasha and I worked all the time. In the hot summer nights at City College I would "teach" *The Ancient Mariner* or *Adonais* for two and a half hours at a clip with the shirt wet on my back to students who had been working all day long and now looked stupefied with the heat under the glaring lights hung from the ceiling. When I was not writing reviews, marking papers, and reading for my book, I would go over to Bellevue to keep Natasha company while she worked in her lab on influenza strains. In her white laboratory coat, her glasses, the dark neatly gathered bun of black black hair bent over her microscope, she made such a tenderly appealing figure that I would rush across the laboratory to hug her while the white mice raced around their cages.

It was a happy time. I was in a constant state of arousement because of my book; and reading novels by Howells and James, I had become so sensitive to the look and style of the time that after a morning at the shining yellow tables in the reading rooms of the library that smelled of lemony polish and library bindings, and in which the crinkle of the tissue over the frontispieces in forgotten novels of the period made me hear the rustle of the floor-length dresses pictured in the illustrations themselves, I would walk down the grand staircase on my way out to the Automat across Fifth Avenue with the feeling that I was still in the period I had been excitedly absorbing all day. I had fallen in love with the eighties and nineties, with the dark seedtime of modern writers and modern art. Just as I found the traces of forgotten time in the wooden paneling, the high ceilings, and the portraits of the bearded old New York worthies in the halls of the great library itself, so getting off the subway at Borough Hall to walk home, I would feel in the dusky downtown Brooklyn streets, jammed with traffic for Brooklyn Bridge and lined with old brownstones, old churches, old antiquary societies, old insurance offices and courthouses and street clocks, that I had providentially made my way to my favorite corner of the past. The downtown Brooklyn streets were a dark grid of El lines, ancient office buildings fit for the heroes of Oliver Optic, courthouses built to the taste of Boss Tweed; there was a constant baying from the freighters tied up at the foot of Columbia Heights; and on Sundays, when Natasha and I walked down Remsen Street to the lookout

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over the harbor, past the old Japanese bridge that arched across Montague Street, past a solid line of brownstones with golden oak doors and glass doors on which fruits of a cornucopia had been carved as if in fine needlepoint, our intensely scholarly and decorous life found its natural home in the Sunday peace of old Brooklyn city. Sunday afternoons we attended chamber-music concerts in Town Hall, where newly arrived Viennese Jews played Schubert and Beethoven and Brahms to breathlessly respectful audiences, and on Sunday nights, after Natasha and I had made up our sofa bed in our one room, we listened to Dvořák and Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky and Sibelius on WQXR. Across the street, on the Presbyterian church, one bright electric cross lit up the street. I read dozens of old American novels and was moved every time I passed the old house on Columbia Heights where first Washington Roebling had lived, directing the construction of Brooklyn Bridge from a wheelchair, and then Hart Crane. I lived with the novels of Rebecca Harding Davis and Sarah Orne Jewett and William Dean Howells and Henry James and Hjalmar Boyesen and Henry Blake Fuller, while Natasha spent fourteen and fifteen hours a day over her laboratory work and her studies. And I was so happy, so grateful for Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Bridge and the novels of William Dean Howells and the "Hunt" quartet of Mozart and the Violin Concerto of Beethoven that on my way home from the library, passing under our own windows, I would look up to where I could see Natasha preparing our evening meal. I would stand in the street just to look up at her and admire her.

It seemed to me that I was living in the turn of the century I was beginning to write about, when the dark revolutionary time of the eighties, with "the struggle for realism" and the Knights of Labor, was flowering in the avant-garde of Greenwich Village. When I read Randolph Bourne and the young Van Wyck Brooks who had written *America's Coming of Age*, I could not feel that 1938 was so far from 1912. Like so many writers who came of age in the thirties, I took for granted the continuing spirit of the twenties that I knew from *Prejudices* and *The Sun Also Rises* and *Winesburg, Ohio*. I was sure that we of the revolutionary thirties would retain what was vital in the great books of the twenties and direct it toward a more hopeful outlook, a more fraternal society. We would improve on the nihilism of Hemingway, the callousness of Mencken, the frivolity of Sinclair Lewis. Like so many literary radicals who were becoming interested in American literature, I thought I could see across the wasteland of the twenties to those who had been our real literary brethren in the utopians and socialist Bohemians of 1912. I felt connected to the socialist Van Wyck Brooks, the libertarian and revolutionary pacifist Randolph Bourne, the Edmund Wilson who in *Axel's Castle* had described Proust as living in the Heartbreak House of capitalist culture; my mind was full of Taine and Brandes and Sainte-Beuve and Francesco De Sanctis and Renan, with their comprehensive sense of literature and their organic sense of a history that seemed to unite man to his proper destiny. Working on my book, I felt radicalism as a spiritual passion; I was helping to direct a new impulse into the future. We were in revolution, prodigiously on the move again, as in that glorious season before World War I, whose greatest spirits everywhere had been literary radicals, the avant-garde in every department of life. The young Van Wyck Brooks had affirmed that literary criticism "is always impelled sooner or later to become social criticism . . . because the future of our literature and art depends upon the wholesale reconstruction of a social life all the elements of which are as if united in a sort of conspiracy against the growth and freedom of the spirit." *There* was the voice I recognized, the vocation loved; I wanted to see a radical slashing insurgency of spirit take over in everything, in which life would be purified and beautiful and everyone would live as Natasha and I lived in the radiance of cultural truth.

The Spanish Civil War was now in its last desperate year. Although I had been revolted and disgusted by the Moscow Trials, it seemed to me in the face of Hitler's widening triumphs so essential that the Spanish Loyalists should survive and triumph that I did not want to hear about what the Stalinists were doing in Spain. I wanted only to see fascism destroyed, to see the stone roll away from the tomb that Germany had become for everything that I loved and everything that I was. I could not believe that fascism was anything but a temporary aberration; given a fair chance, the people under Nazi rule and fascist rule would get rid of their oppressors, and so give themselves to the historical destiny so clearly foreseen by liberals and socialists in the nineteenth century. When a classmate of mine told me of the massacre by the G.P.U. of Trotskyites and anarchists in Barcelona, I was reluctant to believe him. Although, after years of writing for Cowley at the *New Republic*, I liked him as little as ever and resented his protective benevolence toward proletarian literature, which I despised, I shared his feeling that fascism was the main enemy, and I feared any division on the left that might limit maximum resistance to Franco and Hitler.

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As an influence in literature, the Communists seemed to me idiotic; even Party members made a point of laughing at the obtuseness of the professional Communist critics who worried whether Proust should be read after the revolution and why there seemed to be no honest proletarians in the novels of André Malraux. My teaching in the evening session at City College became wearisome as the faithful in my classes resisted every example of free thought, of literary originality. In giving a course on modern fiction, I found to my disgust that half the class refused to read anything by H. G. Wells — he was a "bourgeois liberal." The arrogant stupidity of Communist instructors at this time passed beyond anything I had ever known before. The college führer of the party was an English instructor with a bad stammer, large spectacles, and a little beard; his middle name was Ulysses, and choking out each word in a pronunciamento on the relation of *The Canterbury Tales* to the wool trade in fourteenth-century England, his bearded chin would quiver with agony and his weak frightened eyes would stare up at you while obstinately he ground out the literary law. And one day, when I was offered an editor's job in Washington with the W.P.A. writers' project, I went down for my interview in the New York office, somewhere along the waterfront, to enter a room crowded with men and women lying face down on the floor, screaming that they were on strike. In order to get to the supervisor's office at the outer end of the hall, I had to make my way over bodies stacked as if after battle; and as I sat in the supervisor's office, he calmly discussed the job while shouts and screams came from the long hall outside. As I made my way out again, stepping with care between and over the bodies, a man looked up at me and said quietly: "We've just pulled this. Tell Malcolm."

It was the summer of 1939 now. After Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia, it still seemed to me inconceivable that Russia would not come out against Hitler, and in July, when English and French military missions were still in Moscow, I took it for granted that some solution would be found, since of course the Soviet Union wanted peace. On the morning of August 22, I was working happily away at my book and had interrupted myself at noon for a cup of coffee and the news broadcast when it was announced that Ribbentrop was flying to Moscow to sign a non-aggression pact with Stalin, and that the swastika was already flying over the Moscow airport. "No!" I shouted at the radio. "It's not true!" The announcer calmly went on giving the details.

Hitler needed another week to prepare the attack on Poland, but that morning, the war had already begun. Stalin had opened the door to war, Stalin had lit the fuse waiting in Hitler's hands. In everything that the confused American Communists tried to say about the pact, not one of the faithful seemed to understand that whatever the hesitations of England and France, whatever Russia's own fear of attack, it was wrong to make common cause with Hitler, wrong to expose the world to war. Every attempt by the creatures of the Communist Party to defend the pact was based on "realism," on diplomatic "cleverness" — none of these spokesmen for socialism seemed to feel anything for the misery of ordinary people in Poland and Russia as well. These armchair ideologues of terror and deceit, these bookish exponents of mass murder, these conspiratorial liars talking about historical justice now went about explaining how clever Stalin was. They could not get over Stalin's cleverness; it left them simply stupefied with admiration. Yet these same miserable evening college teachers, these pale $25-a-week accountants, these hysterical claustrophobes of the subway and the tenements, who had lived from day to day in the Depression dreaming of the new life that would come to human beings under socialism — these same wretches, who had always assumed their moral superiority to the lords of this earth, now had no tears to shed for Warsaw, no tears for the German Communists in Russia who were being delivered by the G.P.U. over the Brest-Litovsk bridge straight into the hands of the Gestapo. There was not a breath, not a hint of sympathy for the thousands of human beings who within a week were dead because of Stalin's cleverness. It was cleverness they admired — these apostles of brotherhood, these spokesmen for the poor, this advance guard of humanity — it was "realism" that now sent them into ecstasies of adoration; it was war that they loved.

All my life I had lived among people who had seemed to me beautiful because they were the dust of the earth; I had taken literally the claim that they identified their own suffering with the liberation of humanity. I now saw that many of these people had no moral imagination whatever. They were as cold as their leader, as self-concerned, heartless, as mediocre; but being Communists, they existed by an intellectual pretension from which their stupidity could never deliver them. Day after day I followed the *Daily Worker* with savage joy at its confusion as those who had been so eloquent about the Okies, the unemployed, the victims of fascism, now tried to explain the secret contribution that the noble Stalin, the great Stalin, the all-wise and far-seeing Stalin, had made to the cause of world peace.

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Books and Men

The eminent American poet, Robert Frost, who has four times been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday in March with the publication of a collection of new poems, thus marking an event of great literary importance. For an evaluation of IN THE CLEARING, *Mr. Frost's first collection in fifteen years, we turn to* PETER DAVISON, *a member of the staff of the Atlantic Monthly Press since 1956.*

ROBERT FROST

His Own Tradition

BY PETER DAVISON

ROBERT FROST more than spans in his lifetime the distance between nineteenth- and twentieth-century poetry, and yet he is more a poet of his age than many younger poets writing today. Though he was born in 1874, his verse was not published in book form until 1915, and since then he has kept even with his times, if not frequently ahead of them. Frost, in a queer way, is a tradition unto himself. While his ideas owe much to the stoical doctrines of antiquity and to the writings of Emerson and others who expressed their aspirations for the American republic, his style and tone owe little to any other poet. Frost has created his own style in English verse — a style as distinct as T. S. Eliot's in the twentieth century or Milton's in the seventeenth.

While other poets, moreover, have found specific guidance and refreshment in re-establishing contact with the poetry of the past, Frost has not changed or looked back, but, in his own words, written more than fifty years ago, has grown "Only more sure of all I thought was true." He is surely the most independent of our poets and stands apart from obvious poetic tradition. Yet who would venture to say that he is untraditional? His work is rooted neither in poetic convention nor in colloquial speech, but in the movement of our language, in the rhythms of our talk, in the innate sound and structure of English, as well as in the verse forms that have taken shape in our language over the centuries.

It cannot help but be odd to think of Frost as a contemporary — not only in years but in preoccupations — of Grover Cleveland as well as of John F. Kennedy; and it seems strange that a poetic career which has continued after the death of Dylan Thomas should be the lifework of a man who was attending Dartmouth in the year that Tennyson and Whitman died. Yet these are accidents of the calendar. It is no accident that Frost continues to embody in his verse as subtle a spirit as that of anyone else writing. The times have a way of catching up with themselves. Frost's recent poems are often topical, but you would not be making a bad bet if you gambled on the timelessness of at least a few.

Things will have to settle down for a while, of course, before the question of Robert Frost's place in the history of our poetry can become certain, partly because his long career has made him the contemporary of so many and such disparate poets, and partly because he is so much his own man. He differs, too, from his contemporaries of this generation not only because he stands above them but also because he stands, in a way, ahead of them, looking forward rather than back. His new collection, *In the Clearing* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.00), is his first in fifteen years. It contains thirty-eight new poems, two of them quite long. No other poems being written today resemble them in tone or rhythm, and few have the power to stretch the reader's mind in just the way that these do.

The longest, most central poem is called "Kitty Hawk," and, more ambitious than his youthful contemporaries, Frost has here attempted what most poets would shy from — to understand and make lyrical the aspiration at the heart of science. In some five hundred lines he reflects, in shifting contexts, on the impulse that occasioned man's

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first vault from the earth in the Wrights' biplane on the sands of Kitty Hawk,

> Off on the unbounded
> Beaches where the whole
> Of the Atlantic pounded.

and summons, in prophetic terms, the history and force of man's inspired wrestle with nature over the centuries past and in the years ahead:

> We are not the kind
> To stay too confined . . .
> Don't discount our powers;
> We have made a pass
> At the infinite,
> Made it, as it were,
> Rationally ours . . . .

It is a most extraordinary poem, and, in my opinion, one of the major poems in Frost's work. The poem is a little forbidding in a way peculiar to Frost's habit of "fooling" about things — it sounds trivial on the surface.

He is a poet who has always tried (sometimes so successfully as to be misunderstood) to disguise the largeness of his own poetic statements. Though "Kitty Hawk" is perhaps the highest flying "skylark" he has ever written, he conceals his intention within an apparently rigid, rhymed structure of three-beat trochaic lines — a line so difficult to vary that, since the time of Skelton, it has seldom been used in English except for short, light lyrics. Frost seems to have felt that the broadest theme demanded the most constricted form, and therefore required himself to modulate his rhythm across the tight confines of this meter and yet keep plenty of sweep for such trumpet blasts as:

> But God's own descent
> Into flesh was meant
> As a demonstration
> That the supreme merit
> Lay in risking spirit
> In substantiation.

The secret of bringing off so ambitious, not to say so seemingly impossible, a trick as this lies in Frost's profound fascination with the behavior of rhythm and meter as much as in the determination to master the conflict between form and substance and make them one. In another long poem Frost digresses:

> Regular verse springs from the strain of rhythm
> Upon a metre, strict or loose iambic.
> From that strain comes the expression *strains of music*

And throughout this collection the serious play with metrics is part of the poet's game. Some rhythms are spare and bald, others flow in the unmistakable accents of the poet who years ago invented his own brand of blank verse and left his stamp on it forever:

> MIST: I don't believe the sleepers in this house
> Know where they are.
> SMOKE: They've been here long enough
> To push the woods back from around the house
> And part them in the middle with a path . . . .

Other poems take on the quizzical, deceptive, facetious manner that is more common in Frost's work of the last twenty years. Here are the opening lines from one of his best jokes:

> At the end of the row
> I stepped on the toe
> Of an unemployed hoe . . . .

Some of the comic poems (which are, of course, never purely comic in Frost's work) take on a silliness, a reaching for the unconsidered laugh that you may find disappointing, but most of them contain a great deal more than meets the eye, like this rueful remark about the iron that goes into tools and into weapons:

> Nature within her inmost self divides
> To trouble men with having to take sides.

Robert Frost has taken the privilege of age in this volume; he has turned his back, for the most part, on the soft lyrical manner of many of his earlier poems and has set aside the details of nature in favor of nature in the large, in favor of political and philosophical speculation. One of the finest poems is an engaging blank-verse fable called "How Hard It Is to Keep from Being King When It's in You and in the Situation." Throughout them all, however, no matter how speculative they are, the reader hears rather than sees the truly independent personality of this poet, putting a good face on the rocky reality of the world, calling from himself the strength to summon a smile at our confusion, to cope with the terrible moments of inner darkness, to temper our ineluctable stubbornness, to celebrate the rewards that nature offers us for being ourselves. At the age of eighty-eight such a confrontation of reality shows at least no less courage than it would in a younger man; and if Frost's work as a whole reveals that it is easier for him to confront some orders of reality than others, yet his most recent collection shows him still courageous in the face of the same losing odds as ever. "Forgive, O Lord," he asks, apparently blithely,

> Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on Thee
> And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me.

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Books and Men

S. L. A. Marshall, *who served for forty years in the United States Army, is one of this country's foremost military specialists. He was the youngest second lieutenant during World War I, became a combat historian with the rank of colonel in World War II, and as a brigadier general was infantry operations analyst in Korea. From his experience he is well qualified to appraise Barbara W. Tuchman's widely heralded book,* THE GUNS OF AUGUST, *published by Macmillan.*

THE SUMMER OF 1914

BY S. L. A. MARSHALL

In his little-known but classic work, *Liaison 1914*, the Englishman E. L. Spears ends the story as he reaches the banks of the Aisne one week after the victory of the First Marne. His closing words are, "I am deeply thankful that none who gazed across the river had the faintest glimmering of what awaited them. There was nothing to show that the most dramatic period of the war was over."

This is understatement. Spears had sweated at ringside during the most agonizing, suspense-filled month in history. August, 1914, was exactly that to every person old enough to understand the headlines. Other wars have come and gone, but the torment and high excitement of the time have not been matched since.

In the forty-eight years since Spears completed his field notes, historians innumerable have sought to penetrate the mystery and recapture the drama of the First Marne. As a British lieutenant doing liaison with General Lanrezac's Fifth French Army, and being a writer born, Spears was ideally seated to do the "little picture." For it was Lanrezac who directly opposed General von Kluck's First German Army, the sledgehammer of the Schlieffen Plan, and it was Spears in person who shuttled between Lanrezac and that irascible irresolute, Field Marshal Sir John French, commander of the BEF.

Though there are enough books on the First Marne battle, and the events and decisions of August, to dam that river, nothing in literature approached what Spears did at close range until Barbara W. Tuchman, New York novelist turned historian, sat down to write the big picture. We have here a prodigy. This modest woman, in an epilogue wherein she discusses her sources (it is the most eloquent portion of the book and will be overlooked by most readers), denies that she has written good history. Her point is that the materials are all subjective, that every witness has an ax to grind, that the historian is bound to be influenced by one line of pleading or another. Agreed. So long as people are human and truth is distilled out of archives, the seeker thereof must exercise arbitrary judgment and cannot escape his own emotions. The fact remains that Mrs. Tuchman's lights burn exceedingly bright. Leave to the historians the argument about whether she has written good history. In *The Guns of August* she has written a book which makes the reader tingle, and it is so thoroughly in the mood of that August that oldsters will know the nightmare all over again.

The Marne is celebrated for its idols and bums, their champions and accusers. The genius of Marshal Gallieni won it; no, it was the phlegm and steadiness of Marshal Joffre and the fire of General Foch. The ill-timed inward wheel of Kluck lost it; no, it was the wavering of Marshal von Moltke, his hedging of the Schlieffen Plan, his dispatch of two German corps from the western force to the eastern front. So have gone the arguments for one half century.

They are not for Mrs. Tuchman. There is no one hero, no one scapegoat. German failure came of numerous slippages at various points, none in itself decisive. Allied success was woven almost accidentally of the influence here and there of Joffre's impeccable calm, Gallieni's inspirations, War Minister Messimy's interventions, Lanrezac's stubborn resistance to Joffre's optimisms, and possibly even Sir John's running away, which saved his army for a better day. But the book says not one kind word of the sour old field marshal. Whether Joffre was an opaque bumbler or Mr.

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Iron Man who saw much but felt nothing is a time-worn argument. Tuchman takes neither side of it. Thoroughly exposing Old Papa in his strength and weakness, it is enough for her that he had what France needed at the time. That is as Solomonlike as her judgment that the Marne had the inevitability of Greek tragedy.

Once Tuchman determined to write of guns in August, she became steeped in military thoughts at dazzling speed. But some values escape her because of the limitations of prior service, and they are here mentioned apologetically, the general merit of her work being beyond fault.

The book has no exposition of the military-terrain features of western Europe, and without such the movements of armies stay unclarified. While operations are controlled by a variety of factors, their ultimate basis is the physical features of the region involved. As D. W. Johnson wrote years ago, "With a little change in topography, Germany would not have been tempted to commit one of the blackest crimes in history."

There is too much of Alfred von Schlieffen, who is the only mortal to win a niche in history by writing a plan that failed. Yet no battle plan is ever expected to work in entirety, owing to war's friction. Unfortunately, the German failure is ever discussed in terms of digression from the plan, though there can be no proof that the plan was omnipotent. The battle is the thing. It is wasted research to proliferate deviations from plan; combat historians are so instructed. What happened, not what might have been, is the question.

The reason for the deadlock after the Marne was that all general staffs misunderstood the weapons balance of their day. Railway systems made it possible to field armies numbering in millions. The gun invented by Maxim made it impossible for superior numbers alone to ensure success. The dominant power of that weapon was the shocker in the Battle of the Frontier; it produced the entrenched stalemate and superinduced the massive artillery buildup.

Last, troops backpedaling from a fight retain more energy than troops prodded to attack, meaning that pursuit is always more wearing than retreat, though the latter sounds more grim. Few generals understand this, so why shouldn't Tuchman miss it? The rebound at the Marne is explained as the product of superior French élan (Moltke's alibi), whereas the epitome of German failure was that a ruthless command had utterly exhausted its soldiery. The Marne, like Stalingrad and Alamein, is a monument to the supreme folly of overextension.

Tuchman draws more heavily from personal war journals and self-pleading VIP memoirs, published long after the event, than from official archives and press dispatches of the hour. Since memoirs are notoriously unreliable sources, wherein lie the original power and enchantment of this work?

Tuchman's gifts are the beauty and vigor of her expression, a sixth sense for distinguishing between essential truth and its cloak of falsehood, and a forthrightness in delivering her own convictions while not seeming to do so. The book moves at a phenomenal pace, and there is enough of the front-line soldier's ordeal for balance, much of it drawn from the fighters' personal diaries or letters home. As a maker of trenchant military phrases, she will be quoted in the war colleges for years to come:

"Von Kluck's cavalry reconnaissance, with that marvelous human capacity to see what you expect to see, even if it is not there. . . ."

"He [Joffre] conceived the whole duty of generals was to be lions in action and dogs in obedience."

"Quick, decisive victory was the German orthodoxy; the economic impossibility of a long war was everybody's orthodoxy."

There are some technical and anachronistic flaws in the writing. The 105-millimeter howitzer is not heavy artillery; barbed wire and earth trenches came later in the war; barrage fire is not identical with bombardment and had its genesis in the period of the flankless front, and so on. The work does not cover all the guns of August. What happened out of Serbia and the first shock collision between the armies of the Czar and Franz Josef are ignored. Tuchman's theme is how the Germans challenged in the west and why they failed. But the treatment is elastic enough to include the related battle of Tannenberg, which, unlike that of the Marne, is described with exquisite detail. No action in the west, except the attack on Liége, gets such rapt attention.

Finally, Tuchman is a powerful advocate relighting an ancient torch. Her Kaiser, half buffoon, half demon, wears horns. Her King Albert is a white knight in shining armor. The German rape of Belgium was inexcusably evil, and the march of the Hun into that land and France was made more hideous by bestial, wanton atrocities. Kluck was a monster, the Crown Prince a silly swashbuckler, Ludendorff a villain. The Germans behaved like savages; they coldly planned their excesses to terrorize innocent people. "As soon as someone raised the cry of 'franc-tireurs!' they engaged in a frenzy of looting, shooting and burning."

That was how we heard it in 1914 and while the war lasted. The passion of this book is the passion of those hours. It is not moderated by the 1930 vaporings of Arthur Ponsonby or the sophistries of Alfred von Wegerer. What we read is as we then hoped, feared, and thought. Reviving painful memories, it will not silence controversy.

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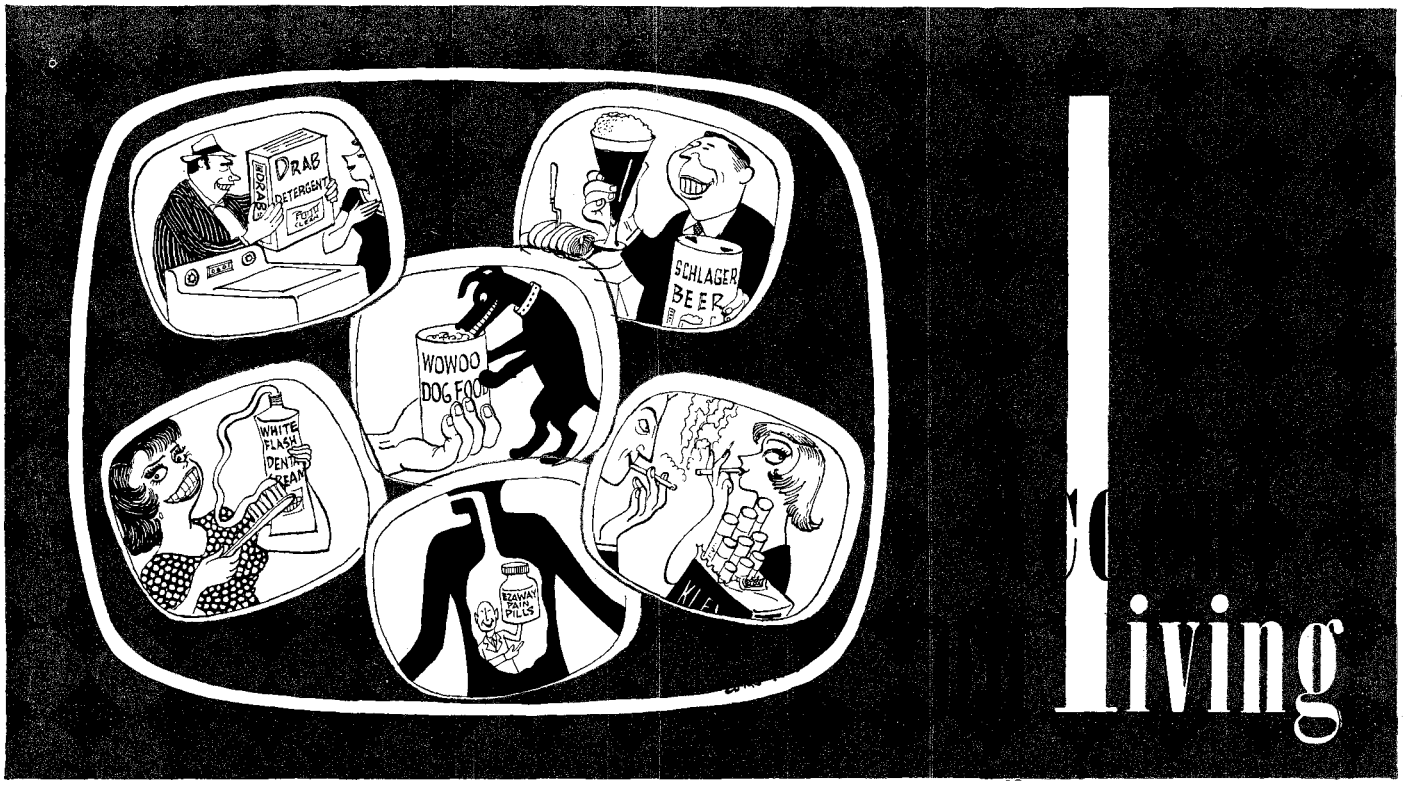

THE WORST COMMERCIAL

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

To pick the most unattractive of all TV commercials is necessarily to make certain arbitrary judgments. It's a hard choice in any case. The squeamish will wince at the woman who proclaims her need of "protecting the lining of my stomach," with details of the problem and its relief. Those who would cling to a tiny remnant of ordinary manners are no doubt troubled by the cooking-oil colloquy between a guest and his hostess at a pretentious dinner party (a regular tablecloth, candlesticks, and all that):

Guest, declining, of all things, a second chicken croquette: "No, thanks, I find that *fried* food is hard on my dye-ges-tion."

Hostess, tendering platter aggressively: "You needn't worry about *my* croquettes. I cook them in. . . ." (Follows a stentorian discourse by the hostess on the cooking oil she uses.)

The ungrammatical commercials are too numerous for comment. So are the deliverymen or repairmen who favor the housewife with timely advice on various gadgets and kitchen materials. They sound — and look — like the hoodlum enforcers for a slot-machine syndicate, and something of the Lady Chatterley in the housewife makes her attend them rapturously. The concept of the advertisers and their agencies on this kind of situation is that the repairman is always a gravel-voiced illiterate and that the housewife naturally pays more heed to him than to the poky old imbecile who happens to be her husband.

A winner among the bad-diction commercials would be a baffler to choose. *Who'dja, how'dja, why'dja, when'dja, whudja* — these are all in the lingua franca of the TV commercial and, as often as not, of the shows that it punctuates. The announcers and the fake scientists and doctors — the latter now in mufti instead of white, but full as ever of weird diagnostic lore and utterances — speak in the fulsome tones of the elocution school. The others — men, women, and children — are shrill and nasal, the women usually bossy and petulant into the bargain. The sounds they make are apparently normal and acceptable to each other; all are obviously without the least taste or culture, even as you and I. Such is the advertising agency's view of the TV audience and the typical American household.

From Boston's Channel Seven, on December 7, the twentieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor, comes a nugget that exemplifies the pitiful role of the newscaster-commentator who is obliged to interrupt himself with a pitch for the commercial, or, for that matter, with the commercial itself. In one breath he is dealing with the affairs of state, in the next a cure-all for stopped-up drains. So it was, then, marking the Day of Infamy, that Channel Seven's luckless newsman was made to say, "Channel Seven will remember Pearl Harbor — after this word from Downyflake." There is perhaps nothing in this calling for forfeiture of a license, but it does seem to suggest a station whose writers, editors, and managers are a sad lot of ninnies. But what could one say of the Ballantine Ale executives and the agency that produced for them a film showing the genial host dazzling his friends by serving The Product with an impressive-looking roast of beef? The host is sharpening his carving knife on a carborundum stone, and after a final whack he lays down the stone, picks up a fork, and sets about slicing the roast, without the least thought of first wiping off the blade.

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This might be well enough if he were using a steel, but he wasn't: he was simply a carborundum addict.

Bad though many of them were, the worst of the commercials stands out readily enough as one looks back at the TV season — a series of films sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive in behalf of a laundry detergent. These are the noisiest and most disagreeable commercials of them all: a family of four who, with friends and relatives, are victims of a large, loud-barking, destructive, stupid dog. The dog is forever jumping up on people and leaving muddy footprints all over the house; it knocks down the aged grandmother, at which the children — who inherit the rudeness of their parents — laugh in delight. It's the only laughter to be found in the series, all the action in this nerve-twanging household being shouts and screams and barking.

Each episode ends with the housewife expounding the silliest advertising boast of the year: how The Product "fights dirt backwash." The husband, naturally enough, does not know what this means, so the wife gives him a tongue-lashing explanation. Ordinary detergents, says she, wash the dirt out, and the dirt goes right back in. But The Product "fights" this tendency. It must have been a drab day in the offices of Norman, Craig & Kummel when they thought that one up.

Undiplomatic Correspondence

BY RUTH KRONMAN

RUTH KRONMAN *is a suburban wife, mother, teacher, and researcher. She lives in Tuckahoe, New York.*

My fault lay in disobeying George Washington's advice. And as a result, my two young Americans find themselves in entangling alliances from which there seems to be no retreat.

They are innocent victims of a myth accepted by well-meaning people whose solution to international problems is Understanding. Understanding what? Oh, having exchange students, person-to-person contacts, people getting to know one another as human beings. I accepted the myth, and, innocent myself, encouraged my children to international amity.

The big problem is Nigeria. Some years ago, when our daughter was in high school, she found a notice in a student periodical, calling hopefully for an American correspondent: young man, aged eighteen, exchange information, Lagos, Nigeria. All M. needed was some encouragement from me, and off went the first letter: I am an American girl, sixteen years old, in my third year at high school, and I am much interested in your country. The first of the little blue thin airmail letters arrived in haste: I am a Nigerian boy, eighteen years old. . . . In quaint English, a host of details followed — height, weight, complexion, color of eyes, members of family. Send me a picture? It might have been a request for a driver's license. M. was disappointed, but I explained that international understanding takes time; one must become personally acquainted first. She had the faith of the young, so she included a picture in her letter and a lot of leading questions — conditions, educational opportunities, interests, and so forth. The answer was prompt: I do not have fine picture to send. But I will tell you of myself. And he told. He went on: I like very much the American T-shirt, white.

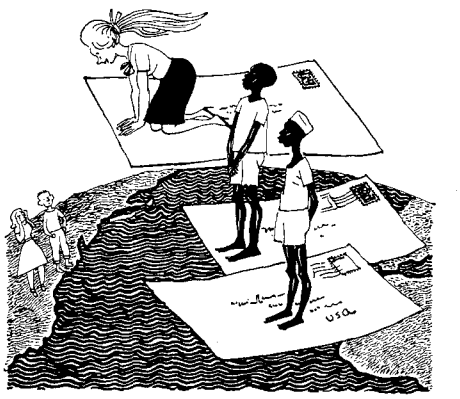
So off went M. with her babysitting dollars and bought three T-shirts, at a bargain. There are no bargains in the U.S. post office. Airmail would have cost about seven dollars, so the shirts left by slow boat to Africa for a little less than three dollars. But eventually they arrived, because a thank-you letter came in which M. Raba said he liked the shirts very much, he had a birthday in two months, and he also liked sport shirts, size medium.

M. never answered that one, and she considered the episode finished.

In the meantime, the local French teacher became interested in international amity, and our son, L., came home with the name and address of a French girl. L. has a total aversion to correspondence, but this was an assignment. Dutifully he wrote. She wrote. He did not write. She wrote. She sent a picture, of a pretty girl on the luscious side, and he was forced to acknowledge it. She answered, correcting his French. He did not write. She sent a book of pictures of Paris, and a birthday card for the name day she chose for him. After considerable nagging and considerable delay, he sent a brief note saying he was a poor correspondent and was going away for the summer. The response was a record in French and her summer address. In the fall she sent another record, and a fear of creating an international scandal made him send her two records, which prompted a return letter, at once. She included a new photograph, bigger. She had lost weight. Even this fact did not help overcome L.'s epistolary reluctance. I doubt that he would have written to Brigitte B. But I intervened: Have you written to Hélène? Don't press me, he said.

Our relations with France worry me. Algeria, the new franc, the thing with Yves Montand and Marilyn Monroe — and now add L. Hélène sent him a Christmas card; sent us, his parents, one also. Then she sent him a letter opener with a little Eiffel Tower on it. You must, I said. Lay off, Ma. He is determined to maintain a policy of strict isolation. Her next letter asked, Are you angry?

What can I do! We remain with the shattered illusion that French girls are not so aggressive as American ones. And we remain with a very touchy situation. We plan a trip to France this summer, and what will I do if I meet Hélène?



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Things are not so good in the African affairs department either.

After months of blessed silence, M. again received one of those skinny blue folded airmail letters. I am young Nigerian boy. I have been given your name by my friend M. Raba. How are you and your dear family? (They all seem to be concerned for the family — French, Africans. . . .) I am eighteen years old, and I like very much the American T-shirts and would like to exchange for anything you ask.

M. decided against the export of any more T-shirts and dropped the letter into the wastebasket.

One day we hit the jackpot — two of the thin blue international airmail letters in one mail. Hélène wrote: Dear L., Are you still angry with me? Tell me what I have done, and remember me to your dear parents and sister, and all my love to you, dear L. And a new Nigerian. A young nation needs persistent and determined youths who know what they want. Nigeria has them. They want T-shirts. Our wastebasket was once more heavy with the destruction of Nigerian hopes.

Then, just recently, a little thin blue letter arrived, and there was the Nigerian stamp again. Not again, I cried, not more of the American T-shirt. I was wrong. Nothing as simple as a T-shirt. M. showed me the letter, and here it is:

Dear M.,

How are you and your dear people at home? In fact I am yet unknown to you, but as time goes by you will find me very nice in deed.

You have been introduced to me by your former friend, M. Raba of Lagos.

He told me that you are very nice and responsible.

I hope to come to New York very soon. I shall be glad if you can be replying all my letters. More over, I once had a friend in Nevada who wrote only three letters and stopped to write. I do not like that. I shall expect your photo and your full introduction.

So much for now until I see your picture and reply

Love,
O.

The question is, what does M. do now? Not to answer would endanger relations further; and to answer — well, diplomacy was never easy. Look at the UN. As for me, I am rereading Washington's advice, and will take it seriously from here on. Unless it's too late.

A Poorer Mousetrap

BY MARGARET BENNETT

I'm starting a new business. This is a risky thing to do these days, especially for a person with my lack of ability and experience. But I'm not worried about failure, because in the business I have in mind my inadequacies will be my greatest assets.

My company will be called Old-Fashioned, Ordinary, Brand X, and Others, Inc. We will manufacture a wide range of faulty products which can be used to compare unfavorably with the merchandise advertised on TV.

One easy telephone call to OOBX&O will save advertisers hours of laboratory testing. Say, for example, the Euphoria Detergent Company wishes some suds to compare with their own on a TV demonstration. Their advertising manager calls me.

"We're setting up a new TV campaign for Euphoria next month," he will explain. "We want to show an ordinary detergent sudsing out of the washer onto the floor and leaving the laundry a good solid mouse gray."

"We have just the thing for you," I'll tell him. "We call it 'Old-Fashioned Brand X Detergent.' It's guaranteed to have no suds control at all, to make clothes dirtier than they were before laundering, and, as an added advantage, to rot them completely after only three washings."

Our catalogue of products will also include a slow-dissolving headache tablet which upsets the stomach, a high-cholesterol margarine which tastes like lard, hot-smoking harsh cigarettes loaded with tars and nicotine, coffee without flavor or aroma packed in a can that rattles, a deodorant guaranteed to let you down, a shampoo designed to leave the hair lank, dull, and hard to manage, and a toothpaste with a sugar additive to cause decay.

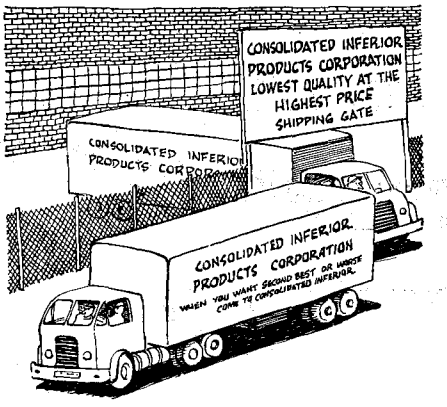
If my company catches on, we can diversify even more. For one thing, we can organize an insurance subsidiary. We will charge high rates and require rigid health examinations. We will have only one claims agent. His office will be located high in the mountains of Tibet. It will take customers a good four months to get in touch with him when they wish to make a claim. The agent will then delay another six months before he grudgingly makes an inadequate payment.

The actual business setup of OOBX&O will be ideal. Our costs of manufacture will be negligible. We can use out-of-date machinery and cheap materials. For packaging, a plain battered container, either blank or marked with X, will be perfectly adequate. We will not spend one penny for advertising, because rival manufacturers will take care of it for us on *their* commercials.

We will be in good shape, too, in personnel. We can hire incompetent workmen at low wages. Only two of our employees will have to be responsible men: the inefficiency expert, who will make sure that the work is performed as carelessly as possible, and the non-quality control man, who will maintain a rigid check to prevent any good products from slipping through. After all, our customers will have a right to expect uniformly poor merchandise.

Despite our low production costs, we will charge exorbitant prices. This will make it possible for advertisers to refer to our product as "the high-priced brand."

With all these advantages, I believe that Old-Fashioned, Ordinary, Brand X, and Others, Inc., will be a smashing success. I'm already making plans to place its stock on the market. I should have no trouble getting the capital I need. After all, the stock will be an overpriced, wildly speculative new issue in an unknown company with inexperienced management and almost no growth potential. According to Wall Street experts, that's exactly the kind everyone is snapping up these days.



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Light Up and Live!

BY ANNE KELLEY

ANNE KELLEY *lives in Evanston, Illinois, and is a frequent contributor to the pages of Accent on Living.*

For years (or ever since I took a noncredit adult-education night course on the dynamics of personality) I smoked with what I took to be enlightenment, believing that the cigarettes I cherished were a socially acceptable, accessible symbol for breast-feeding — and nothing more.

And then, not long ago, I was ordered to forgo smoking for a period of time which I measured by the microsecond. The withdrawal symptoms were fierce. Not only were my bronchi at loose ends without the regular onslaught of tars and nicotine, but my dynamics altered. Where there was smoke, there I was, too, following strangers up and down the street and in and out of doorways in the wistful hope that they would exhale in my direction. I slept on a sachet of old, charred cigarette butts, and I sublimated with lemon drops, by the gross. My behavior cycle spun alarmingly. Several times I was near convulsion.

Mainly for the comfort of watching somebody else light up, I stumbled into a study of tobacco commercials on television, a research project I recommend to all psychiatrists. Talk about adult education! At last I knew why the life had gone out of me. I had deprived myself of a product which has become our culture's fount of romance, the fine arts, gracious living, physical fitness — and climate control.

I resolved to turn over a new tobacco leaf when at last I got the go-ahead to begin smoking less and enjoying it more. The only question was, which leaf?

Did I want a *real* cigarette? Yes, decidedly, I had had enough of licorice and milk chocolate. No more pacifiers for me. But didn't I also want to *feel better* about smoking? I must make my choice: one or the other — or something else altogether. For wasn't it time to seek the moment of truth, smoking only *honest* tobacco instead of those cigarettes that once tasted so good, so *satisfying*, yet told me nothing but little white lies?

I began to realize that, while smoking had benefits I had never dreamed of, each brand's reward differed. Which was the cigarette for me? It was rapture to consider that soon I would be able to go out into the woods and watch the spotted deer at play. Yet, semantics entered the picture, and I was torn asunder by homonyms: another brand was offering me another kind of dear — unspotted, and at play in wolf's

clothing — a smoke that would enable me to meet temptation two-on-a-match with a handsome man.

How frivolous of me in these urgent times! I should put selfishness aside and think of my country first, smoking only that tobacco over which, right in the field, a marching brass band had played. But might the crop not be a bit bruised and pulpy after undergoing "The Stars and Stripes Forever"? And could such nicotine ever feel truly at home in an art gallery?

I was mesmerized, then, by the thought of smoking the cigarette that would come to me from the clouds, beside a mountain stream. One puff, and it would be springtime, anytime! But that meant April showers and daffodils all year round. Could I stand it? I would miss the old familiar change of seasons, and the figure eights and half nelsons I could otherwise perform, in my flip-top ice-skating skirt, but it wouldn't help matters much if I switched to the smoke with the smoky nightclub atmosphere, and me at the bass viol.

You see, I had to think of Hubby. He wouldn't want me down there twisting at the night spots. He would want me at the ready in his home workshop, poised to blow little cooing smoke rings of delight when he finally got that milking stool hammered together. But would that be fair to the children? Shouldn't Pop and I both smoke the cigarette that would give us the knack of having fun — sledding, playing touch football, and generally sporting around *en famille* in a kind of domestic decathlon?

If I *expected* more, I would get it, that was sure, but while I would then be in a better position to blow up party balloons, I would have sacrificed that really memorable end-around play, scoring only seconds before the gun would sound in the homecoming game. I couldn't even be a drum majorette. And it would mean, too, that I could never again scamper in and out of tropic waters, up to my apple-smooth knees.

The king-size decision faced me, only a quarter inch away. Would I settle for being refreshed, or did I want to be an architect?

And the dismaying thing about it was that, either way, I would have to do without those tobaccos which had been to the marrying room, with the window shades drawn. How could I possibly trust my bronchi, and my social future, to tobaccos which had got together without benefit of clergy — particularly those twenty-one great tobaccos who were undoubtedly practicing polygamy?

In the end I found I simply couldn't choose. With the exception of cigars, and that cigarette known as the man's smoke, each brand had something different to offer me which I desperately needed if I were to become a firm, fully packed, and well-rounded individual.

I took the only way out. It's expensive, rather like an umbrella insurance policy, but I'm covered, and I feel good, like I should. What I do is, I buy one package each of ten different brands a day, and at twilight — in my specially designed ten-branch candelabrum of a holder — I smoke one of each simultaneously. Then, after I have taken the pass that comes to me from the clouds and run the ninety yards to the goal line in the rain, the spotted deer come up and nuzzle me and I design my own swimming pool. Strike up the band! Draw the window shade! And never mind those nursing bottles.

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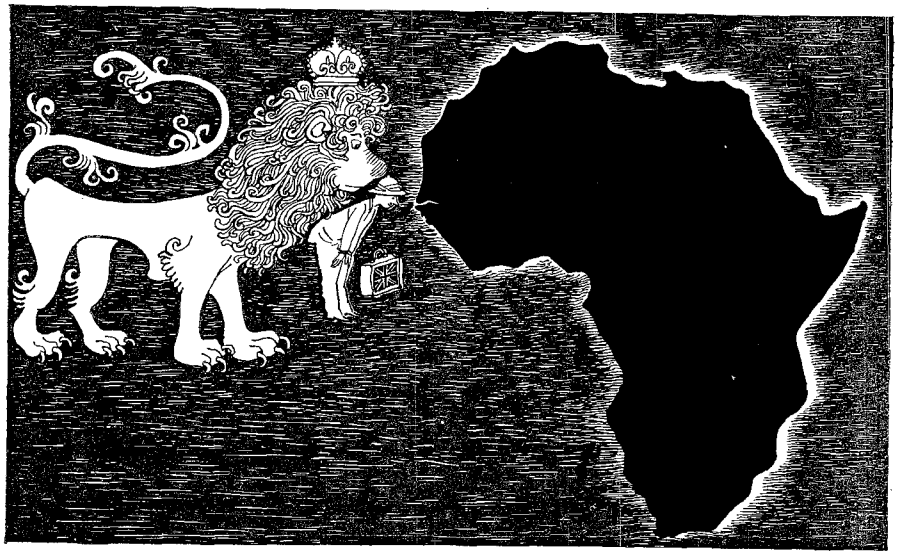
pleasures *and* places



GAMBIA: THE COLONY NOBODY KNOWS

BY RENÉ MACCOLL

I came to the Gambia (to give the British African colony its full and formal title) for the first time in pretty inauspicious circumstances. I was a member of the press corps accredited to the Queen's tour of West Africa; and, the lively envy of friends notwithstanding, it had proved until then a fairly harrowing assignment.

No royal tour is ever, for the accompanying correspondents, a delightful picnic. This one had been particularly burdensome: implacable heat and humidity, far outdoing even Washington in July; a variety of afflictions — three of our number came down with malaria, and nearly everyone suffered violent stomach upsets at one time or another; early risings most days, at 5 or 6 A.M.; constant air travel, mostly in tiny and wildly uncomfortable aircraft; bumping along for hours through clouds of red dust in cramped buses; political difficulties in one country, resulting in two of our party being told by the authorities that they were forbidden to leave the place; the inevitable repetitiveness of the schedules arranged for the royal visit ("If I have to sit through one more durbar of the chiefs, I'll get the screaming meemies," cried one of our lady reporters); and the equally inevitable buildup of personal tensions and dislikes in our party of fifty.

In these conditions, Ghana, Liberia, and Sierra Leone had lingeringly imposed their various ordeals. Now we were on the last lap, the Gambia, and few of us approached it with anything but gloomy resignation. Judge, then, our amazement and joy on finding that this strange little country was not only by far the most attractive one we saw on the tour, but was full of charm and delight, so much so that I fully intend to return there under my own steam at the earliest opportunity.

The two main morale-boosting factors, which instantly enraptured our travel-stained company as we arrived in Bathurst, the capital, were the climate and the hotel. Suddenly, incredibly, it was cool. A fine breeze blew gently inland from the sea. There were splendid beaches, and both the swimming and the surfing were good. We could wear thick suits and sleep under blankets again in comfort. (There is a hot season, with heavy rainfall, from July to October; but from November through May the temperatures are mainly in the sixties and low seventies, and there is little rainfall or humidity.)

Until five years ago there was no hotel in Bathurst. But today there is an establishment of considerable excellence. It is run by a Belgian, with a charming Lebanese wife who helps with the management. The food constituted a remarkable surprise, for the chef turned out to be one of the best I have encountered anywhere in Africa. This was the more astonishing in that whatever else was admirable in the British colonial era, there are few who would claim that a fine cuisine could be listed among the benefits handed down to the emergent nations. But this chef, a Gambian, was first-class. The roast duck with fresh orange sauce which he dished up for us on the first night could have held its own with that of any restaurant in Paris, New York, or London. His curries were superb. The local lobsters were delicious. They were real lobsters, not the coarse and oversized crayfish which so often masquerade as lobsters on the menus of the world, and I would rank them with Maine and English lobsters for succulence. The chef served them cold, with a good mayonnaise and potato or lettuce salad. The hotel wine list is small but excellent, and I favored a Niersteiner in admirable condition, which went very well with the lobster.

The hotel boasts a small, horseshoe-shaped bar, presided over by a famous African barmaid named Effie. Effie tolerates no bad language at the bar, and if anyone is foolish enough to forget the rule, she promptly slams down the grille and withdraws. Imposing quantities of cool beer are consumed at the bar, mainly Dutch and Danish brands.

The Gambia is Britain's oldest and smallest colonial possession in Africa, and may prove to be its last. Queen Victoria called it "that dear, loyal, little place," but independence is undoubtedly coming in the next two or three years. The country is an extraordinary shape, just a long thin sliver of territory running almost directly from west to east for 200 miles or so, and consisting of nothing more than the two banks of the 1100-mile-long river from which it takes its name. The country is never more than 27 miles wide (the width of the river at Bathurst), and sometimes it dwindles to only seven miles.

The Portuguese discovered the Gambia in 1455. Thereafter, the French, the Dutch, and the British fought each other fiercely and re-

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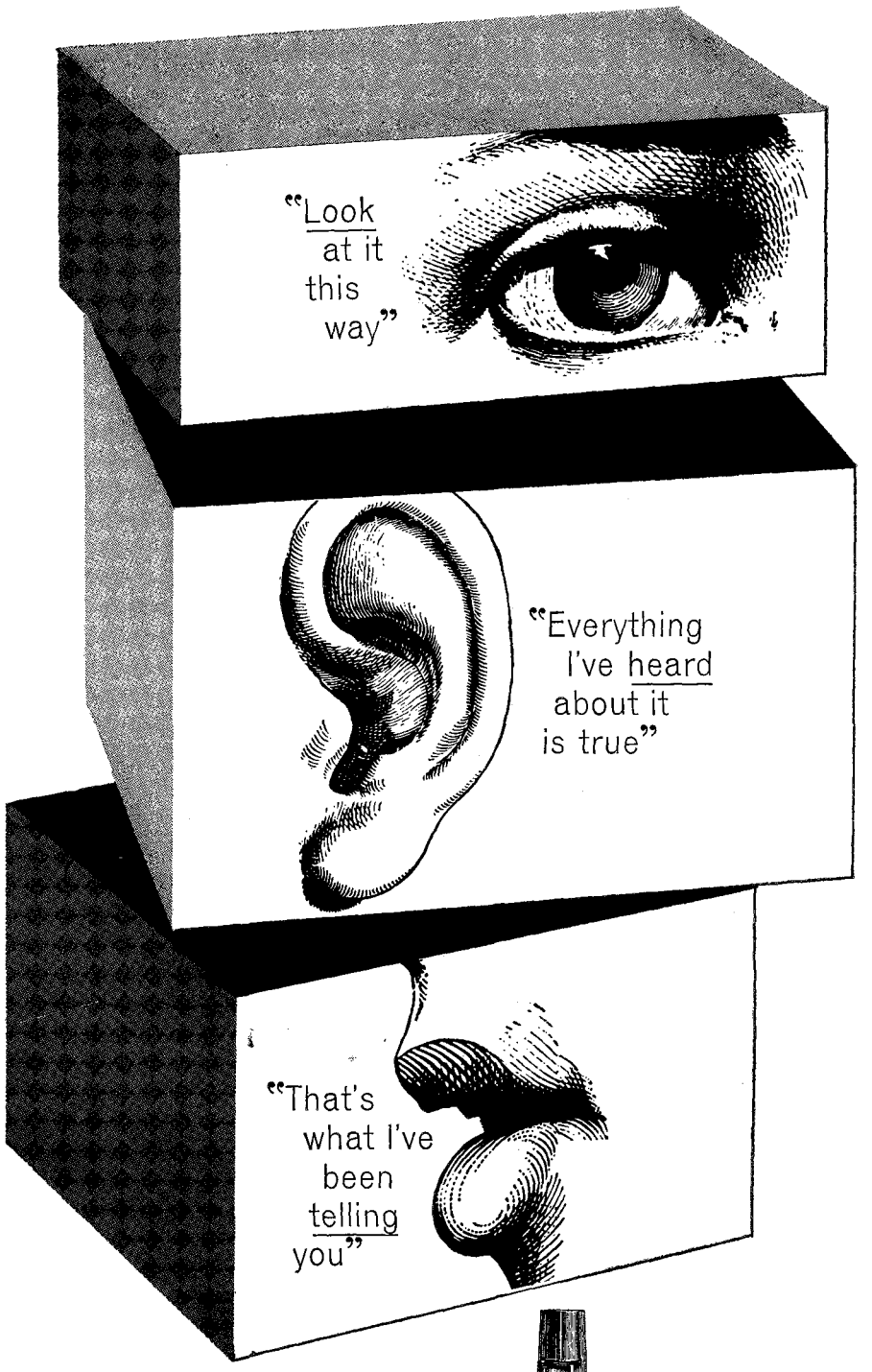
peatedly for its possession, for it was thought to be the key to the immense riches of Africa, and perhaps even to lead to the source of the Nile.

It used to be a center of the slave trade and was also, in the old days, hideously unhealthy. Sir Richard Burton a century ago described it as being nothing but "mud, mangroves, malaria and miasma." Today only the mangroves remain; Bathurst has long since shaken off the "White Man's Grave" tag, and the three hundred or so whites who live in the country enjoy good health (the African population is about 275,000). A reminder of the bad old days lurks in the name of a Bathurst suburb, Half Die, so named because 50 percent of its population was in fact carried off by some peculiarly virulent nineteenth-century epidemic.

Bathurst is captivating. About 20,000 people live in it, and the tempo rarely works itself up to much more than the gentlest of jog trots. The place has seedy, contemplative charm, which reminded me a little of some off-the-track spot in the Deep South of the United States: decaying wharves, tin roofs, peeling paint, a fairly large open-air market, where most of the trade gets done and where nobody pesters you. What stores there are, apart from the market, are nearly all run by Syrians or Lebanese, who hover in the entrances wearing slacks and gay sport shirts. Nearly everyone you meet on the street smiles pleasantly and wishes you good morning or evening, as the case may be. And the passersby provide a splendid chaos of color. For this is a predominantly Muslim country, and the robes billow out in the most uninhibited tints.

The fanciest dressers of all are the women of the Wolof tribe. Facially handsome, they delight in their clothes and accouterments, and on ceremonial occasions they put on a sartorial show as splendid as I have seen in either hemisphere: burgeoning headdresses; superb, bouffant, patterned gowns in shimmering saffrons, mauves, crashing pinks, apricots, emeralds, Prussian blues. The women wear gold filigree jewelry, stain the palms of their hands with henna, turn their lips blue with antimony, and sport imposing wigs fashioned of plaited black sisal.

But being a Wolof husband is no joke. He is forever being dunned by moneylenders or made bankrupt as



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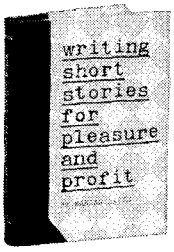

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the result of trying to foot his wife's wardrobe bill. Many female Wolofs spend as much as $300 a year on their clothes, a fantastic amount by any African standard, but horrifying in a country as poor as the Gambia.

The market offers filigree bracelets, earrings, and many other adornments; some of those marvelous clothes worn by the Wolof women (which would create a sensation at a summer-night cocktail party back home); and wood carvings which I found rather disappointingly derivative. My own choice fell on the skins of two jungle cats of the leopard family. They cost me $7.20 for the two, and, provided with light-blue felt underpinnings after my return home, they have emerged as two very handsome floor rugs.

Apart from the market and an up-to-date hospital, Bathurst offers a Protestant and a Roman Catholic church, both tin-roofed, the former flanked in season by such nostalgically English plantings as petunias, pinks, and hollyhocks; and Macarthy Square, a centrally located maidan, fringed with yellow-blossomed casuarina trees and dominated by the Secretariat building, a rather attractive stone affair with a tower of square design atop it. There is a bandstand, where the police band on occasion offers a concert; and sometimes a film show is put on by the local film society. But there are no regular movie houses, for the reason that few people would be able to afford to go often enough to make movies a practical proposition. Bathurst, moreover, lacks a daily newspaper and a radio station, and the country boasts no railway, no university, and no restaurant. There are only about 8000 moderately literate people in the whole country. (At the hotel, out of an African staff of forty, only five can make any convincing claim to read and write.) There are 70-odd miles of paved roadway, and just over 1200 motor vehicles to use it. There is an archaic touch to some of the English you hear spoken. I heard someone saying, "I was real humbugged this morning," meaning that he had been annoyed.

A short distance from the hotel is Government House, a most proper home for one of the last representatives of ancient imperialism. There is an *opéra-bouffe* touch about the gleaming white exterior, with stern sentries peering out of their boxes and immense old cannons pointing seaward, just in case the French should decide to pay another return visit. Inside, "G.H.," built about 1800, is coolly elegant, with quiet, well-proportioned rooms. At night the fine garden at its rear is floodlighted, the flamboyants and other exotic trees picked out tellingly in haggard grandeur. If the sightseer signs the visitors' book at G.H., the chances are that he will be invited in for a predinner drink, because casual visitors are few and the governor is apt to get a bit lonely now and then.

The Gambia's tax rate is the highest in the whole of West Africa, but, apart from the resident whites, only a minority pays taxes. Almost the only source of revenue (98 percent) is the groundnut crop, groundnuts being the bureaucratic euphemism for what are known as peanuts in the United States and monkeynuts in Britain. The big time comes in the December through April period, when the crop is being gathered. Every scrap of available land in Bathurst, including tiny back lots behind the bungalows on stilts, is planted to the crop, and when picking starts, everything else is likely to go by the board. The manager of the hotel has a wearing time of it, since many of his staff often heed the call of the harvest and take off for a while in order to help with the nuts. They still speak fondly in Bathurst of the occasion when the Gambia Regiment was due for an inspection (it was disbanded as an economy measure not long ago, all three officers, two NCOs, and ninety-five enlisted men), and when the commanding officer arrived on the parade ground, he discovered that nearly the whole place had been dug up and diligently planted with groundnuts. The troops begged the CO, with the utmost respect, to be very careful where he trod.

Besides groundnuts and mangroves, there is a bit of rice grown up-country. Rice stew and cornmeal porridge, seasoned fiercely with pepper and onions, provide the staple diet for the African population.

The Gambia is in fact the river, and a splendid old river steamer named *Lady Wright* (540 tons) makes regular sailings upstream, as does her sister vessel, the *Fulladu.* In addition to simple but perfectly adequate cabins for twenty overnight passengers, a dining saloon, and a

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bar, the *Lady Wright* and her sister ship provide what are thought to be the only waterborne post offices in the world, whose stamps are franked "The River Gambia Post Office."

It is always pleasant to chug along on any river, glass in hand, idly scrutinizing the banks. The river is in this instance twenty-seven miles at its mouth, and the banks are merely thin dark-green lines in the far distance. But the river soon be-

gins to narrow, and by and by one can discern the entrances to the *bolons*, or creeks, containing on their banks villages which have not changed much in character or aspect over the past three centuries. The huts in these villages are made of palm-wood framework, with bamboo strips anchoring them. This gets an outer coating of a tough type of mortar made of crushed oyster shells and known as *lasso*. The whole thing is topped off with the inevitable corrugated iron roof.

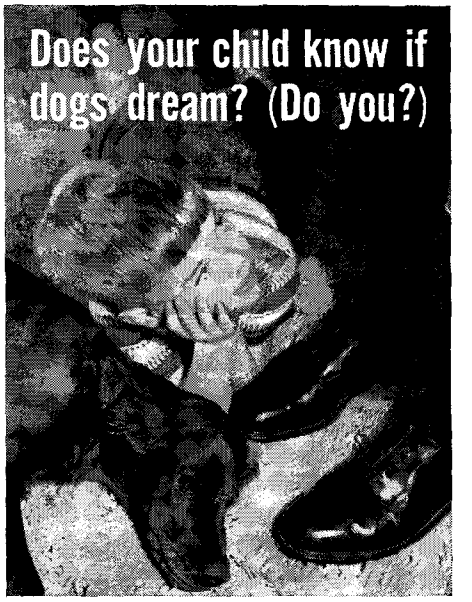
When the Queen was visiting the Gambia, she was taken upriver to a creek known as the Mini Minium Bolon, where she visited a groundnut clearing center called Jowara. I had been told that on her way back to Bathurst she was almost certain to make an unscheduled stop at James Island, and so to James Island, together with two or three congenial colleagues, I repaired to await the sovereign.

Now, James Island is one of the more fascinating spots I have come across in the past several years. It crops up, perhaps a bare two acres in extent, alone and forlorn, in the middle of the wide stream. And it was here, on James Island, that the most ferocious fighting took place between the French and the English. James Island was regarded as the military key to the Gambia; he who owned it controlled the river. The French captured it from the English five times. Each time the English got it back, but the last time the French were in possession, in 1779, they did a pretty thorough job of demolition on the fort. Even so, some of it still stands today, an incongruous sight, with its European-style battlements, turrets, revetments, and underground passageways, all in the midst of the watery, tropical immensity. The fort is now surrounded by *beobab* trees, which have very big bases and taper gracefully to their upper reaches. Apart from that sight, there are curiously blackened stones and rocks, almost volcanic in appearance, and a few birds squawk overhead.

But in the loose shale and the silent ruins one can still come upon all sorts of relics of the former occupations: metal uniform buttons, bits of clay pipes, fragments of English china services, an odd coin, and a great carpet of smashed rum and wine bottles. Life on James Island in those seventeenth- and eighteenth-century colonial days was fairly squalid. There was nothing to do, nowhere to go. The French waited at their riverbank settlement of Albreda, just opposite. The hemmed-in garrison had no chance of relaxation. Jammed in together, they bickered incessantly, and hundreds of them died "of the flux, the fever and the miasma." There was no fresh water, but there was plenty to drink, and drink they did. Endless consignments of booze were ferried in to the luckless defenders to help them through their ordeal, and it is the remnants of those supplies which still litter the place.

My own trip upriver to James Island proved wholly delightful. I arranged to charter a motor launch which is available to visitors. The island is twenty miles from Bathurst, and the journey takes about two hours. Aboard the launch I and one or two of my colleagues were comforted by a capacious refrigerator, which we had forehandedly stocked with a half dozen of the hotel's Niersteiner and some beer, and pleasant chaises longues. In addition to a competent crew, we enjoyed the services of a highly polished and attentive African butler.

After we had pottered around on the island for a while, the royal yacht *Britannia* was sighted, coming downstream. Since the Queen's stop-off at James Island was believed to be



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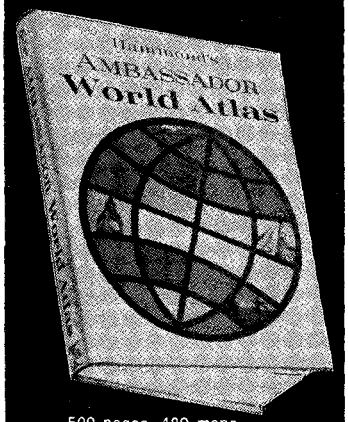

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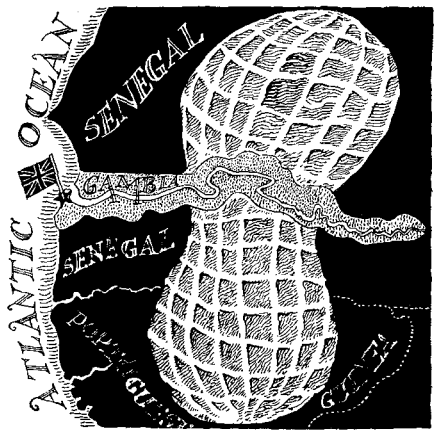
only tentative, and since we felt that if binoculars on the *Britannia's* bridge were to pick out unknown marauders already ashore on the tiny place, the Queen might change her mind about stopping there, we took pains to find cover behind the ruined battlements, around which we cautiously peered. But the *Britannia* duly hove to and dropped anchor. Next, the royal barge was observed making for the sketchy jetty. When we judged it safe, we emerged from our refuges. Just as the monarch stepped ashore only a few yards away, the butler



from the launch provided an unlooked-for touch of panache. For he walked up to me, silver tray in hand, and with a flourish proffered a fresh bottle of Niersteiner. I could only accept and allow him to pour me a frosted glassful with what insouciance I could muster. Phileas Fogg stuff.

But the *Lady Wright* should by no means be neglected. The longest journey upriver, from Bathurst to Basse, the furthest navigable point for deep-draft ships, takes four days. If the traveler then feels like pushing on further, a shallow-draft boat will take him into Senegalese territory, at Barrakunda Falls. In Basse he can buy some weird musical instruments, both string and percussion, which, I am told, can be mastered fairly readily. As the boat travels up the river, baboons chatter from the trees (although they are slaughtered, with official encouragement, at the rate of 30,000 a year), and water birds eye the passengers from the mud flats. At every stop a group of cheerful, friendly people gathers to greet the ship, endlessly curious but always courteous.

A Gambian holiday would not be to everyone's taste. The packaged-tour people would not like it much. From their point of view there isn't much "to do." No shops, as we understand the term. No sightseeing with uniformed guides. Absolutely no night spots.

But for someone who is content with a quiet stay in a pleasant place, among likable people, someone who wants to get away for a while, the Gambia is just the ticket.

Bathurst is only forty-five minutes' flight from Dakar, in Senegal, and Dakar is nowadays one of the world's busiest airports, with any number of scheduled flights coming in from Europe. Las Palmas, in the Canaries, is only about two and a half hours away by air. The airport at Yundum, eighteen miles from Bathurst, is soon to have another $1.5 million spent on it and will then be able to take bigger aircraft.

There are plans to build an extension to the hotel out at Fujara, twelve miles from Bathurst, on a cape where most of the Europeans live, which is, on the average, several degrees cooler even than the capital. The idea here is that if a tourist is staying at the hotel and would like a change of scene for a meal or a night, he will be able to drive out to the annex on the cape and be lodged or eat there for no extra charge.

The name of the Bathurst hotel is the Atlantic. A single room in the main building costs $15.40 a day; double, $26.70 a day. One of the chalets which are scattered about the grounds costs $13.55 a day for a single, or $21.40 for a double. These prices include all meals, or, as they say, "Full pension." The main building has air-conditioned bedrooms, but in the cool season the chalets without air conditioning are just fine.

The launch charter costs $60, including four hours of travel and an hour and a half on the island. Longer trips are in proportion. It is an extremely good value.

As far as I am concerned, the main attraction of the Gambia is that it has not so far even a hint of the awful glaze of the jet age on it. It is still to a great extent as it always was; and there are not, in a world where package trips to, say, the Fiji Islands are now obtainable on the installment plan, many places you can still say that of.

If, when I go back there, I find they've already put in a night spot, or replaced the *Lady Wright* with a new luxury boat, I'll feel humbugged. Really, I will.

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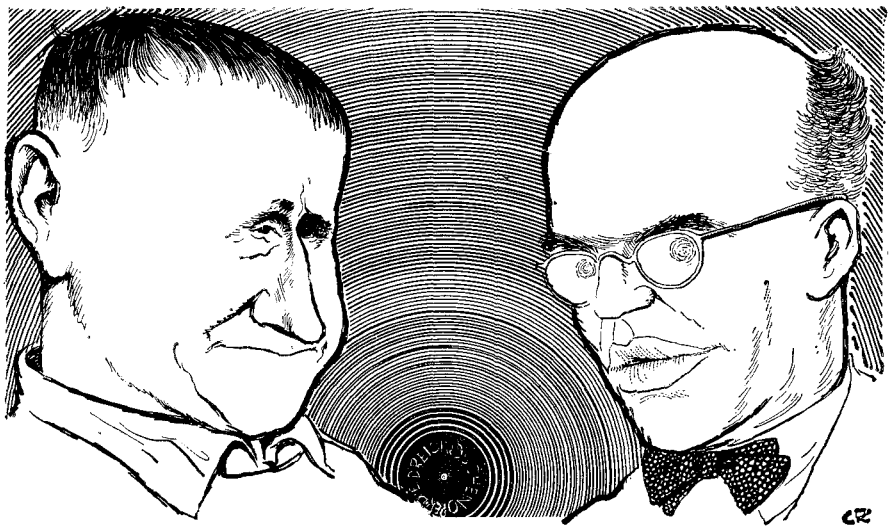
they shall have

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG



When the cultural history of the first half of the twentieth century comes to be written, among its most distinctive and durable landmarks may be the musical plays of two young Germans driven from their native land for their genius. It may be a footnote to history that in the United States, at least, their renown — and their works — really began to flourish only after their deaths, and that it was the widow of one of them who tended and nurtured their fame.

Kurt Weill was a child of the half-century in a literal sense, for he was born in 1900 and died in 1950, and he divided his creative years almost equally between Europe and America. Bertolt Brecht was two years older than Weill and died six years later. Being a poet, he was wedded to his native tongue, and was never truly at home unless using the German language and living in Germany, although for years the Nazis turned him into an exile.

Although Brecht was one of the great figures of the European theater to the end of his life and Weill among the most successful composers of Broadway musicals during the 1940s, the work by which both will be longest remembered is generally accounted to be *The Threepenny Opera*, a transformation of an eighteenth-century British operatic lampoon into a jazzy, witty, and devastatingly savage musical satire on human civilization, 1928 vintage. Having created a scandal in Berlin, it swept through Germany and middle Europe, triumphantly survived translations into French and most of the other languages of the Continent, was made into a movie by G. W. Pabst, and underwent one of the first original-cast recordings in history; *Die Dreigroschenoper* might reasonably be concluded to have led a full life, even for a work that had attained classic status.

But the United States remained singularly impervious to it. A Broadway attempt in 1933 was a total failure, with critic Percy Hammond denouncing it as "a torpid affectation, sluggish, ghastly, and not nearly so dirty as advertised." (Perhaps unconsciously, Hammond was echoing what Dr. Samuel Johnson had said about the original *Beggar's Opera* of John Gay: "There is in it such a *labefactation* of all principles that it may be injurious to morality.") But Weill never lost confidence that his and Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* would win its way in America, and he was vindicated four years after his death, on March 10, 1954, when it became an overnight sensation at the tiny, shabby, not at all lilylike Theatre de Lys in the Greenwich Village section of New York. *The Threepenny Opera* filled the 299-seat auditorium night after night for nearly seven years, running an original investment of $8789 into a gross of $2,800,000 — by far the most successful enterprise in the annals of the New York off-Broadway theater. Its catchiest song, "Mack the Knife," became a national hit, sung by everyone, from opera stars to teen-age idols, and recorded spectacularly by Louis Armstrong. And lest anyone fear that the seven fat years would give way to seven lean years, *The Threepenny Opera* was followed almost immediately at the Theatre de Lys by a show called *Brecht on Brecht*, with six players alternately reciting, narrating, singing, and enacting passages from Brecht's poetical and dramatic works, with music mostly by Weill. *Brecht on Brecht* was booked tentatively for a six weeks' run when it opened in January of this year, but it played to packed houses and quickly sailed past its scheduled expiration date. Next fall a complete work by Brecht, *Mother Courage*, is expected to have its first New York presentation.

Aside from the genius of its two creators, the common denominator of *The Threepenny Opera* and *Brecht on Brecht*, as well as the link between the Germans of the 1920s and the Americans of the 1950s, is Lotte Lenya, who was Weill's wife during his life and his voice after death. There might have been a *Threepenny Opera* without her, just as there would have been a *Hamlet* without Dick Burbage and a *Cyrano de Bergerac* without Coquelin. But it could hardly have been the same. Miss Lenya, herself an actress of rare sensitivity and serenity, is not a singer in the ordinary sense of the word. But neither are Weill's compositions ordinary. They are a blend of cabaret songs, street tunes, and jazz rhythms, touched by just a trace of the eighteenth-century sentimental ballads of which John Gay constructed his *Beggar's Opera*. And Lenya's voice, almost childishly direct and artfully innocent, is the perfect instrument for conveying their poisonous sweetness and grim charm. Audiences at *Brecht on Brecht* have responded warmly to the poet-playwright's thought and wit — to a dramatic de-

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by Edward Tatnall Canby

Author "High Fidelity and the Music Lover" (Harper), record reviewer, radio musical commentator.

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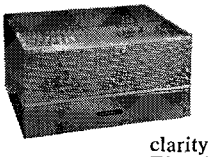

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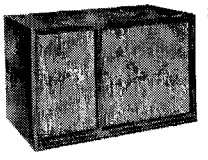

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piction of a Jewish woman about to leave her Gentile husband in Hitler's Berlin and to an acidly imaginative poem about the indispensability of little men in a big world, in which Brecht wonders where the masons went the night the Great Wall of China was finished. But in *Brecht on Brecht*, no less than in *The Threepenny Opera*, it is Lenya's singing of the "Pirate Jenny" song that has the most power to hush an audience.

What underlies the recent American fascination for Weill and Brecht? Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, which has been in the forefront of Weill and Brecht's revival on records, has expressed the view that "we are in a period which feels some kind of special affinity for the *Stimmung* of Berlin between two disastrous wars" and people today, as were those of thirty years ago, are responsive to a blending of "ironic disenchantments with brittle optimism."

Lotte Lenya herself takes a somewhat different approach. She talked about it a few weeks ago in her Manhattan apartment, its white walls decorated with bright paintings, which included the originals of record-jacket portraits of her strong-featured face.

"This question interests me also," she said. "So while I was playing *The Threepenny Opera* I used to ask young people, 'Why are you so interested? Why do you like it so much?' Because people kept coming to the theater long after all the people who knew it in Germany and had nostalgia for it had been to see it. People came back two, three, ten times. When I asked them why, they said, 'Well, first of all, it's the music that talks to us — the jazz element.' And they're right. It's a composer's score, not a songwriter's score. A young musician could learn from that score. And people came, too, because the libretto is so different from the rest of the shows they saw. It's about corruption and poverty, and they don't go out of fashion."

Miss Lenya insists that there is a continuous line between Weill the German operatic innovator and Weill the American showsmith, although to many ears there is a distinction between the acerbities and brashness of *Die Dreigroschenoper* and the blander tunes of *Knickerbocker Holiday* and *One Touch of Venus*. Is there, she was asked, a significant difference in the Kurt Weill of Berlin and of Broadway?

"Not for me there isn't," she replied stoutly. "The difference is in the subject matter. In Germany he wrote at a time of inflation, of political upheaval. The same background was not to be found here. His subject matter shaped his music. *Lady in the Dark*, *Street Scene*, *Lost in the Stars* could not be written the same as *The Threepenny Opera*, but they are by the same composer."

Weill sank artistic and personal roots into the American soil. After fleeing Germany, he made brief stops in Paris and London, then settled here with his wife in 1935, becoming an American citizen in 1943. Few musical works are more authentic embodiments of the American spirit than his *Down in the Valley*, a forty-minute folk opera designed in 1948 for production by amateur and college groups and played by them gratefully ever since, from one end of the country to the other.

But Bertolt Brecht never found the spiritual repose and sense of *Heimat* that Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya knew at their Hudson Valley home at New City, New York. Brecht left Germany in 1933 and, after much wandering in Europe, came to the United States in 1941. In 1948 he returned to Germany — East Germany — where he established a flourishing theater, wrote prolifically, and died in 1956. When it was suggested to Lenya that perhaps Brecht had been wrong in returning, she said: "Brecht was right to go back. A poet must have his language. A musician can sit in a tree and sing a song anywhere in the world. Brecht wasn't a Communist. He made a politics of humanism. His art was his politics; he wanted people to see it would be possible to have a better world. He was for the underdog, for the underdog over and over again. He even had trouble with the authorities there over one of his plays, *The Trial of Lucullus*. His will shows he died as a poet with a free mind. He didn't want to lie in state, he said. He ordered his coffin closed and nobody at the grave except his family. The speeches can come later, he said."

Through the records she has made, Lenya has been able to sing not only Weill's music but Brecht's humanism throughout the world. *The Threepenny Opera* is one of the best-

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documented operas in history. Its first recording, dating from 1930, which was long out of print, has just been reissued in this country by Telefunken (Tel. 97012). The cast is that of the original Berlin production, with Lenya herself singing several female parts, a necessity dictated by the failure of another cast member to appear for the session on the grounds that the songs were too "immoral" to record.

The New York *Threepenny Opera* of 1954, in Marc Blitzstein's skilled and sympathetic adaptation (originally made for a Brandeis University festival two years earlier), has been well recorded by Lenya and the Theatre de Lys cast (MGM E3121). But the heart of the Weill-Brecht-Lenya canon is on the Columbia label in two complete German-language albums of *Die Dreigroschenoper* (02L-257 and 02S-201, stereo: two records) and *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* (K3L-243, monaural only: three records). For Columbia, Lenya has also recorded a superb one-record anthology of *Berlin Theater Songs* by Weill (KL-5056) and *The Seven Deadly Sins*, a "ballet in song" (KL-5175). There is, moreover, a complete recording of *Happy End*, the musical play from which "Surabaya Johnny" and "Bilbao Song" come, which Lenya made in Germany two years ago, but Columbia has yet to release here.

If there is one more act of devotion Lenya wishes to perform for Weill and Brecht, it is an American stage production of *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*, their longest, fullest, and perhaps most challenging work. *Mahagonny*, which dates from 1930, demands a cast of nine principals, full chorus, and large orchestra; it is more tragic and bizarre than *The Threepenny Opera*, with characters that might come from another world. Indeed, they *do* come from another world, a never-never land Brecht and Weill created and placed in an America they had never seen. In this mythological Mahagonny (meaning "city of nets"), on the "Florida Gold Coast," human liberty turns into a travesty, and the opera ends in catastrophe and terror, with the chorus intoning, "We cannot help ourselves and you and anyone."

Mahagonny is a grotesque, bitter, and melancholy work, which seems strong medicine even after the acidulous *Threepenny Opera*. Yet it unquestionably contains some of Weill's

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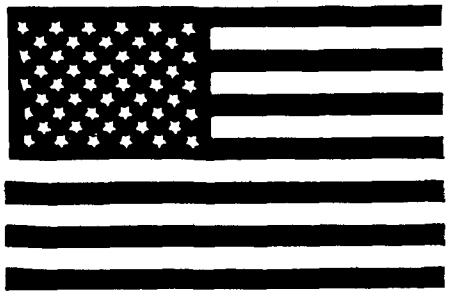

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most insinuating, powerful, and unforgettable music. Listening to it on records is a spellbinding experience, and Lenya is certain it will be even more effective in the theater. But she expects to wait until she is certain it will be done properly.

"*Mahagonny* is timeless," she says, "even if I am not. But I certainly have the hope of doing it. I remember when I was singing in *The Seven Deadly Sins* at the New York City Center, two young boys came up to me with tears in their eyes. 'What's the matter?' I said. 'Oh, Miss Lenya,' they said, 'it was beautiful, but who is going to sing these songs ten years from now?' What could I say? I told them, 'Thank you very much for letting me live at least another ten years.' "

Record Reviews

Franck: Symphony in D Minor

Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London CS-6222 (stereo) and CM-9290
Lorin Maazel conducting Radio Symphony Orchestra Berlin; Deutsche Grammophon 18693 and 138693 (stereo)
Pierre Monteux conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2514 and LSC-2514 (stereo)
Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5697 and MS-6297 (stereo)
Paul Paray conducting Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Mercury 50285 and 90285 (stereo)

Is it dereliction of critical duty to recoil, even momentarily, in the face of five almost simultaneous releases of the Franck D Minor? However, it turns out there is something in each of these to engage the attention of a Franckophile. There is Ansermet's reserve, Maazel's ardor, Monteux's tenderness, Ormandy's sonority, Paray's drama. Yet none of these versions offers the sense of revelation or reappraisal to entitle it to the status of *the* Franck D Minor, so there still is room for another. Pending its arrival, one vote for Ormandy and the "Philadelphia sound."

Mendelssohn: Songs Without Words; Seventeen Variations Sérieuses in D Minor, Op. 54

Rena Kyriakou, pianist; Vox VBX-411 (monaural): three records

Liner notes are seldom a mine of information; but one could wish these said more about this interesting pianist than that she was born in Crete, studied in Vienna and Paris, composed a concerto, and has played under various conductors. Whatever else is unknown about her, Miss Kyriakou here demonstrates an affinity for Mendelssohn, whose *Lieder Ohne Worte* she plays with sensitivity and songfulness. To sustain a listener's interest in the forty-eight pieces, so easily oversentimentalized, is no simple task, but Miss Kyriakou makes it seem so. The Songs are said to have been among the favorite music of Queen Victoria, who, incidentally, had no need of records: she played them herself.

Verdi: Aida

Georg Solti conducting Rome Opera House Chorus and Orchestra with Leontyne Price, soprano; Rita Gorr, mezzo-soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; RCA Victor LM-6158 and LSC-6158 (stereo): three records

This brilliant *Aida* is a great argument for operatic internationalism. Price, Merrill, and Tozzi are American; Vickers, Canadian; Gorr, Belgian; Solti, Hungarian; while the orchestra and chorus, to say nothing of the opera, are 100 percent Italian. The blend is superb. *Aida*, with its resounding "Triumphal" scene, its massed choruses, its lively ballet music, is a stereo natural, but this recording is blessed also with a deep sensitivity to artistic values. Miss Price, though not the silkiest sounding of Aidas, probes the human as well as the musical depths of the character. Vickers, who in the past has seemed a fugitive Wagnerian in Verdi, matches her tone for tone, phrase for phrase in an exquisite "Tomb" scene duet. Merrill and Miss Gorr bring strength and subtlety to their parts. Solti's conducting abounds in drive and drama; the Act I Prelude and a few other passages seem unduly symphonic, but elsewhere the lyricism is irresistible, and the sound, radiant.

A Concert at the White House: Mendelssohn: Trio in D Minor for Piano, Violin, and Cello, Op. 49; Couperin: Concert Pieces for Cello and Piano; Schumann: Adagio and Allegro in A-flat for Cello and Piano, Op. 70; Songs of the Birds (Catalan Folk Songs) for Cello and Piano, arranged by Pablo Casals

Pablo Casals, cellist; Alexander Schneider,

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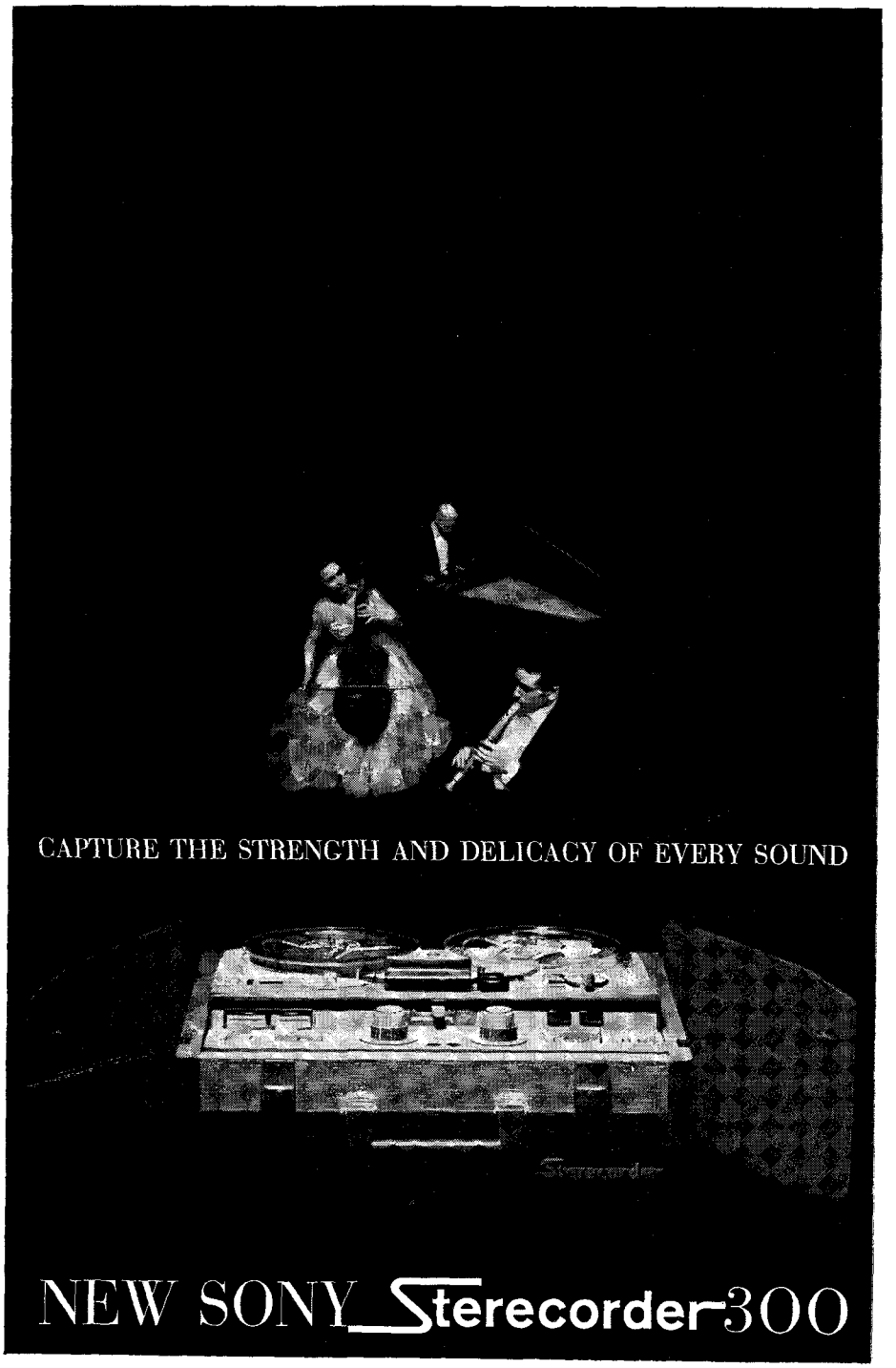
violinist; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, pianist; Columbia KL-5726 (monaural)
One is tempted to add to the list of credits above: John F. Kennedy, President; Jacqueline Kennedy, First Lady; for these two were participants, not to say prime movers, in this performance. This is an on-the-scene recording of the celebrated recital of November 13, 1961, when the great Spanish cellist and two esteemed colleagues performed by invitation before a distinguished gathering at the White House. A photograph of the eighty-four-year-old Casals, cello in hand, gravely bowing to the applauding audience, decorates the cover, while the jacket notes are given over to newspaper accounts of the event. As usual when Casals is concerned, however, the music speaks most eloquently of all, even though the program exacts the ultimate from neither performers nor audience. The Mendelssohn Trio is not a powerful work, but beneath the fingers of Casals, Schneider, and Horszowski it glows with warmth. In the Couperin and Schumann pieces and his own little set of Catalan folk songs, Casals displays his expressive phrasing, his rich and ample tone, his strength, his delicacy. The all-hearing microphone has two unexpected revelations to make: Casals emits an astonishing variety of grunts, groans, and wheezes as he plays, and White House audiences applaud between movements.

A Cozy Conception of Carmen

Cozy Cole, drums; with Bernie Privin, trumpet; Bob Hammer, piano; Al Klink and Jerome Richardson, saxophones; Milton Hinton, bass; and others; Charlie Parker Records 403 and 403-S (stereo), distributed by MGM Records
A jazz version of a "classic" occasionally has its points, and this rhythmic, syncopated transmutation of Bizet's *Carmen* has vivacity, imagination, and taste. An eleven-man band plays the Overture, "Habanera," "Gypsy Song," Sextet, and other numbers with a freewheeling inventiveness that is amusing and invigorating. There are no vocals, the closest thing being a flügelhorn solo of the "Flower Song," one of the less successful numbers. Most enjoyable of all are a perky "Chorus of Street Boys" and two very evocative, blues-in-the-night types of entr'actes. Fun, at least for the broad-minded.



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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THIS is the time of year when college seniors begin winding up their affairs. In Harvard of my time, the early 1920s, we prepared for Class Day exercises and the spreads that went with Commencement. It was also traditional that, garbed in white overalls, we should go off to some idyllic spot for a Senior Picnic.

Whoever was in charge of the party — may he rest in peace — had planned that we should spend the day at Lake Suntaug in Lynnfield and that we should be driven out in trucks leaving the Harvard Yard promptly at 9:30 A.M. He also made it indubitably clear that there would be no hard liquor available at Suntaug at any price. This posed the class with the problem of drinking at breakfast — an experience rather new to us — for, though a certain amount of alcoholic content could be, and indeed was, taken on while we were inscribing the overalls with our nicknames and mottoes the night before, we all knew that we should have to have a real skinful if we were to get the most out of those hours at the lake.

There was something about what we drank during Prohibition that made it easier for the beverage to go down in a softly shaded light rather than in the cool dawn, and this wasn't a cool dawn. The sun came up hot and brassy, and the day got hotter by the minute.

I remember some of the concoctions I sampled in Hollis. There were fruit punches with a lethal base of pure grain alcohol. There were orange blossoms, and a tin cup of gin mixed with canned grapefruit juice which went down like a steel file. Peirce Romaine was the bartender for the top floor of Hollis, and he had just learned how to mix silver fizzes. So Bill Whitman and Bob Hopkins, Peirce and I took aboard our bathtub gin all frothed up with the whites of eggs and God-knows-what. After that someone gave me a stirrup cup of New Jersey applejack. By 9:00 things were growing a little hazy. Les Crockett told me that he and his gang had breakfasted at the Stylus, where they poured port wine on shredded wheat. Ted Parks's recipe was to mix grain alcohol fifty-fifty with non-alcoholic Virginia Dare wine, and he dared me to try it, and I did. On the ground floor of Hollis, Porky Bryant had put together equal amounts of alcohol and water in a gallon jug, thus achieving 100-proof result, and to this he added the peel of two or three oranges. They imparted a noticeable orange bouquet to what came out of the jug, and as Porky was serving it with ginger ale, it didn't really matter. But I seem to remember that when that jug was empty, the orange peel came out; in an incredibly short time the peel had achieved the consistency of a potato chip, and for an instant there were qualms about the possible effect of all this upon our innards.

The trucks left in procession at exactly 9:45. They were open trucks with no seats, so we simply stood up, swaying and holding onto the sides or each other. The sun blazed down, and if you think this is the best way to treat a skinful, you are mistaken.

When we reached the Revere Beach Parkway, some joker in the second truck bribed the driver to race with the one in the lead. The two trucks drew even, and with a narrow gap between, they ground along at 35 mph. At this point Tom Fry thought it would be fun to jump from the second to the first. It wasn't, for he missed; fell between, fractured his ankle, and had to be taken to the Lynn Hospital by some strangers who were following in a car.

We arrived at last at Suntaug, hot and sweating, and I, for one, inwardly disturbed. The lake was the most inviting thing we saw, and even though the water looked low and a little murky, there was a rush to get into bathing suits. Dennet Withington was one of the first out, and I remember he sprinted down the dock and took off in a lovely dive, ending feet up with his head and

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shoulders wedged tight in the soft muck of the bottom. The water at the dock's end was a foot and a half deep. Later we ate luncheon on wooden trestles with the sun beating down at 88 degrees. It was a light affair of frankfurters, pickles, potato salad strongly laced with onions, and milk. Potato salad with onions has always disagreed with me, and after my second forkful I became a cuckoo clock, burping regularly at five-minute intervals for the rest of the afternoon.

Now we were beginning to turn red, with the lovely long afternoon still stretching before us. I remember Alex Steinert saying in an undertone, "Ted, do you think there's any possible way of getting out of this?"

"Well," I said, "let's ask Bill." Bill Whitman was engaged to Marjorie Warren, and maybe she would respond to our SOS. "Bill," I said, "for God's sake, do you think Pargie would come out in her car and get us? Tell her that we'll leave through the bushes and meet her on the corner by the turnpike."

We did, and that's how we got home, and that's enough. This was the picnic to end all picnics. The seniors never had another.

SOLACE IN DOING

Pearl Buck is one of those rare Americans who knows the Orient as well as she knows her homeland. She has lived through three careers and is now actively engaged in a fourth. As a child of missionary parents, she learned to speak Chinese and to love her foster country. After college, her first marriage to her missionary husband brought her back to China but not to happiness: their eldest daughter was retarded; the home ties were disrupted; and China itself became increasingly hostile. Back in the United States, struggling to find her feet as a writer, she came under the sympathetic editorship of Tom Walsh. She was determined not to commit herself emotionally, and she turned him down again and again, but when they were married and set up their home together in Pennsylvania, she entered a third career of more than two decades which was to bring her the triumph of the Nobel Prize and a companionship beatific, marred only by Tom's long last illness. The doctors finally held out no hope. It is against this background that Mrs. Buck has written her new, compassionate book, **A BRIDGE FOR PASSING** (John Day, $4.50).

She first passes over the bridge on her way to Tokyo, where she is to assist a Japanese company in the filming of her book *The Big Wave*. This is her first sight of Japan in twenty-five years, and although she had been here often in her girlhood, she is unprepared for the startling changes that have occurred since the American occupation. She gets on famously with the burly Japanese producer who is strenuously turning out a new picture every week; she joins in the casting and in the search for the sets that are needed, including a fishing village, a live volcano, and a tidal wave. Then comes the long-distance telephone call telling her of Tom's death, and back over the bridge she hurries. When she is released from the shock, she returns to Japan a different woman, lonelier, more given to reverie and to walking by herself. By day she is a buffer in the tense struggle between the Japanese producer and the American director; by night in the empty hotel room she finds consolation in reliving her happiness with her editor. At all times she is observing and judging the Japanese character, and these findings fill some of the most fascinating pages in the book.

"The Japanese woman," says Mrs. Buck, "has always been stronger than the Japanese man, for, like the Chinese woman, she has been given no favors." Mrs. Buck notes the effect of American courtship, of intermarriage between Japanese girls and American soldiers, and of the orphans who are cared for in organizations run by her friend Miki. She cites the courage of these people living on their dangerous islands, where there is an average of four earthquakes or tremors a day; and she remarks the combination "of delicacy and strength, of tenderness and cruelty . . . usual in the work of Japanese writers." This book will be a touchstone for those made desolate by sorrow, and in writing it Mrs. Buck lifts our spirits as she revives her own.

THE BEST OF JOYCE CAREY

Joyce Carey, of Anglo-Irish stock, joined the Nigerian political service in 1913. He fought in the Nigerian regiment during World War I, was wounded, and on his return, as a magistrate and executive officer, his ill health made it unsafe for him to continue in tropical Africa, and he went home to write. His first novel, *Aissa Saved*, was published in 1930, and his most exciting and probably his best book, **THE AFRICAN WITCH**, has just been reissued (Harper, $3.95). In his preface he tells us that he began making sketches for *The African Witch* in the mid-twenties, using as his model an African nationalist of extraordinary violence. He brooded over the story for close to a decade, and when the novel appeared in 1936, it was, he says, "at once treated, even by serious officials, as an attack on their administration; by street corner politicians, as a work on the colour-bar," and he adds, "political ideas and political arguments were a good deal more innocent than they are to-day."

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The novel opens at the Rimi races in Nigeria, attended by great crowds of natives and sometimes as many as thirty whites, including the Resident. The Emir of Rimi is wise enough to stay away, although his three chief officers, wearing large blue turbans, are usually to be seen near the starting post. On this occasion the private ground of the enclosure is profaned by two Negroes in European dress, the taller a local revivalist and agitator called Coker, and with him the young claimant to the Rimi throne, Louis Aladai, the first of the Rimi to attend Oxford, from which he has just returned.

This is the story of conflicting emotions within the tight little British community as Aladai, a charming young man with more than a little common sense, presses for their recognition, for their help in preparing for the education of the Rimi, and for their support in his claim for the emirat. Out of jealousy the Emir has forbidden the young man free access to the town, and his case is still further jeopardized by his sister Elizabeth, who operates a juju house in the third ward of Rimi Town with such cruelty and secrecy that she has become a priestess of almost unchallenged power. The only liberal among the British is a crackpot, but the three who respond to Aladai's dilemma are young and attractive: Captain Rackman, the Irish centaur, with his keen wit and short temper, whose reactions one suspects are pretty much those of Joyce Carey himself; and, with Rackman, the two Englishwomen who dote on him, his fiancée, Miss Judy Coote, a bluestocking who knew Aladai in Oxford and stands up for him now, and Miss Honeywood, the beauty who is drawn into the fracas against her better judgment and because of her adoration of Rackman.

It is a tense and at times a cruel situation, revelatory of the ignorance which then prevailed on both sides. Even Judy, who occasionally ventures to talk about the world-state in which there would be no distinction of color, is hardly a radical. "I shouldn't think there'll be much intermarriage," she remarks. "But at present I think you've got to consider the political situation. The blacks out here are not fit to run their own show, and it will be a long time before they learn." Aladai, of course, is the first to have gone through the training process, "one in a million," as he likes to think, and it is a fair measure of Mr. Carey's skill and restraint that Aladai's exuberance, his eagerness and naïveté are conveyed with such sympathy against the uncompromising decrees of the 1930s. In its staging the book is occasionally disconnected, but it is a fine and graphic story, authentic in its setting, and revealing, in its comparison with today, the slow headway that has been made in tropical Africa.

Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

Did last year's centennial make us reflect any more deeply about the meaning of the Civil War? I doubt it. There were some moving pageants, but for the most part we seemed not so much to be remembering a national tragedy as re-enacting a costume ball. After so much froth, it is a sobering experience to come upon a book as harsh and abrasive as EDMUND WILSON'S PATRIOTIC GORE (Oxford University Press, $8.50), which attempts to get at the complex human truth of the Civil War through the writing of the men and women who were caught up in the tragedy. Mr. Wilson's conclusions will be shocking to many people, but, disagree with him as we may, it is refreshing to come upon a mind so free from cant and so doggedly resistant to the bluff of specious idealism.

Why were the Southern states not allowed to secede in 1861? The Northern myth is that the Civil War was a crusade against slavery. In fact, most Northerners were indifferent to the existence of slavery and were capable of mobbing the Abolitionists, while a good many Southerners, who had seen slavery in the flesh, were thoroughly sick of the whole evil. The mystique of the Union could not permit secession. But this mystique, in Mr. Wilson's view, has to be understood as part of an aggressive and expansive phase of our history. Like the French under Napoleon, and the Russians after 1917, we had had a successful revolution and were in the process of consolidating and expanding its influence. Here Mr. Wilson offers a bold comparison between the secession of 1861 and the Hungarian revolt of 1956. The Hungarians wanted to secede from the Soviet empire, but were crushed and eventually denounced by their masters as reactionary and feudal. The South was backward in comparison with the industrial North — the two regions had grown so far apart that they were virtually different countries, as much as Hungary and Russia — and it, too, was forced into an unconditional surrender.

These views are stated in a slashing, forthright, but somewhat rambling introduction, which is the most sensational but least satisfying section of the work. However, the book does not stand or fall

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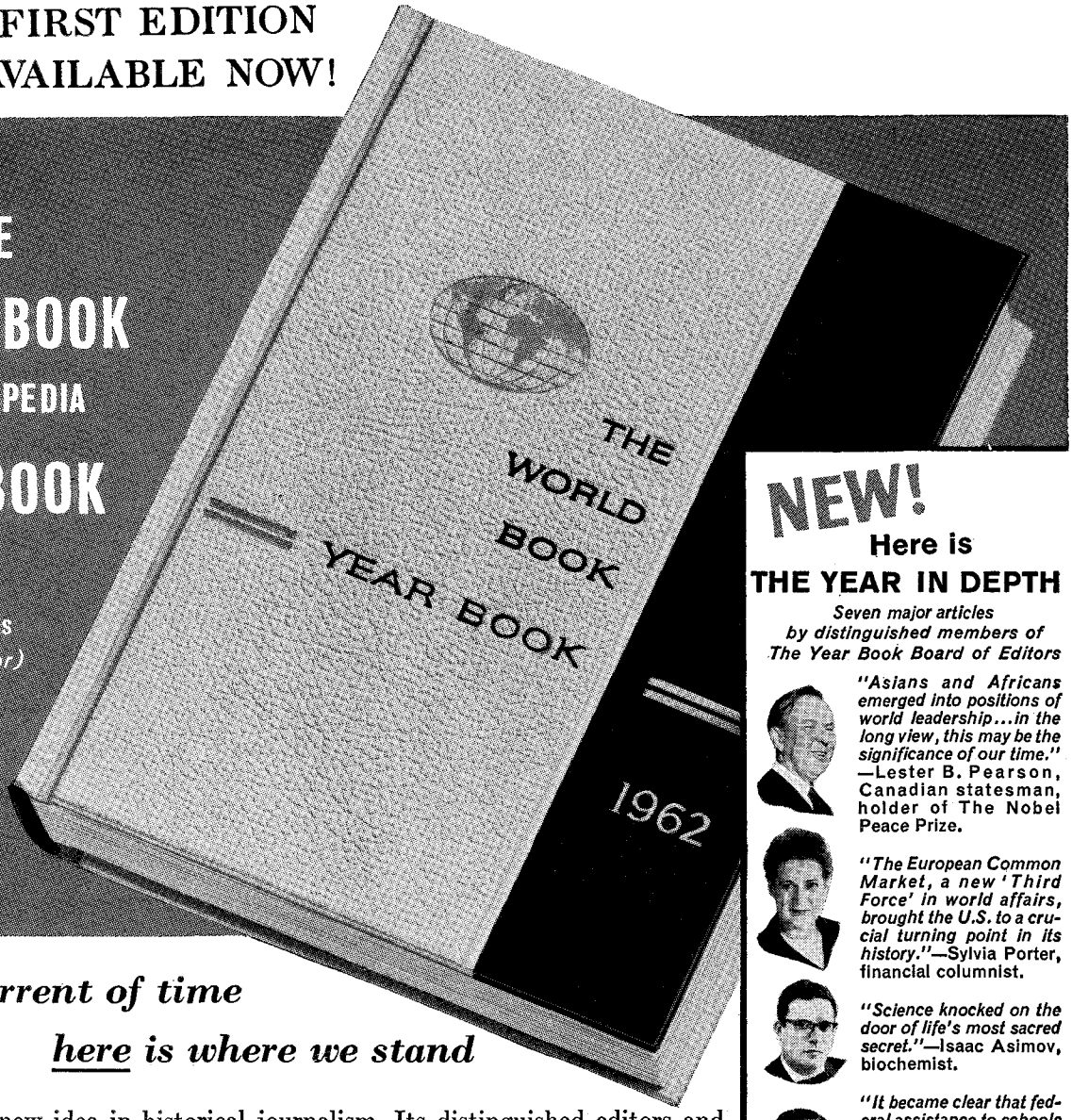

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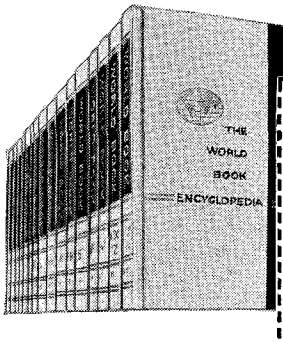

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with such theses. *Patriotic Gore* is not primarily a polemic, but a work of the historical imagination, and, as such, a monumental achievement. Mr. Wilson traces the impact of the Civil War on the lives of many individuals, Northerners and Southerners, famous and obscure. Whether he is treating us to an adult reading of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, evaluating anew the much-misunderstood characters of Lincoln and Grant, or threading his way through the intricate diaries of Southern ladies, he is continually exciting. As a critic, Mr. Wilson has always been at his best when he could illuminate a literary work in relation to its historical milieu or to the life of its author. Writing now as a historian, he is therefore in a thoroughly congenial medium; the literary record, after all, is the most intimate expression of how human beings are affected by history.

Of the many fine biographical portraits with which the book abounds the re-evaluation of Lincoln is perhaps most striking. The whimsical Lincoln — folk sage and rustic simpleton — is, in Mr. Wilson's view, a superficial caricature. Lincoln, as he is revealed in his own writings, was a man of cool and precise intelligence, powerful will, with the ambitious and dedicated conviction that he was the servant of the historic process. If we allow for differences of background and culture, the comparison of Lincoln to Lenin does not seem inappropriate.

In previous books Mr. Wilson has written about major figures in literature, from Sophocles to Henry James. The miracle of the present work is that in dealing with Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sidney Lanier, John W. DeForest, as well as a host of lesser lights, he is no less interesting or significant. He has perhaps never been so deeply and personally involved with his material. And if this is, as I tend to believe, Mr. Wilson's richest and most rewarding book, the reason may very well lie in the depth of his involvement.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

A frequent criticism of Britain's Angry Young Men is that it is not always clear what they are angry about; or, when clear, the object of anger seems rather picayune — like being at a provincial university, for example, rather than at Oxford or

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Cambridge. ALAN SILLITOE arrived a little too late to be included in this posh circle of young authors — his first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, appeared in 1958 — but he could not have been classed with them anyway, for he was really angry and had something to be angry at. Mr. Sillitoe is of the working class, and his first novel was choking with anger at the whole system.

In KEY TO THE DOOR (Knopf, $5.95) Mr. Sillitoe has returned to the Nottingham slums of his first novel. His hero, Brian Seaton, is in fact the older brother of Arthur, the caddish protagonist of *Saturday Night*. But Brian is much more sensitive than his younger brother, and consequently the tone now is less that of anger and protest and more of sympathetic involvement with the industrial poor. Not since the early D. H. Lawrence has the life of the British working class been rendered with such vividness. Though living in slums and imprisoned by the dull routines of the factories, these people retain some unkillable earthy and peasantlike quality, a caged but not altogether crushed animal vitality.

Key to the Door is the story of Brian's growing up — in great part, one suspects, autobiographical. We are carried through scenes of his boyhood, schooling, and his courting of a girl. Eventually conscripted, he is shipped to Malaya, where the climactic scene of the book occurs. Out on patrol, he encounters a Communist guerrilla, and instead of killing the man he sets him free. The act by which he has entered manhood is to have given life to another man, not because of his own leftist sympathies but simply because the other was a human being.

On the boat bound back to England, Brian thinks with warmth and affection of the life in Nottingham to which he is returning. When another soldier makes a scurrilous jibe at England, Brian remarks that he does not mind so long as Nottingham is not included. Brian Seaton is not yet able to say *my* England; but he can say *my* town, *my* home, *my* family. And with this, Mr. Sillitoe himself has passed beyond the novel of social protest, with its abstract anger, into the concrete evocations of poetry.

Mr. Sillitoe is one of the most powerful talents among the younger English novelists. Yet, with all its power, there is a monotonous quality

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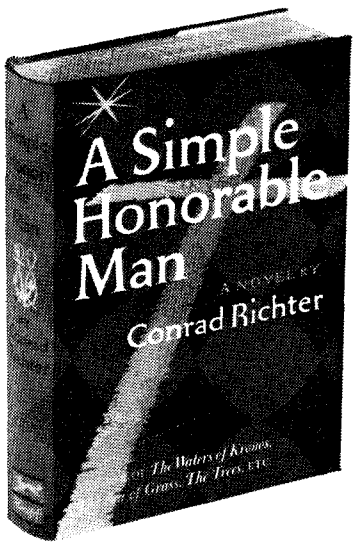

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about the present book, as if its author were struggling to cast off a personal burden from which he cannot quite get free. The "key to the door" that Brian has found at the end of the book seems an image of Mr. Sillitoe's own condition. Brian feels that he has found the key to his future, but, he warns himself, he must now strain every muscle to turn the key and open the door. It will be interesting to see what lies on the other side of the door for Mr. Sillitoe himself.

MYSTERIES OF LOVE

Living in Paris, the home of nearly every avant-garde movement of our century, MARCEL AYMÉ has always insisted that he is merely a bourgeois writer whose business is to entertain. In THE CONSCIENCE OF LOVE (Atheneum, $4.50) M. Aymé is as brilliantly witty as ever; but the story is more baroque, involved, and surrealistic than anything he has done before. Perhaps even this resolute entertainer has not been able to escape the avant-garde winds that blow about the French capital.

A young Parisian named Martin comes home one day to find his fiancée in bed with his brother Marcel. Discreetly withdrawing, as a proper Frenchman should, he bumps against a neighbor on the stairs; they fight, and the neighbor is accidentally killed. When he is released from prison two years later, Martin moves back into the apartment with the brother and the fiancée. (The French believe in keeping these things in the family.)

This strange beginning is but a prelude to stranger things to follow. It is not always easy to tell exactly what M. Aymé is up to, and sometimes one feels the novelist's inventiveness here has exceeded his control. Through all the mazes of his story M. Aymé is in pursuit of a new theory of love. This theory is being developed by brother Marcel, who declares that since he has never been in love himself he is the right man to make a detached study of the subject. The saving force of love in human society, Marcel and M. Aymé hold, is not found in the maundering male, who is likely to lose himself in intellectual fantasies about his beloved, but in the hard-driving practical woman who is hunting for a socially suitable mate.

In the light of this very bourgeois and orthodox theory, we can understand why the sexual escapades in the book never seem shocking or really immoral. Blasphemy, we have been told, is only possible for those who have faith. M. Aymé blasphemes, but underneath it all we know that his is the heart of a true believer.

For a faculty wife, love has a colder climate in the setting of a small New England college than in Paris; but the experience as depicted by ALISON LURIE in a pleasant first novel, LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP (Macmillan, $4.50), seems to be just as bewildering.

The stones of our colleges have been raised by the unpaid toil of the young faculty wife. Mother and housewife, she is also called upon to be her husband's intellectual companion, listen to his complaints about Hum C (Humanities for freshmen), and turn over her surplus labor to the college by helping to grade papers. No wonder Miss Lurie's heroine falls out of love with her husband, and in a mood of momentary emptiness is ready to drift into dalliance with a good-looking young teacher in the music department.

The plot of this novel is small, and its world tiny, but Miss Lurie's wit, like Jane Austen's, is wicked and delicious. In Emmy Stockwell Turner she has caught a faculty wife whom we all must have seen on one campus or another. A handsome gangling girl, educated and intelligent, Emmy is the product of an overprotected middle-class life, and consequently as naïve as a teen-ager on her first date. Letting herself drift halfway into seduction, she suddenly sits bolt upright and exclaims to her startled suitor: "But I'm *married!*"

At the end Emmy pays a farewell visit to a neighbor, and together they watch the children playing in the yard. The game is supposed to be blindman's buff, but *all* the children are blindfolded. "They like it better that way," the neighbor explains crisply. Their parents, though they may not have liked it quite so much, have been playing the same game.

LETTERS AND LIFE

RANDALL JARRELL'S first essays seemed to be hilarious vacations from his more serious work as a poet. They were fun to read because the author himself seemed to be having

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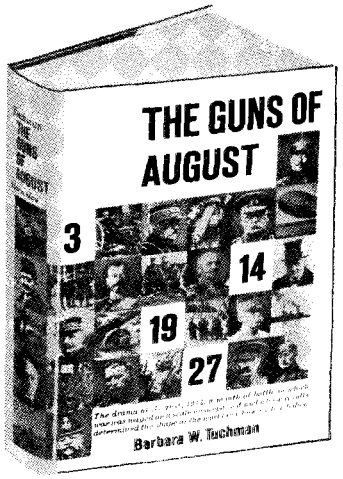

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the time of his life writing them. Though this same exuberant wit runs through his latest collection, A SAD HEART AT THE SUPERMARKET (Atheneum, $4.50), it has been toned down, for Mr. Jarrell is dealing here with large social themes and he has a serious message to preach.

The supermarket of Mr. Jarrell's title essay is the symbol of a society overflowing with consumer goods. But the goods have built-in obsolescence and are always being replaced by newer models. The supermarket, in short, is dealing in perishables. The poet and humanist, on the other hand, are searching for imperishables — the values that tie the present to the past in civilized continuity. Inevitably, these values get pushed aside by the glittering novelties of technology. Mr. Jarrell's recurrent theme is the estrangement of intellectuals, artists, and poets from the broad stream of American life.

This theme is by now fairly trite. But Mr. Jarrell is valuable not for his general ideas as much as for the wit and detail with which he can embroider them. Even as an essayist, he seems to be writing fundamentally as a poet. His essays do not seem to have a precharted course, but wander spontaneously and effortlessly through the wide fields of the author's reading.

Out of this reading he can always come up with some surprising nugget — for example, the rediscovery of Appleton's *Fifth Reader*, which is discussed in an imaginary dialogue between an old-fashioned uncle and his modern nephew. The Appleton reader had authors like Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth, with whom the nephew acquired only a passing acquaintance in his sophomore year in college. These authors were daily bread to the uncle when he was in the fifth grade. The nephew belongs to the world of the supermarket, whose reading habits, Mr. Jarrell is warning us, are rapidly sliding downhill toward illiteracy.

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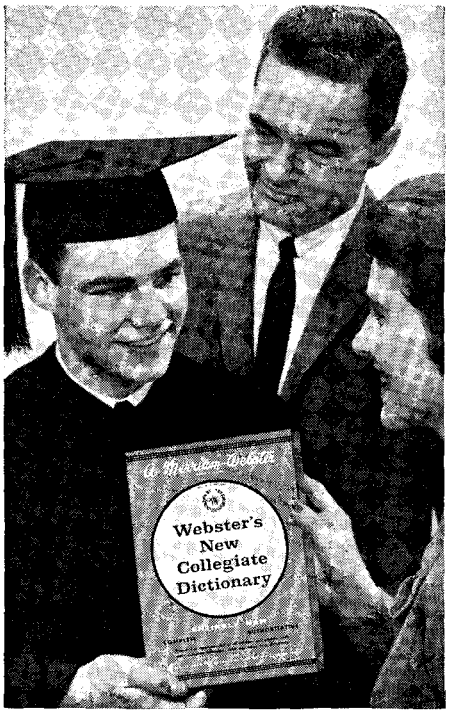

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by Captain Frederick Marryat

Edited with an Introduction by S. W. JACKMAN

In April, 1837, the author of *Mr. Midshipman Easy* left England for an "exploratory" tour of the youthful United States. The result was this highly perceptive, controversial work. Mr. Jackman has included a wealth of material that appears in no other modern edition.

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erson — because these authors are still a living part of the modern mind. Coming closer to the present, he gives us notable essays on Faulkner, J. D. Salinger, John O'Hara, Saul Bellow, and a great many others; there is some highly perceptive and interesting travel reportage on Russia, Israel, and Puerto Rico; and, for political analysis, an appreciative but shrewdly skeptical discussion of the intellectual tone of the new Kennedy Administration.

This extraordinary range is no casual accident, but the deliberate project of a mind passionately enmeshed in the life of its time. Much in this time is troubling to Mr. Kazin. By temperament his own deepest leanings are those of traditional humanism, and many modern works seem to be at war with such values. But as a critic he has great generosity of spirit — not to be confused with softness, for he can come down like a pile driver on a writer, like John O'Hara, whom he dislikes — and he can expend himself generously on writers whose values are not his own. To my mind, it is just this fine tension between a lively sense of tradition and an acute feeling of modernity that forms the unity of Mr. Kazin's critical vision and makes this book so distinguished a contribution to current criticism.

OFFBEAT AND BEAT

Though most novel fanciers prefer their stories in conventional form, there is always the occasional addict who, recognizing that the novel is the most flexible of literary forms, is willing to watch it being bent into all sorts of odd shapes, and will even add the pleasure of solving a puzzle to the delight usually derived from fiction.

For this type of reader two recent novels can be recommended as worth deciphering: THE MARQUISE WENT OUT AT FIVE (Braziller, $4.95) by CLAUDE MAURIAC; and WALL TO WALL (Grove, $3.95), a second novel by a young American, DOUGLAS WOOLF.

Claude Mauriac, son of the famous novelist François Mauriac, has already had two of his books translated and published here: *The New Literature*, essays on contemporary French writers; and a first novel, *The Dinner Party*, which was something of a puzzle too, but child's play beside the present work.

Where James Joyce in *Ulysses* dealt with the life of a whole city during one day, *The Marquise Went Out at Five* is the story of only one hour (5:00 to 6:00 P.M.) in the lives of various individuals passing through a square near the center of Paris. We are plunged directly into the minds of the characters, and switched from one to another without explanation or the help of external descriptions. All this is very bewildering at first; but if you persist, you will find that certain rhythms begin to recur and define themselves, and the characters detach themselves from the flux of words. The pleasure of deciphering then becomes exhilarating, like the game played at a Paris sidewalk café, in which you watch the people pass and guess what kind of life each one leads.

Some of the quality of Douglas Woolf's *Wall to Wall* can be suggested if you try to imagine one of Jack Kerouac's cross-country odysseys cut by nine tenths, the connecting links between episodes eliminated, and imagination substituted for stenography. Mr. Woolf writes as if he were moving a sharply focused but oddly angled camera abruptly from spot to spot. Each successive image is clear, but the reader has to work at filling in the gaps. Gradually, we make out that the young hero, Claude Squires, is working as an attendant in a mental hospital; that he goes to a strange used-car lot and buys a jalopy for a long trip, lands in the desert, has a fling with a girl he knew when he was in the army, returns home to father and mother.

This material may not sound very promising, but Mr. Woolf's powers of sharp visualization and grotesque imagination are so considerable that they impart the vividness of a nightmare to this little story. In my judgment, he is the most gifted writer who has yet appeared in the ranks of our much-publicized beat generation.

IRELAND AGAINST IRELAND

The Behan family of Dublin, it seems, has been holding out on us. They have given us Brendan, the well-known playwright, but they have been hiding a youngest brother — not younger, for several other Behans got in between — who is a pretty fair hand at writing himself and now at last has emerged from

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the shadow of big brother. In TELL DUBLIN I MISS HER (Putnam, $3.50) DOMINIC BEHAN has written a rollicking, raucous, and altogether heartwarming account of life in the Dublin tenements that not only can stand comparison with his brother's work, but for sheer gusto might even make Sean O'Casey turn shamrock with envy.

Mr. Behan subtitles his book *An Autobiography*, but it is autobiographical only by fits and starts, and is mainly about the neighbors on Russell Street. In a Dublin tenement the neighbors keep knocking on the wall to get in, so that you could hardly go in for soul-searching autobiography with all that racket going on. And they do get in; there are enough vivid and colorful characters in this book to stock several novels or plays.

Mr. Behan's story begins with the Easter Rebellion of 1916, which had to be held on a bank holiday because the rebels, being workingmen, could assemble to make a revolution only on their day off. Mr. Behan did not take part in the rebellion, for he was not yet born (that happens in a later chapter, entitled "Come in, Dominic, We Know Your Knock"); but the rebellion does set the stage for the violent time that followed, in which young Dominic passed his boyhood. Those were the days of civil war, when the Irish, to paraphrase Yeats slightly, were blind men battering blind men. Now living in London, where he writes for the BBC, Mr. Behan has come to know the English, and he is more than a little skeptical of the fanatical patriotism of his youth. What Ireland needs now, he tells us, is not fiery patriots but sober planners who can develop the country economically. This is sober and sensible, and I suppose it would have to be labeled as progress if it happened. But the thought of a planned and standardized Ireland must give one pause. Irish writers would lose the great advantage of belonging to a backward country.

Besides, Mr. Behan's old neighbors on Russell Street might be a bit recalcitrant to planning. When the De Valera government built a new housing development, it had to use force to get the people out of their crumbling Georgian tenements — the only slums in the world with mahogany staircases — and every time a family departed, the rest of the block held a solemn wake.

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

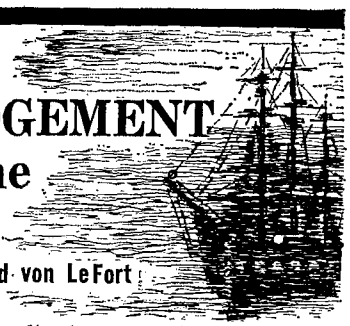
PÄR LAGERKVIST'S THE DEATH OF AHASUERUS (Random House, $3.75) has the bone-bare simplicity of action and the intricate proliferation of meanings characteristic of this author's work. The time seems to be vaguely medieval, the place, somewhere on the pilgrim route to Jerusalem. The characters are the Wandering Jew and a handful of intermittently pious criminals that he falls in with at an inn. Mr. Lagerkvist's theme is the relation between man, God, and the universe, and he contrives to say a number of dour things about it in the course of his astoundingly condensed tale.

In THE GREAT INVASION (Coward-McCann, $5.00), LEONARD COTTRELL attempts to reconstruct the long campaign by which Britain was converted into a Roman province. His materials are the inevitable Tacitus, Roman military records, and archaeological discoveries, some very recent. Despite the author's ingenuity, the story tends to fall apart into fragments like the broken pottery beloved of diggers — each shard interesting in itself, but they don't add up to a jug.

OH, MARY, THIS LONDON (Orion, $3.95) is a comic novel with the serious purpose of proving that young Britons today are a poor, timid lot compared with their elders. The author, MICHAEL CAMPBELL, has put forth this notion before, in *Peter Perry*, and this time he occasionally lets it get out of hand. Using as his mouthpiece and narrator a young Irishman hanging about London, Mr. Campbell denounces, with a good deal of merriment, English conversation, self-pity, pretension, immorality, beatniks, clothes, and girls. As long as the book sticks to active absurdities with crooks and cocktail parties, it makes its points amusingly and well. When the hero and his even more Irish roommate sit down and discuss the world, one can only yawn and echo D'Artagnan: Please, Aramis, let's not theologize.

In 1837 Captain FREDERICK MARRYAT, the naval novelist, temporarily at outs with publishing and perma-

The JUDGEMENT of the SEA



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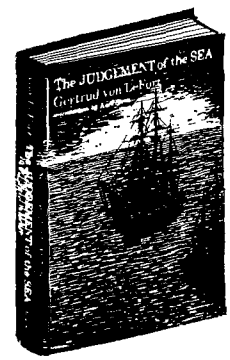

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nently so with his wife, made a trip to the United States. He intended to write the definitive account of the new nation and did not succeed, but the latest edition of A DIARY IN AMERICA (Knopf, $5.95), edited and abridged by Sydney Jackman, is nevertheless a very entertaining footnote to our history. Marryat was a roaring Tory who found the evils of republicanism in the oddest places. He was also a sensible, sometimes very shrewd observer, who detected, or foresaw, a number of quite genuine difficulties inherent in American society. Adaptable and sympathetic, he liked the energy, resourcefulness, and offhand good humor he encountered, enjoyed fireworks on the glorious Fourth, chuckled over the mad exaggerations of local humor, admired the women and the horses, and fell ecstatic victim to the mint julep, consoling himself by insisting that he had discovered the original recipe for this noble drink in Milton. He had a good ear, and is one of the few English visitors who have ever got the rhythm of American speech down correctly. The book's opening scene, aboard the packet *Quebec* at Portsmouth, is pure Mark Twain, a rather startling phenomenon.

ANDRÉ MERCIER, a French animal lover with considerable African experience behind him, has written a short book about his pet cheetah, OUR FRIEND YAMBO (Rand McNally, $3.95). There are some prettily overcivilized pictures of Yambo, on a leash, accompanied by Madame Mercier in a leopard coat, and a few lively anecdotes of games, discipline, and broken china, but this is not one of the great animal books of all time. It lacks unexpectedness. Imagine the problems of keeping a spirited, well-disposed, seven-foot-long tomcat about the house, and you pretty well have the whole story.

Those of us who gave a quick *vale* to the scholarly severities of *Winnie Ille Pu* can recover a bit of dignity with FERDINANDUS TAURUS (David McKay, $2.95), which is Munro Leaf's *Ferdinand the Bull* put into Latin by ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAYNE HADAS. It has the same delightful Robert Lawson illustrations and, praise the gods, a glossary.

GEOFFREY ASHE'S LAND TO THE WEST (Viking, $6.75) is a thoroughly charming excursion in pursuit of Saint Brendan the navigator, who, according to early Irish sources, set sail back in the Dark Ages and went

Why The Church Says: DON'T MARRY A CATHOLIC

Catholic opposition to mixed marriages is often misunderstood—and resented.

Some imagine it to be a manifestation of Catholic clannishness. Others say it is a selfish and unfair practice dictated by a domineering clergy. And still others take it as an insult to their own non-Catholic religious convictions and to their personal integrity.

Believe us when we say that none of these inferences is correct—none of these conclusions is true.

From long experience, the Church knows that the permanence and the harmony of family life are often jeopardized by mixed marriages, and, because of the religious division, the children often grow up in an atmosphere of religious indifference. This does not mean that the Church regards non-Catholics as unworthy or inferior. It is, simply, a matter of the Church's concern for the religious life of the Catholic in a family which is divided from the start on one of the most vital questions demanding unity.

It is for this reason that the Church recommends the marriage of Catholics to Catholics, and imposes serious obligations where a Catholic and a non-Catholic wish to be married in the Church. These obligations often cause resentment upon the part of those who do not understand the reasons for them.

Catholics believe that marriage is a holy and indissoluble union—a Sacrament instituted by Christ. If a Catholic elects to marry a non-Catholic, the obligation still remains to have the marriage witnessed by a Catholic priest. This does not require the non-Catholic to become a Catholic, but it does require the signing of an agreement to refrain from interfering with the religious life of the Catholic partner, and to raise and educate any children in the Catholic Faith.

The signing of this agreement is, moreover, only the first requirement before the Church will dispense from the law forbidding mixed marriages. The non-Catholic party to the marriage is also required to take at least six hours' instruction in the Catholic religion so as to know what is involved in marrying a Catholic. Above all, the Church requires moral certainty that the union will be a lasting and happy one.

While some may call this attitude of the Church dictatorial, thoughtful and responsible non-Catholic religious leaders take the same dim view of mixed marriages. They know from experience that such unions all too often create a disastrous disunity of family life.

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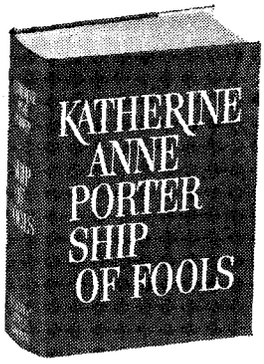

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somewhere to find something. Just where and what nobody has ever determined; indeed, there are wet-blanket scholars who claim he never got beyond the Orkneys and lump all the western lands and southern islands with the saint's tame whale, as whimsies of the Gaelic imagination. Mr. Ashe is too clever to defend Brendan directly, much less the whale. He sets out to demonstrate that an Irish scholar writing a life of Brendan before the Norse discovered America could have had access to information that enabled him to reinforce his pious fantasy with geographical and oceanic detail that is alarmingly accurate. The campaign leads all the way back to Bronze Age Crete, and forward through Plato's Atlantis, Roman Britain, the early Irish church, the Vikings (very useful fellows for a historian trying to make connections across a watery waste), the Micmac Indians, and those aggravating rock structures in New Hampshire to, at last, the Aztec and Inca legends of bearded white gods from over the sea. Mr. Ashe cannot prove what he admits is unprovable, but he obviously enjoys his eclectic rootings in the past and makes them read like an adventure story.

THE JUDGEMENT OF THE SEA (Regnery, $5.00) contains four novellas by GERTRUD VON LEFORT, well translated by Isabel and Florence McHugh. Baroness von LeFort is primarily a religious writer, even to some extent a mystic. Each of the stories concerns a spiritual crisis leading to an understanding and acceptance of divine will, but they are far from being quiet accounts of meditation and prayer, for the Baroness is very energetic with action and intrigue, and is addicted to some of the trappings of Gothic romance. Her work is slightly reminiscent of Isak Dinesen's in its timeless, legendary tone, but it proves in the long run devoid of Dinesen's haunting ambiguity. Karl Stern's introduction offers, in addition to an admiring interpretation of Baroness von LeFort's stories, some interesting opinions on the neglect of German authors by English readers.

THE SELECTED WORKS OF DJUNA BARNES (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $5.95) includes *Spillway*, *The Antiphon*, and *Nightwood*, a fair representation of Miss Barnes's accomplishments in prose, poetry, and drama.

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